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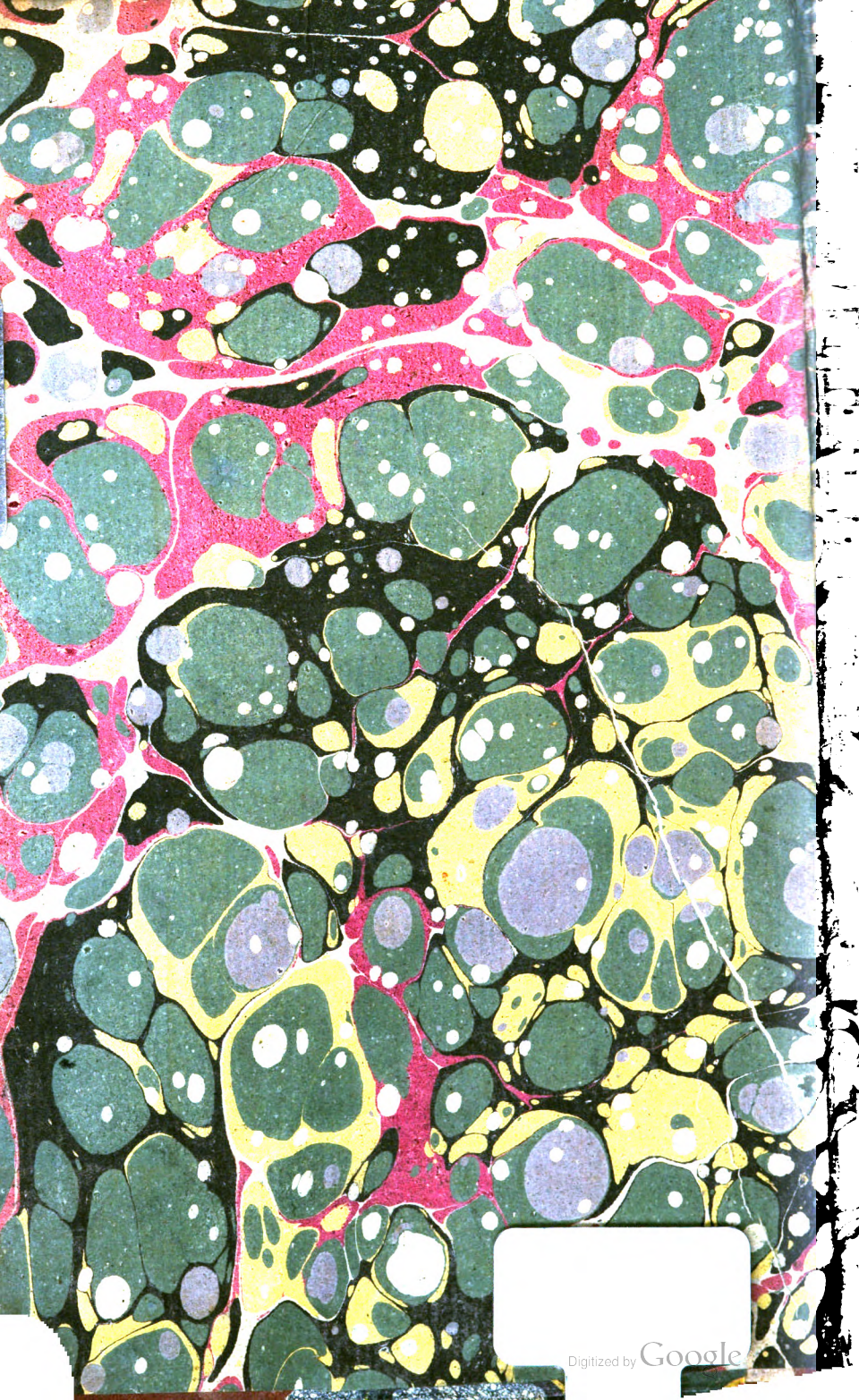
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P L A Y S,

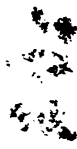
WRITTEN FOR A

PRIVATE THEATRE.

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# P L A Y S

WRITTEN FOR A

PRIVATE THEATRE.

B Y

WILLIAM DAVIES.

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SUCCESS, THE MARK NO MORTAL WIT  
OR SUREST HAND CAN ALWAYS HIT !  
FOR WHATSOEVER WE PERPETRATE,  
WE DO BUT ROW, WE'RE STEER'D BY FATE.

HUDIB.

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L O N D O N :  
PRINTED FOR R. FAULDER,  
NEW BOND-STREET.  
M.DCC.LXXXVI.





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## Address to the Public.

**T**HIS is not an arraignment from the Theatre to the World. I have little right to challenge the attention of either. It is the still-born offspring of an almost hidden muse: a work that owes more to Nature that tempted, than to Art that might have polished.

Something is due to labour, much to observation, but little or nothing to the lopping hand of critical skill. This may be wrong: as the world judges, it certainly is not right: but it is out of my power to mend it. What I observed, made deep impression; and this, in due  
A 3 time,

time, has forced itself into the world. This is all the account I am able to give of the rise of this untutored, unprotected Bantling; the Father throws it upon the world, and centers his every hope in the patronage of a generous Public, who, he flatters himself, will make some allowances for unaided nature.

THE

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## T H E   D E S I G N .

**T**O convey a JUST idea of the plan I have laid down to myself in these Plays, I shall begin by an application of the celebrated Santeuil's Epigraph on the Italian Theatre at Paris :

*“ Castigat ridendo mores.”*

*In smiles it mends the manners of our age.*

This was my motive to begin, my incitement to continue, and I would fain hope the reward of my drama when ended. As a lover of the Stage, I have, at times, made it my business to frequent the Theatres ; but whether it is, that nature has given me a false taste, or doomed me to live in a tasteless age, I have experienced that amusement (which otherwise might have been so delightful to me) insipid, unserviceable, and sometimes almost irrational.

The poor pride of holding forth one's self under the tinsel of High-life, and affecting even to undervalue Reason for the Ton, has so prevailed, that our Stage is now generally glossed over with nothing but flimsy parade—Nature is abandoned; even art is distorted; and it seems as if some new term should be introduced to express our unnatural situation.—Such is the connection between the head and the heart, that in many circumstances the weakness of the heart gains to the head, and in this age we have too sad a proof of it. “We are ashamed to follow the beaten track, and appear as citizens,” says Lucan, speaking of the degeneracy of the Romans. How applicable is this to ourselves, when even the meanest *Cit* blushes at the name; and with the worst-becoming vanity, bursts from his own, and affects empty grandeur in a sphere that does not belong to him. Our authors, particularly our Theatrical Writers, meanly give way to the torrent, and cherishing these follies, have turned our Stage into a public spouting-house, where



the Dialogues of Fontenelle or Lucian would pass upon the taste of the town as well as some of our modern Comedies. This abuse claims the attention of every true lover of the Stage; and since no eminent Writer dares to assert the Rights of Taste, and bring back the useful, the genuine old Comic strain: inferior geniuses, as having less to risque, must set the example, and some more capable may be bold enough to follow it.

Molière is allowed, all the world over, to be the parent of real Comedy. In an age that equalled, if not surpassed the golden æra of Augustus, both in arts and arms, he was looked upon as a prodigy; and every line that flowed from his pen was received with universal applause, the applause of genius and of taste, which rendered him the delight of the learned world, and the darling of the great. How did Molière attain to this pitch of literary reputation? Was it by being ambitious to beautify his drama with the refined and ever various  
modi-

modifications of the modes of the Great ? Was it by striving to catch their applause in their own drawling far-fetched dialogue ? Was it by the genteel contempt of nature in homely attire, and the love of art, forced into unnatural garb ?—To step into the Temple of Fame, Moliere did not make one step out of the natural world ; and while our hearts feel the power of his genius, we still find him as a joyful companion beside us, on the tracts of humanity, not soaring into the ideal flights or the random regions of Fancy.—Thus Moliere excelled ! “ *We must speak like all the people,*” says Aristotle, “ *but think like few of them.*” This is the character of Moliere, and the dramatic task every dramatic author ought to set himself. The real man of sense never wanders from the sphere of common sense, because nobody can claim wisdom to himself alone : Wisdom is the daughter of Reason, and Reason is the gift of Heaven to all mankind, frequently found less obscure in the simple and low, than in the high and affected scenes of life.

To

To adumbrate then a real picture of human nature, human nature must be our study; we must dive into every recess of every heart, and neither vainly attaching ourselves to the gilded side of humanity, nor meanly immersing into its baseness, strike out those lines which popular experience shews us to be the more entertaining and serviceable. If you are more inclined to one side than the other, let it be to that of the great number, for the great masters of the art have bent that way; for this sole reason, ridicule alone will mend the follies of the great; whereas, human nature painted well, and thoughts big with common sense, always have the best effect on the multitude.

I am well aware of the objection that starts up here—Sinking Comedy to low life, is demeaning every rich, noble sentiment that might fill that lively amusement. To ungenerously sink the character of low life into meannesses it is not guilty of, is demeaning every noble sentiment of the heart:

heart: but to delineate those characters in their own natural colours, is so far from doing injustice to Comedy, that it never looks more natural than when it quits the affected *rouge* of fortune to assume the honest, open glow of nature in its untainted state. The errors and follies of high life excite our indignation; but the nature of Comedy is to laugh away those follies by the force of *ridicule*, and ridicule is never so happily brought in as when there is a contrast made of the grotesque and brilliant sides of nature.—It may be observed that the greatest painters, when they undertook a scene of real ridicule (by ridicule I here mean that glee that follows representation), ever attached themselves to the common scenes of life.

*With odd distortions and quaint forms,  
The exhilarated canvass seems to laugh.*

Having then endeavoured to join the *useful to the agreeable* in this production, and only array truth, that it might the more easily find  
its



its way to the heart; I have superfed all modern prejudices, and will own, that I have stepped through almost every condition to arrive at that inexpressible something which pleases reason in every age, and gains the heart, if not totally lost in the chaos of passions. High sentiments I have found in the lowest ranks, while I have seen the highest degraded with the meanest.

How far an obscure pen may have gone towards winning a look of approbation from the lovers of nature, it were presumption in me to decide: one thing only can I determine, and that is my own weakness; for throughout the whole of this production, expression has very imperfectly conveyed what I felt:—I was conscious of possessing the picture in my eye, but I should not blush to own, that I found the difficulty in mixing the colours.

# C O N T E N T S.

NEWS THE MALADY,      in Three Acts.

THE MODE,      -      -      — Five Acts.

THE GENEROUS COUN- }  
TERFEIT,      -      -      — Five Acts.

BETTER LATE THAN }  
NEVER,      -      -      — Five Acts.

THE MAN OF HONOUR, — Five Acts.

# NEWS THE MALADY,

A

C O M E D Y.

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What gives us that fantastick Fit,  
That all our judgment and our wit  
To lies and nonsense we submit?

Sir J. Denham.

## *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

### M E N.

TYPE, Printer.  
REVISE, Editor.  
PURSE, Country Squire.  
BILLY, A Poet, his Son.  
TIMEWELL, Proprietor, a distant Relation of the Squire's.  
MAD AUTHOR.  
SIR TIMOTHY SILENT, Member of Parliament.  
LORD PUFFWELL, An Author.  
GENERAL BLUNDER, Member of Parliament.  
CAPTAIN TYPE, Coxcomb, Printer's Son.  
DOUBLEFEE, Lawyer and Treasurer of the Paper.  
SCANDALPROOF, News-Monger.

### W O M E N.

FANNY, Daughter of 'Squire Purse.  
LUCY, Her Maid.

Proprietors of the Paper, Paragraph Mongers and Servants.



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# NEWS THE MALADY.

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## A C T I.

### SCENE I. *Room in the Printer's House.*

*Enter TYPE and REVISE.*

TYPE.

WELL, Revise, let's have courage; now is our time to make a bold push.—All the proprietors, I find, will be at the committee this evening; I'll throw a bait in their way, which, if I am not mistaken, they'll swallow without making a wry face. The clerk tells me, the paper has decreased in sale this week. A great falling off!

REVISE. I apprehend so; but you must swear to the contrary, and I'll support you.—Upon my honour I must have money, or sink the paper at once.—Why damn it, my person is in danger; I can't move out of my chambers,

B

but

but I'm dunn'd and insulted by those rascally paragraph-mongers, and essay-writers.—Money I must have.

TYPE. Why, Friend Revise, tell them as I do, when they grow insolent, that you'll insert no more of their compositions; that their intelligence is false, and badly drawn up, and that you'll get it through a better channel.—That will soon silence your Garretteurs. Now, Revise, I have just hit upon a plan ripe for execution—hear me: if the proprietors will advance one thousand pounds more—O damn your news-mongers, out with them.—

REVISE. It won't do; 'tis morally impossible: we cannot go on a day, with any degree of credit, if we discharge these scribbling rascals.—This admitted, Type, we must at all events continue the debate-writers, and translators of foreign gazettes.

TYPE. Poh, poh, stuff, stuff:—If we can persuade the proprietors, get them in a generous mood, let's follow the old track—have recourse to magazines and old news papers: clipping and coining is no felony in our branch; masquerades and made dishes are in fashion; and why the devil, Revise, ay, can't you and I commence cooks?—Never fear, we'll suit the palates of the public, by our sweets,

sweets, or our fours. As for the debate-writers, and the translators of foreign gazettes, why we'll have the earliest morning papers, and with a polite preface address'd to the public—"the late hour of the night prevented our"—and so on—"but we have given our readers a hasty sketch of the very important debate of yesterday"—and so on. This at once will persuade the public, that we are so correct, that four in the evening will be no grievance at all, when they may rely upon us for truth, ey, Revise, ey?—And the members may make their own alterations, that is, as the golden unction stands in quantity.—Then—why then we share equally the profits.—Mum!—

REVISE. Egad I admire the plan—full of matter. But what will the proprietors say, when they see the paper decline in sale? For it never can be established, though it may answer our purpose.—

TYPE. To be sure, to be sure.—Why then I'll say, and so must you; the sooner the better there's a stop put to it. But let us have the money first, the money, ey, ey, Revise?

REVISE. An excellent thought that, perfectly right; let's act cautiously: I'll go (*going*) and get the stamps; you'll get yourself

B 2

prepared

prepared for the committee; and I'll give you the meeting.

TYPE. With all my heart, now—let's be cautious; these Cockneys are devilish avaricious, devilish cunning—all for profit.

*Enter* PRINTER'S DEVIL.

DEV. Two gentlemen from the country want to speak to you.

TYPE. Shew them in: O here they come, without being ushered. (*puts his hand to his head, finding his cap*) The devil, no wig on! stop them, stop them, and shew them in to the best apartment, but let us get in before them.

(*Exeunt.*)

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SCENE II. *A mean Apartment.*

REVISE and TYPE. (*Type with wig on.*)

TYPE. Two rustics I see.

*Enter* PURSE and BILLY.

TYPE. Your most obedient: what may your business be, Gentlemen?

PURSE. Beant you, Sir, Mr. Printer.

TYPE.

TYPE. Yes, Sir, I am the printer, and that gentleman there is the editor. (*pointing to Revise.*)

BILLY. Ods Brandykins, Sirs, you have as many steps to your house, as wee a have to the church-bells (*rubbing his shins*); yeer stairs be mortal dark; I, I fancy yew must have a power of bats here: do yee never hunt'um? (*Revise and Purse staring.*)

TYPE. Bats, Sir!

PURSE. Why look yew, Sirs, I wanted to settle my son Billy, there stands the lad, a man of Kent (hold thoy head up, doan't be scar'd); and I wanted such a pleece as your'n for un. He has a mortal greeat gift in wroiting, a great wit, and a powerful strong memory surely.—Why, Sir, Mr. Printer, when he goes to church, you mun know, he can reepeat the fearmon word for word when he comes whoam, and the neighbours do call un a witch and conjurer, and the like o' that; and I fancy yew may make un very handy for your business.

REVISE. He really seems an extraordinary production, but we have no call for genius at present.

PURSE. Gentlemen, tack the lad on tryal a year, I shan't a haggle wee yew for a hundred, for I am a tould that yeer business is decadal

profitable, and mayhap he may set up for himself fun.—O yew will be transported wec his wroiting; for yew must know he can make rhymes, and veerfes, epy-drams, *bounce-modes*, *ac-tracostics*, *eligibis* on the deead, songs, love-letters, speeches for players, proloques and epitoes—ay, and wroit the Lord's prayer in the compass of fixpence.—Can't yew, Bill?

BILLY. Eese, father, and, *volantime*, and *epintafs* for toamb-stones, and wroite the belief in a half-crown-piece.

TYPE. (*nodding to Revise*.) We shall make something of those curiosities. (*aside*.) He really, Sir, seems a wonderful production of nature.—Pray, young gentleman, have you any of your works about you?

BILLY. O eese, Sir, a power; doant yew mean my wrotings, when yew said works? (*takes out papers*.)

PURSE. You do see, Gentlemen, he's as shearp as a pitchfork, and a mortal strong heead, or it must have been toarn to shivers before neaw.—'Tis wondérful to tell, the quia-ries of paper he has a filled up.

TYPE. Pray, Sir, where did master Billy study?

BILLY. Study!—Study! (*Rares*.)

TYPE.



TYPE. Learning.—Who taught him?  
(*aside*) Such a brace of boobies!

BILLY. Oh! Why under Nick Scribble, the amen clerk; who do you think? a very cleaver measter, but I soon out-did un, and did use to puzzle un, he! he! he! I was able to do a sum of nine figures in multiplication, before I was a sixteen, and learn't the table by heart before I was fourteen years of age,—that I cud.

PURSE. So thou couldst,—the lad is right, I swear to yew, Gentlemen.

*Enter DEVIL.*

DEVIL. The copies are all set, but there are three columns deficient. (*Billy seems frighted.*)

REVISE. The devil there are; here, here, (*takes a magazine out of his pocket, and tears leaves out—Devil going*) hold, hold, if that's not copy enough, kill half a dozen Lords; create as many 'Squires, to keep up the number; marry some half dozen couples, and convert a few Jews into Christians: should that prove deficient, throw in some duels in a lively, pretty manner; and to-morrow the whole may be contradicted, which will help out.

B 4

DEVIL.

DEVIL. A few divorces and elopements wou'd not be amiss.

REVISE. Well observed, (*Devil going*) hold, you have only to alter the names; they are ready drawn up. (*Exit Devil bowing.*) Well, master Billy, if you choose to see yourself in print, why, now is your time—what have you got?

PURSE. Now, Bill, is yeer toime, shew thy strength, lad.

BILLY. Eese, eese, (*takes out a prologue and gives it Revise*) here be a proloe to speeake upon occasions.

REVISE. (*after having read the prologue to himself.*) Astonishing young fellow! wonderful! surprising! quite an original!—Pray, master Billy, let me have it, and you shall see yourself in print.

BILLY. He! he! he! in print; Mr. Printer? what, advertised? that be nice; but han't I better put my name to it, before it goaes to the post?

PURSE. No, Billy, you young rogue,—hey, Mr. Printer, hew waggish.

TYPE. Ay, and wittish too, exactly cut out for a secretary of state, the very thing for a member of parliament, as pliable as a twig.—Pray, master Billy, have you any brothers and sisters?—

BILLY. Noa, noa, Mr. Printer, no brothers, but one sifter, (*takes out a paper*) here she be, in White Chapel Roads, he! he! he!—Now for um. (*reads.*)

“Just twenty-five is sifter Fan,  
“Her lips and cheeks like claret;  
“Her hair as long as hop-poles,  
“And red as any carrot.  
“Five thousand pounds has Fan in portion,  
“And wants a coach to give her motion.”

REVISE. Very well, better and better. (*aside.*) Five thousand pounds! I fancy, Mr. Purse, he had his education from the vicar, and not his clerk.

BILLY. May I be whipt then, ask father else.

PURSE. The lad speaks true, 'tis all his own ingenus.

TYPE. Well, Mr. Purse, and the young 'squire, if you'll do me the honor to take a dinner with me, you'll make me happy; and bring your daughter with you: Mrs. Type will be kind to her; and I have a son in the guards, a brave young man, a gallant officer, who has been in America fighting for his country, and is now waiting to be promoted: and if the  
young

young folks like each other, why, give me your hand, we shall be better acquainted.

**BILLY.** Father, father, let's haste and bring Fan.

**PURSE.** Neow, this be koind of yew; I'll accept your koind offer; mortal civil, surely: my daughter is hard by. Come, Bill: well gentlemen, we'll tolk this matters over un by: we will after yew, yew do know the road best.

*(Exeunt.)*

*Enter a MAD AUTHOR.*

**AUTHOR.** Holo, printers, devils, editors, hell and furies, nobody at home, rascals, scoundrels attend!!

*Enter DEVIL in a fright.*

**DEVIL.** Sir! Sir! Sir! Sir! Sir! Sir!

**AUTHOR.** Whence came you, rascal?—I am more than Sir.

*Enter TYPE in a hurry.*

**TYPE.** What's the matter? what do you want, Sir? who are you?

**AUTHOR.** What do I want, Sir!—my country set to rights, which is out at the elbows.—Did you ask who I am, Sir?—why, Sir, I am Junius, Fabricius, Brutus, Probus, Catiline, and

and Cicero the father of my country.—My children bleed, and I, Sir, shall heal their wounds; but you, Sir, yes you, Sir, prevent me. Why was not my last essay inserted in this day's paper?

TYPE. Pray, good Sir, do be calm; I don't understand you.

AUTHOR. Be calm, Sir! is this a time to be calm, when my children are breathing their last; and the pope, yes, Sir, the pope, is on his passage to lay his cross on my country? Is this a time to be silent, Sir? What do I mean, Sir! why the Essay of Brutus! Brutus! Brutus!

TYPE. I really never saw it; besides, Sir, we don't pay for any now; we have them sent us gratis, and sometimes with premiums.

AUTHOR. The devil! not pay, Sir! you are above fifty in arrears, and not pay! I'll call all the Miltonian hell-hounds to your house, and reduce you and your garrets like a cloud of Arabian sands that drives before the tempest! What, not in debt to Junius, Fabricius, Brutus, Probus, Catiline, and Cicero?

TYPE. Thank God, Sir, we are not in debt to so many. I assure you, Sir, we never had any of your writings.

AUTHOR. No, Sir! not my writings! what give

give me the lye direct ! are you not the printer of the Public Advertiser ?

TYPE. No, Sir, I am not ; I go with the strongest, and support what I think right : I am, Sir, on the side of government.

AUTHOR. What ! a printer turned crab, to go on one side !—Why, rascal, you don't understand your business. I, Sir, go on all sides, ebb and flow like the tide, go with the torrent, against it ; for peace one day, and war the next : (*looks at his elbows*) the devil, what out at the elbows too ! O damn it, away, away to the Public Advertiser. (*Exit.*)

TYPE. Of all the authors I ever had any dealings with, this is the maddest. What a heated imagination ! Well, I must away to the committee. Now for a bold push.

(*Exit, Devil following.*)

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SCENE III. FANNY seated at a table, with a tambour frame, at work.

*Enter* SERVANT.

SERVANT. Miss, a gentleman wants to see your father, upon some business, he says.

FANNY.

FANNY. A gentleman! what business can he have with my father: shew him in, Lucy. (*exit Lucy.*) I cannot conceive who it can be; or what he can want with him.—I suppose some neighbour from the country.

*Enter* TIMEWELL.

TIMEWELL. I beg pardon, Madam.—I have something to say to Mr. Purse: is he at home, pray Ma'am? (*aside.*) Charming woman.!

FANNY. No, Sir, he is not; have you any thing particular; may I communicate it to him?

TIMEWELL. I wou'd not give you that trouble, Madam; I only wanted to pay my respects to him,—an acknowledgment for past favours.—I'll take another opportunity: your most obedient. (*aside, as he goes out.*) Who can she be? her modest, unaffected air has gone to my heart. (*Exit.*)

FANNY. Who can this be? I never knew my father thus bountiful before, unless it was to Timewell, a distant relation, that he recommended to the East Indies. He seems to have a pretty modest air, much of a gentleman: Lord, how stupid it was of me not to ask him to leave his name. Heigh ho! a handsome man! and by his manner sensible. I feel very comical; but perhaps he has left his name with  
the

the servant; I am anxious to know: (*going*)  
 Lucy, here, Lucy. (*meeting her father.*)

*Enter PURSE and BILLY.*

PURSE. Come, yew pretty rose, yew dear Fan, I have a settled your brother Billy: he will soon make the world know who the family of the Purse he! Though Fan, you did use to chide un, about his scribbling and nonsense; ey, Fan? Mr. Type, the printer, is a mortal soin man surely. He will soon make him a secretary for states, or prime minister, may hap: he's not too old to learn the business.

BILLY. Ecse, Fan, secretary, so he woul; hang I, if they shant a know who Billy Purse be.

FANNY. For heaven's sake, Sir, what is all this you have been telling me? Sure you have not been with my brother to a printer, to expose his ignorance, and your own inexperience.

BILLY. Ignorance! hey, there's for you.—Impudence.—Father, speak for I.

PURSE. O Fan! O Fan! why, you little vixen, he has a been examined before Mr. Type, and Mr. Revise, and, and his pottery is to be put in the news-paper.

FANNY. I suppose, Sir, you have been with some sharpers, who have imposed upon your credulity, and flattered you with my brother's nonsense.



nonsense. Good heavens ! I hope, Sir, you have not been fooling away your money.

PURSE. Fooling away my money ! ey, Fan ! let old Purse alone for the matter of that. Besides, I have a taken myself six sheeares in the news-paper, at fifty-pounds a sheeare, and Mr. Type, a mortal seaund sensible man, tells ma, I may in three years sell um out, for four hundred pounds a sheeare : ey, Fan, what do yew think of yewr father neaw ? And, and, have given three hundred pounds for Bill to learn the printer's art, ey, Fan.

BILLY. Ay, three hundred pounds for I.

FANNY. Hold your tongue, you great looby.

BILLY. You, sister Fan, is a great booby.

PURSE. Well said, Bill ; there Fan, you can't say a word but he rhymes it ; ay, ay, it was born wee un.

FANNY. For heaven's sake, Sir, tell me ; you surely have not paid the money ?

PURSE. Noa, noa, not yet, but I shall on by.

FANNY. Thank heaven you have not ! O Sir, for your own sake, and the credit of your family, leave this place ; return home ; there's ruin here : these people will over reach, and—

PURSE. O Fan ! O Fan ! we can't put old heads upon young shoulders, noa, noa ; ey, over reach, ey, lad.

BILLY.

BILLY. Over-reach, eese father, I can over-reach eight foot and a quarter. (*stretches himself out.*)

FANNY. You are unbearable.

PURSE. Doant snub your brother, yew peert puffs.—Well, Miss, yew must prepare; I have a meade a match for yew too, to be married to Captain Type, a son to Mr. Type, the printer; and you shall be married to un, before I do leeave the Teawn.

FANNY. Marry, Sir! When I marry, it shall be my own choice. Nature tells us to obey, but reason tells us when.

PURSE. I can make speeches as well as yew, Miss Prate-apace: but you shall be married to the Captain.

BILLY. Ay, you shall, Miss, for I call'd un brother.

PURSE. And I son, Bill. Come, Miss, you must melt to your father: moind Fan, I woant own you else, yew shall shift for yewerself; not a penny, moind that, Fan.

BILLY. Thank you, father, and I shall have all: O that be nice.

FANNY. Unfeeling creature! what to do, I know not; I must not leave them, lest they be ruined; I must see into this mystery. (*aside.*) (*To her father.*) Oh, Sir! add not parental tyranny

tyranny to imprudence. Recollect, I have a fortune independent of you; but that shall not make me the less dutiful to a Father, tho' he usurps an authority, that neither the laws of God, nor of my country justify: however, as you have appointed this captain to visit me, sooner than you shall forfeit your word, I'll suffer that mortification,—Sir, I follow you.

PURSE. Well, well, good girl, be civil to the captain, melt to un, be melting.

BILLY. Eese father, and I long to be eating,

The End of the FIRST ACT.

C

ACT

## A C T II.

SCENE I. *Committee Room in the Printer's House, Editor in the Chair. A Table covered with Papers. The Proprietors seated. Revise gets up in his place. The Proprietors take Notes.*

REVISE.

I get up, yes Gentlemen, to offer my weak sentiments impartially upon the present posture of our paper; did I say posture?—Yes, I did indeed: nay more, this is a period, nay a crisis, the most dangerous, threatening, and alarming. The paper, Gentleman, is universally read, and universally admired with eclats of the most tempestuous applause; and, Gentlemen, with intoxicated raptures, permit me to inform you, that it daily increases in sale. But, alas! Gentleman, will you suffer it to moulder away? will you suffer it to take flight from the lofty pinnacle of meridian glory and applause, to have it's wings clipt, that it may, *Icarus* like, tumble down, and be buried in it's own ruins, yes, ruins, of eternal shame and disgrace? *Dixi. (Seated.)*

*Several*

*Several upon their legs to speak: great confusion, with "bear him! bear him!"*

*1st PROPRIETOR is suffered to speak.*

1st PROP. Mr. President, I'll 'scribe, I'll 'scribe.  
(*seated.*)

2d PROPRIETOR *gets up: noise of "bear him!"*

2d PROP. I was upon my legs first, Mr. President, and will speak, and say—so woul I subscribe. Rat it, have another chance I wow.  
(*seated.*)

3d PROPRIETOR *looks very grave over his notes.*

3d PROP. Hem!—To the chair and the gentlemen round it. Hem!—I perceive, ay, and conceive to this committee, not that all conceives turn out fruitful; no, no: for you must know, yesterday morning, about nine o'clock, that was the hour, before breakfast, poor Tray, a fine bitch for rat hunting, was taken in labour—terrible time!—and poor Tray died, and all she had conceived, to my sorrow, and the great disappointment of all my neighbours, who had conceived, as well as Tray, and myself, to have some of the brood. Hem!

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There-

Therefore, Gentlemen, you see clearly, that conceives are liable to shipwreck, death, and so forth: howsumever, hem, I shall not be against t'other trial, as the paper mayn't miscarry and die, as did poor Tray, hem, hem, that's all.

*(seated.)*

*Several upon their legs: great confusion of  
"bear him!"*

PRESIDENT *interferes.*

PRESIDENT. I beg, Gentlemen, to interfere, and give the first hearing to Mr. Short.

4th PROPRIETOR, *Mr. Short.*

4th PROP: Mr. Chairman, I shall speak, before I conceive, and without any perceivings. Hem, (*coughs*) hem. When I get up, I come to the point plump, and speak to the chair, without your windings, and your turnings, your zigs, and your zags, nothing but crooked lines. Hem. Now I am in the chairman's eye. Mr. Chairman, Mr. President I mean to say, but 'tis the self same thing. Hem. I have a powerful obnoxious to make against, and, hem, an obnoxious as full as an egg is of meat; and that is, Mr. Chairman, as a citizen and common-council-man, I say that your paper is too ministerious.

REVISE

REVISE *up. (bowing.)*

REVISE. Ministerious!—I apprehend, and presume to dictate, as editor of the paper, and chairman of this committee assembled, that the gentleman who spoke last meant in his conclusive word, that the paper was too ministerial. *(seated.)*

4th PROPRIETOR *gets up a second time to explain his meaning.*

4th PROP. Ay, ay, the self same thing. *(coughs)* This cough sets me wrong. But Mr. President, I say again, and I do protest, wow, and declare against all ministers, because his right worshipful the lord mayor said, a few years ago, that, that there was no liberty in ministers; they were only traps to catch green horns, country-parties. But I am none of those, Mr. Chairman; no, Sir, I have carried on a brisk trade in this city, twenty good round years; they shall not trap me. But, Mr. Chairman, if, as how you say be true, that the ministerial papers sell better than the liberty ones, why, then, I'll be ministerial too.

5th PROPRIETOR *gets up before the 4th is down, and begins with—*My country—

C 3

4th.

4th PROPRIETOR *cries out*. I am not done, Sir.

ALL. Hear him! hear him! hear him out!

*(5th Proprietor is seated.)*

4th PROPRIETOR *resumes his speech*.

4th PROP. I have finished my motion.

5th PROPRIETOR *resumes his speech*.

5th PROP. My country, yes, Mr. President, my country, and head are a little disordered. But now, I stand, I stand upon my legs; though not in silk-hose, not the worse tradesman for that, and legs not corrupted; and I stand for a second subscription: and, Mr. Editor, you may take what side you please for the matter of that; but whatever side that be, I do insist the paper shall be well peppered, full of Spanish-flies, Gentlemen; I mean abuse, regardless,—I say regardless of reputations, and I am sure 'twill do.

TYPE. *(in a flattering tone.)*

TYPE. The very candid, open, and ingenious arguments of those worthy speakers were happily and judiciously conceived, and the force with which they were delivered gives hopes of the continuance of the very flattering prospect



prospect of this unrivalled paper. I beg leave to accede to the gentleman that stood upon his legs last, and to corroborate, strengthen, support, prop, maintain, and acquiesce with, his brilliant, poignant, and learned observations; struck with the unusual sound of reputation, which is as great a stranger in the apartments of our profession, as candour and uprightness are to the chambers of an attorney: Nay, Gentlemen, I should as soon believe, that a member of the minority wou'd turn to the majority without a bribe; or, that a courtier wou'd resign a place without a pension. This, Gentlemen, I shou'd as soon believe, as 'tis possible for a news-paper to succeed, if the printer, or editor, are tender of reputations, scandal, and abuse.

*All get up and speak, except Timewell.*

ALL. Bravo! Bravo! It shall go on, it shall go on.

6th PROPRIETOR, *Lodwick O'Brawny, up.*

6th PROP. Well, my sweet creatures, now I'm down, for a period or two. And are you met? Upon my shoul we are; and to mend, and to make our fortunes, sweet creatures, Lodwick O'Brawny himself says so too.

C 4

*All*

*All speak.* The paper! the business!  
*(all down but the president.)*

PRESIDENT. Mr. O'Brawny, Sir, you have steered rather wide of the business in question, and your arguments are not papermentary.

O'BRAWNY. Not to apologize at all, at all, is to be always obstinate, sweet creatures. Mr. Chairman, in the chair there—did you never know a jewel of a book without a preface?—no, faith! nor a speech without words: and to reason the matter a little further—If a gentleman is about making his fortune—do you hear me?—from Cork to England; the great metropolis of London, and is knocked down at halfway, is it possible he can get there?

*All up in confusion, some with "the business!" others with, "hear him!"—goes on.*

O'BRAWNY. Well, then, to shorten the business, here you have it, the bone in the marrow, and, for expedition, you shall have the potatoes with their jackets on, sweet creatures. And Lodwick O'Brawny himself says, that cuckolds are known by their horns; and, faith! I could wish our paper here—were known by them too.

*(seated.)*

7th PROPRIETOR *gets up in a passion, feels his forehead.*

7th PROP. Horns ! a cuckold ! insulted and pointed at by a tramping Irishman ! I am not alone, Sir ! 'tis many an honest man's misfortune, like myself, to have a run-away wife—and tho' she went off this morning with the captain—what have you to do with it ?

*All cry out " shame ! insulting ! "*

PRESIDENT. I am persuaded, Gentlemen, that Mr. O'Brawny did not mean to give offence, convinced that he is too much the gentleman not to make concessions, and fully explain his meaning.

O'BRAWNY *up.*

O'BRAWNY. Potatoes choak me, but you are right in the chair, honey ; I had no meaning at all, at all ; and faith, Mr. Bull, if I knew a sentence of your being a cuckold, till you made yourself one. And faith, honey, if I don't pity your case.—And what I said, when I said nothing about those horns of yours—that horns should be founded about the town, to tell the people, that our precious paper was to  
be

be sold by the sweet notes of the horns—and, by St. Patrick! here I leave my motion.

ALL. Horns, horns, there shall be horns.

7th PROPRIETOR, *Bull. (in a passion.)*

7th PROP. The horns may be musical to you, Gentlemen; but to me—(*going*)—damn the horns. [Exit.]

*All laugh as he goes out, except Timewell.*

8th PROPRIETOR, *Timewell.*

8th PROP. Mr. Chairman, if news-papers cannot be established, but upon such iniquitous grounds, I beg leave to withdraw; and be content with the present loss; and, as the proprietors are liable to pay all law suits the paper may incur, by deserting both truth and virtue; and embracing in their stead, falsehood, scandal, and abuse; I, in consequence, Gentlemen, resign. [Exit.]

*All look at him as he goes.*

ALL. Poor creature!

TYPE. Gentlemen—(*interrupted by the 9th Proprietor, who is anxious to speak.*)

9th PROPRIETOR, *gets up in a hurry.*

9th PROP. Sir! Sir! Mr. Chairman, give me leave to make my motion, lest I should forget;

forget: hem, to be sure—certainly; hem, hem, you had better proceed, Mr. Printer; another time may suit me as well. (*Seated.*)

*TYPE goes on.*

*TYPE.* Gentlemen, permit me to resume, and splice the thread of my former arguments to the following: but first, I must observe, that Mr. Timewell is a damned troublesome fellow; and 'tis clear to you, Gentlemen, from the insignificancy of his arguments, that he has not money enough to pay towards another subscription.

*ALL.* Just so, just so.

*TYPE continues.*

*TYPE.* Now, Gentlemen, to convince you of the smiling prospect, and the high credit of our paper, I was this day offered three hundred pounds for the six remaining shares, by a gentleman of family and fortune: this sum, Gentlemen, in addition to the thousand, now subscribed, will produce the sum of thirteen hundred: which sum, Gentlemen, I pledge my honour, and that of the editor's, that in less than two years, every share will be entitled to at least one hundred pounds per annum. You see, Gentlemen, the Aurora, Noon-Gazette, and

and the London-Courant, are cast away on the rock of ignorance; and the General-Advertiser is feverish. Again, Gentlemen, the Morning-Herald, and the Morning-Post, must be destroyed by their own partiality, and vicious complaisance; and those papers east of Fleet-Market, why, they are too mechanical, to merit the approbation of the judicious public. What have we then to fear?—The Morning-Chronicle, indeed, may hold out by its harangues. The Sunday-Monitor, 'tis true, is upon the increase; the scheme is new, consequently entertaining; it kills a few hours of this dull morning, and pleads an excuse for a preference of a coffee-house-box to a chapel-pew—which, therefore, Gentlemen, are at present the only ones in any repute.

*Enter DEVIL.*

DEVIL. Sir, the paper is at a stand, and the news-mongers are waiting.

REVISE. (*to the Devil.*) I shall attend immediately. (*Exit Devil.*) Gentlemen, as you are come to this glorious resolution, I must now withdraw, and so must the printer attend the press instantly; otherwise, your interest, Gentlemen, must suffer. The treasurer shall wait on you to-morrow for your respective quotas, and then we shall go on with

with spirit; to our future emolument. (*withdraws: the others follow—look at their watches.*)

1st. PROP. Ods rat it, I must go and shut shop.

*Several speak.*

So must I, so must I, business must be minded.

(*Exeunt in a hurry.*)

SCENE II. FANNY seated at a table,  
leaning on her hand pensively.

FANNY. (*gets up.*) Was there ever any thing so absurd, as my father's coming to town in pursuit of such chimeras? He must be worse than mad. And to think of placing that booby of a brother of mine at a printer's, to write for the press! Oh, me! But what can be expected from people, who have been all their lives confined within the narrow limits of a manor; and whose ideas of the world extend no further than the letting or managing a farm;

farm; or knowing the market price of a bushel of corn, a horse, or an ox; or laying out a sum of money to advantage, as they call it? And now, in order to complete his unfeeling, his avaricious schemes, he puts me (I suppose for the better securing his money) to sale to the best bidder: but I'll prevent this bargain, however, from taking place. O! here comes my lover. Just what I expected, a perfect coxcomb, fonder of himself than the profession.

*Enter CAPTAIN TYPE in a ridiculous manner, with a long sword, a cane, muff, and two watches.*

CAPT. TYPE. I presume, Miss, that you are aware of my designs. I am, Madam, Captain Type, of the 3d regiment of foot guards; with a commission, that empowers me, Ma'am, to treat with you, without delay, on our mutual bliss, the most congenial to our future happiness: therefore, angelic fair, permit this trembling sponge (*puts his hand to his lips*) to dip, feast, and enjoy the honey'd dew that hangs to thy vermilion tincture, that ravishes my transported soul. (*runs to her in a rude manner, and embraces. Fanny screams out.*)

FANNY. Away, Sir! how dare you thus insult?



insult?—What do you mean, Sir? I'll alarm the house!—Is this your commission?

*CAPTAIN on his knees—she turns from him.*

CAPT. O thou angelic form, forgive thine own Adonis, who would sooner all the world shou'd frown upon him, than you: yes, by Heaven's! or I would return again to America, did my country require it, and expose this pure, unspotted body to the enemy's fire. But, but thank avarice, the danger is over (*gets up*): pray be seated.—Then, then shall my wounded soul be open to the brilliancy of your countenance. (*strokes his muff.*)

FANNY. (*aside.*) I'll torment myself a little more: perhaps my father may profit by this visit. (*seated.*) I give you my honour, Sir, that I am engaged; therefore, you need not take the trouble of making such warlike and refined speeches.

CAPT. (*aside.*) Already given me her honour at first sight. This person and profession.—Yes, my fair angel, those old codgers have not been idle; they well understand contracts.—Now am I transported to the honey circle of meridian bliss. (*puts his leg over hers.*)

FANNY.

FANNY. (*gets up.*) I beg, Sir—what do you mean? I don't understand such behaviour.

CAPT. 'Tis astonishing, the amazing quantity of ice that was got in this morning.—The mildness of the winter was rather alarming; 'twas likely to have proved fatal to us lovers of ice-cream, and frigid wines. I was, I confess, greatly alarmed; but now my fears are abated. (*aside*) 'Pon honour she'll do.

FANNY. I don't in the least dispute your taste, Sir—I grant you, that frost, when it comes in season, has it's good effects: it destroys insects, that wou'd otherwise become troublesome: and it is a pity, that it did not destroy such animals, as think it of no other use than to indulge their luxurious palates.—Such a frost were to be wished for.

CAPT. Upon my honour, I can assure you, that the confectioners were in the highest state of tribulation.

FANNY. I should think so, Sir—and those, their manly visitants, who lay whole armies at their feet with words, and talk of battles they dread to enter.

CAPT. Are you fond of confections, my sweet one? (*takes some out of his pocket, eats, and offers some to Fanny, which she rejects.*) I am quite transported with the beautiful appearance  
of

of those repositories, as well as charmed with their delicious compounds.

FANNY. That must greatly heighten the beauty, when decorated with scarlet!—A most honourable amusement for the noble science of defence.

CAPTAIN. You are right, very right, my dear; you think as I do, I see; you can discern things clearly.—The, the metropolis is amazingly enlightened, greatly polished, and wonderfully improved—in the—the rapid increase of *fruit shops, confectioners, perfumery, and stick-shops*; 'tis astonishing, and even puts *Paris* to the *blush*: and the art, with which these mechanics display them, at their circular windows, attracts the admiration—of the—discerning, so that no *men* of taste, of fashion, can withstand such brilliant temptations, without indulging the *palate*, amusing the *eye*, and decorating the *band*. Don't you think, my dear Tulip, that the art of hair-dressing, too, is now arrived at some perfection among us?—We are not a little indebted to——We copy the Parisians.

FANNY. Ridiculous fribble! my patience is almost worn out. (*aside*) Why, yes, Sir, I think the *copy* exceeds the *original*. I believe, Sir, those shops, that you have so carefully enumerated, increase considerably more than the

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armourers,

*armourers*, are much more frequented, and particularly by gentlemen of *your* livery, who have so much contributed to the glorious peace.

CAPT. *Peace! peace!* O yes, my sweet raspberry: 'tis the business of *us officers* to study fashions, and deal them out to the unpolished vulgar, that tarnish the name of Englishmen. Why, my dear *Fan*, *officers* have nothing else to do, where the feat of war is not, but to enjoy those delights. Besides, thou Venus of Venuses, those sword and gun shops, that you see blazing about the town, are by no means calculated for *us* soldiers. Their furniture will not stand the *thrust*, nor will the paltry firelocks stand the shock of a ball; no, no, we must have *Tower-proof*; they are only calculated for those country drones, the *pheasant*, the *woodcock*, and *part-ridge* rustics, who never sailed a league over salt water, ha! ha! ha!

FANNY. I am glad, Sir, you find your own conversation so very entertaining; I wish I cou'd join with you. But how short sighted, how unfeeling must that lover be, who has not judgment enough to distinguish the frowns, from the smiles of his mistress, ha! ha! ha! (*Captain laughs too.*) Some men are so enamoured of their unrivalled selves, that the other sex—Fair Captain!

CAPT. Very true—right—you are right, upon my honour. (*both laugh*) Unrivalled self, that's me; ay, ay, she's struck! stabb'd! nay, bleeds for me! Well, I must not tantalize the poor devil. (*aside*) Of all the violets in the valley, *thou* art far the sweetest; *your* cheeks wear the tint of the luscious peach; your lips, Oh! *thou* bunch, *thou* muscadine, are far sweeter than the choicest of European fruits, or even the domestic Barbary-drop: thy teeth, as white as my own. (*grins, and looks at his watch*) Upon my honor I'm late: the dentist waits.—But first, (*advances*) I must taste of this mellow exotic, that will soon be mine. (*attempts to kiss, she resists*) Adieu! adieu! (*going*) Well, *Fan*, I shall be with you at the appointed hour, and shall bring with me, the implements of union. Adieu! adieu! (*Exit.*)

FANNY. (*looks at him with contempt*) Insignificant fellow! He has not sense enough to discover my contempt for him, but vainly thinks *his* figure—*his* manner quite irresistible. Poor creature!—Before I would be married to a fool, a coxcomb, I would sooner give my hand to a man of sense, tho' he should be wrapped in the garb of penury. Now, to prevent, if possible, and convince my father of his error.

End of the SECOND ACT.

D 2

ACT

## A C T III.

SCENE I. *Printer's House: Printer, Editor, and Clerk, at a Table, copying from old Magazines and News-papers.*

TYPE. (*gets up*)

REVISE, this essay is a very good one; 'tis exactly the thing: the times to a hair, and requires but little cooking. (*gives it Revise*) That will do our paper credit. The language is divinely poignant.

REVISE. (*gets up, and reads part of it*) Excellent! Manly! Very true! "And the nation is rent asunder by its internal broils, disunion, the effect of party-work. Exactly so, upon my honor. All, all, and every one of them struggling for the golden uncti<sup>o</sup>n, (*shakes his head*) according to the modern system of patrioti<sup>s</sup>m.—Mr. Type, we shall charge the proprietors one guinea for this.

TYPE. Most certainly.—I think the words, *golden uncti<sup>o</sup>n*, and *modern patrioti<sup>s</sup>m*, should be set in Italicks.

REVISE.

REVISE. 'Egad, you are right, very right,—  
and the signature shall be, *Self-interest*.

*Enter DEVIL, with columns of the paper.*

DEVIL. These are to be corrected; and there are two columns now wanting, and three of the compositors have nothing to do.

REVISE. (*takes up, and tears leaves out of magazines*) The devil they are!—Here!. here! here! take this for the poet's corner; and this *essay*, which I fancy will make up the deficiency. (*Exit Devil. He gives the columns to the clerk to be corrected.*)

*Re-enter DEVIL.*

DEVIL. Sir, I forgot to tell you, *Mr. Full-charge*, the auctioneer's *porter*, is at the door, with advertisements. (*Exit Devil.*)

REVISE. (*looks to the door*) Come in, come in, porter.

*Enter PORTER.*

REVISE. Well, Sir.

PORTER. Master says, if you will put these six advertisements, for his paying the duty only, you may have them in every day this (*gives them*) week; and says, you shall have his next catalogue to print.

D 3

TYPE.

TYPE. Ho, ho! very good, my man; my compliments to Mr. Fullcharge, and his commands shall be executed.

PORTER. (*going*) O Lord! Sir, I have got a bit of news.

TYPE. Hold, hold, I'll take it down. (*seated, writes*) Well, now for't.

PORTER. Why, Sir, you must know, last night, my Lord Spendall was coming, as he said, to ask my master, if he had advertised his estate: my master was not at home just then; but my Lord went as bold as brass to my mistress, who was in the bed-room behind the parlour—and there, I vow, staid upwards of an hour, he! he! he! Nancy, my fellow-servant, called to me in dumb shew, and bid me look thro' the key-hole; we could see nothing, he! he! the candle was out,—but——

REVISE. So the candle was out; a good one. Go on, porter.

PORTER. Why that's all; only I thinks my mistress said, O my Lord, my Lord, suppose my husband—then said he, damn your husband. Then Nancy, my fellow-servant, took me by the hand, and, said she, come away, my dear; and treated me with a full pot of porter. There, Sir. (*makes a bow.*)

REVISE. Thank you. Our compliments.

PORTER.



PORTER. (*Scratches his head and looks at them*) I hope, Sir, you won't forget, you used to give me something.

TYPE. O, very true, here's sixpence for you, the utmost we give for a paragraph, when ready drawn for insertion. (*gives him sixpence—Exit Porter.—Looks over the advertisements*) Zounds! each is worth fifteen shillings; and I dare swear he will charge my Lord Spendall a guinea for each of them, and we get no more than two or three shillings, the bare duty.

REVISE. A hard case this; however, Type, appearances, now a-days, are at least, two points out of three, and particularly in our branch. For you know, the more advertisements we have in our paper the better: for this reason. The public will naturally conclude, from the number of advertisements, that our paper must be in great circulation, and give us a greater air of importance among our brother professors. Besides, Type, the advertisements are ready cooked, and will help to fill up.

*Enter* DEVIL.

DEVIL. Sir, a Gentleman wants to speak to you.

TYPE. Shew him in. (*Exit Devil.—Looks to the door*) Upon my soul 'tis Sir Timothy Silent, a member of parliament. Some pickings, Revise, ey—

D 4

*Enter*

*Enter Sir TIMOTHY SILENT.*

SIR TIM. (*to Type*) Sir, I presume you are the printer. (*looks at the editor, confused*)

TYPE. Yes, Sir, I am the printer, my name is Type; that gentleman there, is my—the editor, Sir——

SIR TIM. O! then I may proceed—— (*discovers the clerk, startles.*)

TYPE. (*to the clerk*) You may go: take up what you have corrected.

CLERK. (*aside*) Curse on their impudence, why not let me into the secret? (*Exit.*)

SIR TIM. (*looks round the room*) Here is a speech (*gives a speech*) of mine, I cou'd wish to have inferted in your much-admired paper.

TYPE. (*looks over it, and reads it to himself*) O, Sir Timothy Silent: why really, Sir, I don't recollect that you spoke in the debate of yesterday, tho' I perceived you upon your legs more than once. The question being of such national importance, I made it my business to attend the house myself:—I think, Sir, I'm not deceived.

SIR TIM. Your are perfectly right, I did not speak, but was repeatedly up; but the noise of hear him! hear him! had such an effect upon my spirits—being rather nervous, that I could  
not

not proceed:—Therefore, gentlemen, I beg that my sentiments, my ideas, may be offered to my country, through the channel of your impartial paper.—I beg, you'll accept: (*gives Type money*) and whatever correction the language may want, I beg—I leave these sort of things to your superior judgment and experience.

REVISE. Depend upon it, Sir, I shall do you justice. (*Exit Sir Timothy, with a very reverend bow*) Very nervous, ha! ha! ha!

*Enter SCANDALPROOF, with a long string of Paragraphs : gives them to Type.*

SCAND. There, Sir, something out of the common track; twenty paragraphs in good English, and three essays.—One on the shop-tax, another in favour of a plurality of wives, and the last, upon our national courage; and the answers to them shall be ready by the same pen, in proper time. But, how came you not to insert my last works? I, I confess myself piqued, and really disappointed. I have a sum to make up on Saturday: I am three weeks in arrear for my room.

TYPE. Why, Mr. Scandalproof, we have altered our plan a little, and are come to a resolution, to insert nothing speculative, when  
we

we can have something real. As for the essays, as their titles will chime upon the ears of the people, they may find admittance; but meanwhile, be sure, you prepare the answers.

SCAND. Certainly—I, I'm astonished at your omissions. The other papers, which I'm concerned in, inserted them, and the variations were very trifling; the substance was the same. As to those you object to, because they are speculative, that shall be no obstacle to prevent their appearing; let me have them, and in the course of half an hour, the whole shall be realized. (*gives him back the paragraphs, and Exit.*)

REVISE. An ingenious fellow this—a fertile brain!

*Enter LIVERY SERVANT with a letter: gives it*  
*Type.*

TYPE. (*looks over the letter*) I see you come from my Lady Smuggle.

SERV. Yes, Sir, and here be five guineas: but, an't you the printer?

TYPE. I am.

SERV. O! then, I was to put it into your own hands. (*gives money.*)

TYPE. Very right: you'll tell your lady, her business shall be attended. (*Exit Servant*)  
Ha! ha! ha! (*reads the letter.*)

“SIR,

" SIR,

" Should an article of intelligence come  
" to your office, respecting Lady Smuggle's  
" coach being seized for having French contraband  
" goods in it, I beg you will suppress  
" the same; for which service, please to accept  
" five guineas, which I have sent by my servant.

" Your's,

" SMUGGLE."

REVISE. (*both laugh*) Egad, this hush money is mighty pleasant, ha! ha! the old fox is caught at last.—What now! who the devil is this blustering up stairs? General Blunder, by all that's just!

*Enter GENERAL BLUNDER in Regimentals.*

GEN. BLUNDER. Pray, gentlemen, how dare you traduce my character? how dare you represent my late conduct in such a contemptible light? and, gentlemen, what is still worse, you have mangled my speeches—why you have made them perfect nonsense; the last in particular, that was so poignant, that the minister, at whom it was levelled, trembled at the matter it contained; and the force with which it was delivered rendered him speechless. And,  
not

not only this, gentlemen, you made the first period thirty lines; the second, twenty-five, and so on. (*struts about.*)

TYPE. I am really sorry, Sir, for this, our misrepresentation. Our intelligence must be false, I doubt; but, we chiefly confine ourselves to the gazettes, Sir. As for the length of the periods, you stand not alone; several of the members have this habit; but, for the credit of our paper, we rectify this deformity. Indeed we are become so fond of liberty, so liberal, and our paper found so serviceable to our enemies in every quarter, that we take particular care, for the honour of the speakers, as well as our own, (for they are very keen critics in France) to heighten (*General looks with great impatience*) those harangues by a little of our own colouring.

GEN. BLUNDER. I have seen none of your colouring. As for gazettes—poultry forgeries.

REVISE. Why, really, Sir, where the fault lies, I leave to your experience: but certain it is, that gazettes have not been so fertile in the course of this war, as they have been in preceding ones.

GEN. BLUNDER. Words carry no sublimity to their hearts: I'll try the effect of the golden-unction. (*aside*) Well, gentlemen, here, (*gives a bank*

*a bank note*) in future, I trust and hope, to see myself in a more favourable light in your paper. And what little inaccuracies there may happen in my future speeches—why—you understand me.——

REVISE. (*smiles*) O, Sir, a diamond is not less a diamond, for being obscured in the quarry, Sir. This is a delicate subject—a very tender point—I give you my word and honour—I perfectly understand you, Sir—you'll find a very great reformation in the press, and that soon—when you shall read something of this cast—the greatest comfort to an orator.——*General Blunder replied to the noble Lord, with as much ingenuity, as close reasoning, as powerful argument, and as great a torrent of eloquence, as ever was heard in parliament. (General smiles.)*

GEN. BLUNDER. (*aside*) Honour! O Lord! O Lord! (*struts about*) The rascals have some taste, they may decorate—I comprehend—we perfectly understand each other—Gentlemen, your most obedient. (*Exit.*)

TYPE. Ha! ha! ha! poor devil, poor devil. (*both laugh*) I thought we should have him at last. But he has been a devilish long while coming to the depositum, ha! ha! ha!

REVISE. Poor General! this was very honourable indeed: twenty pounds! Egad, I ques-

tion if all his tradesmen's bills were paid, there would be twenty more left. But any thing save fighting for a little popularity :—ay, ay, the liberty of the press makes many a commander, now a-days. Even shadows, are converted into real substances ; ay, and real substances, worn down into shadows.—Hey ! hey ! here comes the garreteers, the life and soul of a newspaper.

*Enter several Newsmongers in mean apparel.*

1st. Mr. Type, I have a six-penny worth for you ; but faith you must take it down, for I had no paper, nor the means.

TYPE. Poor rogue ! well, go on, and I'll take a sketch.

1st. (*proceeds*) Hem,—“ This morning, my Lord Hornmaker's coachman said, at the Angel in Hedge-Lane, that he drove my Lady Pliant and his Lord from the opera last night, to my Lady Pliant's house, not a hundred miles from St. James's-square. At five in the morning, my Lord Pliant came home, when my Lord Hornmaker made his escape into the street, thro' the back-yard.”

2nd. “ Two days ago, at the west end of the town, as Sir Adonis was lifting Captain Peep, to see his Venus in a bath below ; Sir  
Adonis



Adonis gave way, when down went the Captain—and broke off the horns of Sir Adonis ; but happily for Captain Peep, the damages did not amount to more than one shilling, to the great satisfaction of all good men.”

TYPE. Well said, Probus. Mr. Revise, the rogue is low in pocket, we'll give him eighteen pence: they are well worth it. (*gives money*) Well, Mr. Paragraph, let's hear what you have to say. (*Exit 1st. Par.*)

2nd. Paragraph. (*gives his papers*) There's four, Sir ; but I'll run over the substance, as I have it by heart.—“ It was yesterday strongly reported, and generally believed in Field-Lane, that the bones of a gentleman were dug out of the adjoining ruins ; a gold seal was found near him, the impression, a pope's head ; and likewise a crucifix, diamond set, which gives us great reason to believe he was a papist, and not a protestant, as 'twas reported.”

2nd. “ Several genteel people entered the said lane, and purchased a large quantity of pocket handkerchiefs, with other light goods.”

3d. “ The boxing-match, that was announced in our paper of yesterday, is unavoidably put off, to a future day ; but we shall take care, our readers shall have timely notice of this very important event.”

4th. Now

4th. Now for the gallows, my last.—“ Yesterday was executed at Tyburn, pursuant to his sentence, Peter Needy, a Butler, for robbing Lady Heartflint on the high-way, whom he had lived with in the above capacity, upwards of fifteen years ; and who had discharged him without a character, three years before, for being asleep on her return from Lady Racket’s route. This unfortunate man left a wife and six children in the lowest state of misery. We have to lament, that the deprivation of the husband’s character reduced him to the sad necessity of taking the road.”—That’s all.

REVISE. Very well—well drawn paragraphs, and need no correction ; come to-morrow, and I’ll pay you. (*To the others : they give their papers*) Well, gentlemen, I have not leisure to look over them just now. If they have merit, and you see them inserted in to-morrow’s paper—why you may call.

ALL. Never fear, Sir.

3d. As for mine, they are so full of scandal and abuse—crim con—you wont reject them, I know.

4th. And mine are against General Blunder.

5th. I condemn the peace.

4th. I support it.

TYPE. Well, well, enough, enough. (*Exeunt.*)

What

What a needy tribe ! Egad, Revise, 'tis time we should be off : I fear Mr. Purse and family are waiting.

REVISE. Right, right, a fortunate connection this.—If the Captain reconnoitres like a good general, why, we shall capture the whole family, ey Type—come along. (*Going, meet Lord Puffwell.*)

*Enter LORD PUFFWELL.*

LORD PUFF. Gentlemen, I have made some observations on the new Comedy of *News the M-lady*, that went off with such wonderful eclat last night, to a very brilliant and judicious audience. There are fine strokes in it; new coined wit: and the performers, to do them justice, well understood the author, and were never out of nature. Moliere never drew a more lively picture of human frailties : (*gives another paper*) and this is an encomium upon that excellent political pamphlet, entitled a *Humiliating Peace*: And in justice to the author, tho' unknown to me, I think it far exceeds any thing I ever read. — I recommend a perusal of it to every judicious Englishman.

REVISE. (*looking over them*) We have received a very different impression of this Comedy—that it was received very coolly, (*Puffwell looks uneasy*)

E

the

the dialogue stale; upon the whole, but a so so production, and not likely to succeed.—(*Puffwell disturbed.*) As for the pamphlet, that, too, has its infirmities. We have an account here for insertion, in which it is severely censured. The sense obscure, bad English, sentiments common, and the diction contemptible.—(*Puffwell looks distracted*) As for these observations of yours, Sir, they come under the article of puffing; they are far too open, to have the desired effect; but they may do with some little variations. But we never insert a puff,—even of four lines, under nine shillings; the very lowest, we take for a pamphlet. But plays, Sir, are considerably higher. 'Tis well known, that, by the mere dint of puffing, some new pieces have been saved from being damned.

LORD PUFFWELL. What you say may be right, but I give you my honor, I have no other interest in this business, than merely, I cou'd wish to see merit rewarded. As for those observations, you may have received, doubtless, they are the produce of some ignorant, ill-natured critics; palpable forgeries: but as I am gone thus far, here's ten pounds for you, for suppressing those villainous attacks, and inserting my remarks. (*going—aside*) I hope they don't suspect me

me to be the author. If they do, my name they are strangers to. (*Exit.*)

TYPE. What a pretty confusion he was in ! he certainly is the author.

REVISE. I have not a doubt of it ; and if I am not mistaken, 'tis Lord Puffwell himself.

TYPE. If so, we'll suspend him for a day or two, and he shall double the sum. (*Exeunt.*)

## S C E N E II.

*Enter PURSE and BILLY.*

BILLY.. (*looks about*) Lord, Lord, father ! weer is sifter Fan ? She be a tedious whoile putting on her wedding geers, surely. I wish brother Captain were a come.

PURSE. Never heed, lad ; she'll soon come, and the Captain, I warrant thou. But I feapose, her's a grumping ; 'tis only to make believe, and out of undutifulness to I, her father.

BILLY. Ay, so it be, father : she beant so timberfome as she makes believe for, about marrying Mr. Captain. Neaw, neaw, she do come, I thinks I hear her silks whistle and crackle.

E 2

*Enter*

*Enter FANNY.*

FANNY. Good morrow, Sir : how do you do, brother?

PURSE. The same to you, Fan ; the Captain will soon be here ; 'tis mortal good time : but how came you, Miss Crosspatch, to put on your black this morning ? 'Tis the custom wee us, in the country, yew know, when folks go to be married, to appear in their whoites, and here, you be going in yewr black ; but, I suppose it be the teau'n fashion.

BILLY. Ay, father, so it be ; black Nick is in the nation.

PURSE. Rhymes like the pope : what a brain has the lad a got !

FANNY. Pray, Sir, what have you been doing ? what hidden mystery is this ? Your meaning, Sir ? " The Captain will soon be here ! When folks go to be married, they must go in white ! " What is all this, Sir ; pray be explicit ?

BILLY. Laws and customs ; what a dunce be sifter ! she doan't know she is to be married this morning.

PURSE. Just so, Bill. Why, Mrs. Hidden Mystery, the Captain is to come this morning to marry yew ; for I have made the bargain wee  
his

his father ; and you must be civil to un, and go frait we us to church.

FANNY. Heaven direct my better course!— Captain Type (*sneering*) marry me, Sir! No— I would sooner—(*angrily*)—I am shocked at your barbarity. I live in a free country, Sir. May it be always free ; and as long as it remains so, I will not be robbed of that liberty my country gives me. (*She walks about smiling*) Hymen, Sir, smiles under the influence of Magna Charta. (*Purse and Billy stare at each other.*)

BILLY, Hoymen,—Magnas and Chartas ! Father, who be them?

PURSE. O, O, some outlandish counts, I seapose, of her own chousing.

BILLY. Eese father, or some of the Margate Hoymen, that do carry our corn, butter, and eggs to teaun,

PURSE. May hap so, lad. But Miss, yew shall have the Captain ; I wish he weer a come ; None of your Hoymens, or your Mr. Carters ; your father says so, and, and I'll make yew have un.

FANNY. (*aside*) Good Heavens ! their ignorance claims pity. Sir, the Captain and I can never meet. He is a discredit to his sex, and to his profession.

E 3

PURSE.

PURSE. Well, to be sure! this is impudence to perfection. I fancy, Miss, yew have a been among the players, by yeer foine crabbed speeches—ods rammakins, here comes the Captain, as merry as a cricket.

*Enter CAPTAIN, humming in a ridiculous manner.*

CAPT. Oh, father Purse! (*shake hands*) brother Billy, how do: my dear Fan, I'm come; here I am, armed with implements to fulfil the contract; (*takes out the licence*) and I'm ready for the attack. (*looks at his watch*) Upon honor, I'm later by twenty seconds than I intended; but was detained, arranging some particulars, with respect to our wedding-dinner. But, my dear Fan, don't be alarmed: thou wilt soon be rivetted in my transported heart. Why in mourning, my peach? We must away to church; the hour of twelve approaches: egad, a place I have not been at since my christening.

FANNY. Sir, you may not go again 'till the funeral ceremony is performed, if you wait my attendance. As for my dress, Sir, some wear black for joy; others for sorrow: but neither of those reasons is the cause of my appearing in black this morning; 'twas fancy,  
Sir;



Sir; I am my own mistress, and shall dispose of myself as I think proper. If the hearts are not united before marriage, 'tis not the ceremony that can rivet them.

PURSE. (*to the Captain*) Yew be well disposed, I hop, Captain.

CAPTAIN. Upon honour; O yes, yes, certainly.

BILLY. So yew be; ods robbins, let's goa; I loves to hear the organs of the cathedral sing: it is a tedious deal better than Nick Scribble's pitch pipe in owrn. Oh! that it were over, and dinner cooked.

*Enter TIMEWELL to Purse.*

TIMEW. Sir, pardon a stranger, (*looks fondly at Fanny*) for introducing himself thus abruptly. I presume, Sir, you do not recollect me. (*Purse views him*) By accident I learn't of your being in town; and gratitude obliged me to come in person, to return you thanks for your former favors. (*aside*) O that heavenly image!

FANNY. (*aside*) How my heart flutters! That's—yes, Sir, the gentleman that called—here——

CAPTAIN. (*aside*) An impertinent rascal this. I fancy, father Purse, this genius—I take

E 4

him

him to be an impostor : this is a prelude to beggary. (*Fanny looks uneasy.*)

PURSE. May hap so, Captain ; but I thinks I have a-seen that face before new.

TIMEWELL. Indeed you have, Sir ; and you have been extremely kind to it. My name, Sir, is Thomas Timewell, a distant, but unfortunate relation of yours, and whom you recommended as a writer to the East-India-Company, about ten years ago.—Not the impostor, that Gentleman supposes.

PURSE. (*not quite convinced*) Tom Timewell !

BILLY. Ay, father, Tom Scribble we use to call un—Fan, didst not use to love un ?

FANNY. Hold your tongue.

TIMEW. The same, Sir.

CAPT. Upon my honor I'am right ; I thought him one of the vulgar, out of the very dregs—ey Miss Purse—a scribbler.

TIMEW. (*startles*) Miss Purse ! (*aside.*)

FANNY. In the dregs are often found the strongest particles, that lay concealed, under such floating bubbles as——

PURSE. Hold thy prattle, Fan.—Tom Timewell, moi relation—give me thy hand : (*shakes hands*) ods rammakins, I am tedious proud to se tha ; mortal proud, surely : what hast

hast a done with thyself? I seapose, thou be what they do call Annabob neaw.

TIMEW. A very poor one, Sir, tho' I had in the East realized six thousand pounds: I worked hard for it, and never plundered a shilling. But, unfortunately, on my passage home, the ship was cast away upon the rocks of St. Helena, and I lost my all, but two hundred pounds. On my arrival in town, I was advised by a friend, to risque fifty in the publication of a newspaper, which I imprudently embraced, and have since lost; but I hope, soon to be in a more eligible situation, than beggary, as that—shadow——

PURSE. Faith, then, that weer unlucky. Dost not know those young sprigs? there be my daughter Fan, and son Billy: and the Captain will be married to her, un by.

TIMEW. (*aside*) Married! death! (*looking affectionately at Fanny, with contempt on the Captain*) They have, really, outgrown my knowledge.

CAPT. I am not wrong in my conjectures, old dad; he has the very cant of your——great man in distress—no more like your family, than a French cook is like an English one; the former known by his gracefulness, and the latter by his vulgarity.

FANNY.

FANNY. (*aside*) Insolent wretch! Sir, it is not a crime to be poor: misfortunes too frequently attend the sensible, the honest, the modest and the brave. But, 'tis neither sensible, honest, or humane, to upbraid the sufferer.—Mr. Timewell, I am concerned for your misfortunes.

PURSE. The wench is mad—how you chatter, Fan!

BILLY. So she be, father, all over magpye. (*lays his hand to his waistcoat*) O! laws, brother, I have a mortal yearning in my belly—I hope there be pudding for dinner.

CAPT. Upon my honour, we shall be too late. I think, Fan, we had better take our tea, after the knot is tied.

FANNY. Talk not of knots, Sir,—never—the knot already on your shoulder is disgraced: pull it off.

CAPT. The devil you wont!—you know better than that: subalterns must be obedient to their commanders, ey father Purse. My knot! O! damn it, this knot cost me—

FANNY. Cost me!

PURSE. How neaw, why so frownish and so grumpish, Fan? Ods rammakins, Tom, I am going to buy six shares in a news-paper too,  
and

and, and I shall get a power of money for um; and son Billy is a going to learn the art.

TIMEW. I am sorry you engaged so deep, Sir: 'tis a very precarious business. But, pray what paper is it you are going to embark in? (*aside*) Still avaricious, I find.

PURSE. O laws! why, Mr. Type the printer of——

BILLY. Eese, so it be, father; and poet's corner for I.—

TIME. Mr. Type! Sir—I hope not. I'm very sorry you should risque your money in such hands; the printer of the very paper that has imposed upon me.—If you have not paid the money, take the advice of a friend: have nothing to do with him or his paper—he is an impostor. Did you never hear of Captain Type, his son?

FANNY. (*aside*) Good creature! a fortunate discovery! Captain Type, I presume this Captain here is the very person, that my father is so much enamoured of.

TIMEW. You astonish me, Miss!

CAPT. Yes, beggar—fellow, didst thou, mushroom, call my father an impostor? Zounds, scribbler, you wound the honour, the reputation of my family. (*unbeats his sword*) Revenge! vengeance!

BILLY,

BILLY. O brother! brother! doan't kill un, doant kill un, or we shall be hanged else.

TIMEW. (*disdainfully*) Put up your sword, fapling: this is not a place to display the profession.—When you had an opportunity of serving your king and country in America, you, like many more, deserted the cause of Britain, and like a base coward, (*Captain frightened, puts up his sword, and smells to his bottle*) nay, more, a traitor—deserted to the enemy; then was retaken and justly disgraced. I should think myself as great a villain as yourself, did I with-hold the mystery from this family, to whom I am so much indebted:—Sir, let me tell you, that emblem of the soldier you wear in your hat, has no business there. (*takes it out—Captain much frightened*) This should decorate a man.

PURSE. What! hew, not a Captain, and Mr. Type the printer, not a gentleman—ods rammakins, Fan, if thou beant a witch—why, Bill, this be mortally strange. Mr. Timewell, if as how yew say be true, why, this be friendship indeed.—What! to marry my only daughter to a coward, and a cheat!—O! mercy on us.

TIMEW. Upon the word of an honest man, I don't deceive you.

BILLY. O dear ! I am a most famished ; my bowels do bounce and crackle, like Indian squibbers.

CAPT. Good, good *Mr. Purse* !—My dear Father !—don't—

TIMEW. Talk not, Sir, of what is good ;—you—*Mr. Purse*, there stands the culprit, let him plead not guilty ?—I am well informed of his conduct, Sir, when ensign in America ; and grieved to the soul, that our English heroes are under the cruel necessity of being enroll'd with such shadows, when real substances have remained unemployed.

CAPT. (*trembling*) Why, *Mr. Purse*, to be sure—what that fel—Scrib—that man there, says, I was in America, in the army, fighting for my country,—but the—climate—did not agree—with me,—and I petitioned the commander—too—for a conzié !—in consequence of a complication of disorders.

FANNY. I fancy, noble Captain, that disorder was a feign'd one : it lay very near the heart ! O Lord, Ma'am ! Those armourer's shops, that you see disposed about the town, they won't do for us ; no, they will not stand the thrust ! Are you fond of confectionary, my sweet one ! This is the brave, the gallant *Captain Type*, of the 3d Regiment of Foot-Guards !  
who

who prefers hair-powder to gun-powder ! And sugar plumbs to musket-balls !—And the interest of his country—away !——O ! *Mr. Timewell* ! You have done a good action ! Gratitude tells me, you are not without a friend. Your honesty, your spirit, has a right, in my opinion, to command the further assistance of my family.

CAPT. Stab my vitals, if she is not in love with the rascal ! Its time to beat the march : a good retreat is the quintessence of good generalship. (*aside*) (*To Timewell*)—Were you not below my speech, *Scribble*, I should send thee my glove. (*Timewell advances*) A damned ignorant crew this. (*Exit in a hurry. Timewell and Fanny laugh.*)

BILLY. Stop ! stop ! Captain ! you bean't married !

PURSE. Let un go, Bill ; let un go : he's as poor in pocket, as in heart ; and rich enough in impudence

*Enter TREASURER of the Paper, with a large roll of parchment.*

TREASURER. (*to Purse*) I am directed and commanded, by the order of *Mr. Type*, and *Mr.*



*Revisé*, to receive *three* hundred pounds, for six shares in their paper; and these are the articles which you are to sign. Further, they unite in compliments—business prevents their attending you this morning at the appointed hour; but they will not fail attending the *nuptials* at dinner. Notwithstanding—(*discovers Timewell.—aside*) How the devil comes this fellow here? I have pen and ink, Sir.

PURSE. That may be.—But Mr. Sir, beant you *Mr. Doublefee*, the lawyer?

TREAS. The identical person; a near relation of *Mr. Type's*: and now, I presume, nearly allied to your worthy family.

FANNY. A very fortunate alliance, indeed!

TREAS. Madam, you, you do us honour: I beg to congratulate you, upon the happy event.

FANNY. You are really very polite, *Mr. Doublefee*. Why yes, you may give the family joy—of so fortunate an escape.

TREAS. (*aside*) What the devil! I fear they have sprung a mine upon us.—I am happy, Ma'am—

PURSE. Come, come, Mr.—I must tell tha—thou art out of a roguish family; and you are all rogues alike. Doan't dilly dally here, Mun!—Get about tha business, and tell um—  
your

your *Types* and *Revises*, I'll have nothing to do we um.

TREAS. The devil you wont! then, Sir, you'll hear from me, for a breach of contract; and for scandalum magnatum.

TIMEW. Don't be insolent, lest I double you up, Sir, as you do your parchment. (*takes him by the shoulders*) away, Sir, you tricking— (*turns him out.*)

FANNY. (*aside*) His spirit charms me.

PURSE. Friend Timewell, give me your hand. (*shake hands*) I am tediously thankful to you; yew have a saved *me*, and son *Billy*, may hap, from ruin. That dear girl, my daughter, theer, had sense enough to have a seaved herself, and forsouthe; she seed my ruin. But I, an obstinate old fool, cou'd not see that. I am a now sensible of my own folly and inexperience; and hew to make you amends, do yew see, Timewell, I doan't know. By this here, now, experience has taught me never to choose another husband for my very good girl: but, weer I to fix, I doan't a know a more worthier man than yeer sel, to be moi son-in-law.

FANNY. (*aside*) Happy choice! Why will my heart thus betray itself! It will hurry me into a confession.

TIMEW.

**TIMEW.** What I have done, Sir, was only what every honest man would chose to do; and what has been done, was merely accidental. As to becoming your son-in-law, Sir, that's an honour I—tho' I could—I am unworthy so much virtue, judgment, and good sense. Besides, Sir, *Miss Purse*,—I, I have no will of my own, but submit to *Miss Fanny*, in whose bosom, 'tis she alone, Sir, can determine.

**FANNY.** (*aside.*) His tongue falters, his eye glistens, he may love me. (*to her Father.*) Sir, I congratulate you, upon this happy escape; I must intreat your pardon, if I have said any thing unworthy your child: and, if now your future happiness depends on me, Sir, I put myself in your power, to be disposed of, as you shall judge; and that right I claimed, I now resign into your hands.

**PURSE.** Yew dear, dear wench, come kiss ma, (*kisses*) that is being very dutiful: and *Fan*, theare bean't a thing under the name of *Purse*, that you sheant a have. Well, *Timewell*, what think'st neaw of *Fan*; dost think thou couldst love her? *Fan*, what think'st of *Timewell*?

**TIMEW.** Love her, Sir! my situation in life  
F is

is so far below—to distraction—but, Madam, I am not worthy.

FANNY. An honest man you have proved yourself, and a grateful one; and I think such a character worthy any woman; if you think my confidence——(*blushes.*)

PURSE. Well, well, now I think I shall make a rare joint. Come, *Fan*, give moi thoi hand; I do think I am right neaw: (*joins hands*) here, *Timewell*, I give thee, by her own consent, and my own too, mine only daughter. She be a good girl, make her a good husband, and I shall prove to yew, a lasting friend; blefs ya both. We'll have a dance, and be as merry as hop-pickers.

BILLY. That's nice. (*whistles*) Bean't the Captain to come, and dance too? O laws! we shall have rare feasting.

TIMEW. Sir, my love for your daughter shall never be diminished. I hope the opinion, the confidence you have placed in me, Sir, shall henceforth be as satisfactory to you, as they are now honourable to him, whom you have thought worthy of being your son.

PURSE. Be happy boath, and I shall lieve content.

FANNY. O Sir! (*to her father.*)——O  
Timewell!

Timewell! Now all my wishes are crowned:  
*your* first appearance bade fair for happiness;  
*your* conduct led to it, and now I am arrived  
at the haven of bliss.

May every coxcomb woman's hatred move,  
And only men of merit gain their love.

T H E   E N D .



THE  
M O D E,  
A  
C O M E D Y.

## *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

### *M E N.*

**SIR HUMPHREY FICKLE**, A young Gentleman of Fortune, addicted to the fashionable Follies of the Times.

**MEANLY**, and **PICKLE**, Two Sycophants, and Intimates of Sir Humphrey's.

**SEYMOUR**, A reformed Rake, and Friend of Sir Humphrey's.

**COL. FORESIGHT**, In love with Amelia.

**BUMPER**, Servant to Sir Humphrey.

**BRIBE**, Servant to Meanly.

### *W O M E N.*

**LADY FICKLE**, Wife of Sir Humphrey: lively, but virtuous.

**AMELIA**, Sister to Mrs. Seymour, in love with the Colonel.

**LADY BELL CLAPPER**, A gossiping, intriguing old Lady.

**MRS. SEYMOUR**, A Friend of Lady Fickle's, and Wife of Mr. Seymour.

**MRS. MEANLY**, Wife of Meanly: by her Husband's Ill-treatment, discovers a Plot laid for Lady Fickle and Amelia.

**MOTHERLY**, A faithful old Servant to Lady Fickle.

**PRATTLE**, Waiting-woman to Amelia.



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THE  
M O D E,  
A  
C O M E D Y.

.....

A C T I.

SCENE I. *Sir Humphrey Fickle, Seymour,  
and Meanly, seated at a table drinking.*

SIR HUMPHREY.

CONFOUND your morality, Seymour;  
your late sea voyage has extinguish'd  
your fire. (*looking at him.*) What a methodist-  
ical face!

MEANLY. I deny it; a wife! a wife! Ma-  
trimony is the cause of this eclipse; 'tis matri-  
mony,

F 4

mony that robs him of his fire; he has not digested the honey-moon.

SEYM. Thoughtless rogues! as great rattles as ever! I was in hopes to have found the impetuous tide of your spirits ebbing at my return: but it now flows with equal rapidity.

SIR HUMPH. So it should; here it flows. O Lord! O Lord! poor Seymour! poor Seymour! Charge the glasses, Meanly. (*fills bumpers*) Brimmers, brimmers. (*each taking a bumper*) Here's liberty to husbands. (*they drink.*)

MEANLY. Bravo! bravo! (*beating the table*). a good one. This night we'll devote to jollity, ey, Seymour; (*fills*) my toast, my toast; here goes, here goes. (*drinks.*)

SEYM. A forfeit; (*fills his glass*) you forgot your toast.

SIR HUMPH. Right; bravo! bravo! the toast, damn me, the toast, Meanly.

MEANLY. With all my soul; all fair. (*taking the glass*) Never flinch from a bumper of claret: I hate infringements upon custom, as well as the constitution. Then, here's success to the divine Thelyphthora.

SIR HUMPH. Excellent; the more wives the merrier: fresh wives are new sources of pleasure. Population is the life and soul of the kingdom.

kingdom. (*drinks*) Seymour, your toast, my worthy.

SEYM. With all my heart; but first, I beg an explanation of the last. I never say yes or no, for or against the majority, as long as I possess an opinion of my own: never vote by proxy: never trust my conscience in the hands of another.

MEANLY. What, Mr. Morality, did you never read the Thelyphthora?

SEYM. Upon my honor, never heard of it.

SIR HUMPH. A gentleman, too, and never heard of the invaluable Thelyphthora! then you may, why then you may purchase heaven for a few shillings; glide on smoothly to your journey's end, over a sea of pleasure.

MEANLY. Most certainly: there is liberty to us Benedicts, and freedom to range in the field of love; any body.—

SEYM. Your conceits are mysterious; be explicit, and let me partake of the humour.

MEANLY. Thelyphthora! O charmingly divine! the high road to Paradise; the Elysian Fields; the Madenian philosophy; that proves, clearly proves, that a man may have as many wives, aye as many wives as he pleases.

SIR HUMPH. Most piously he proves. Join the toast, my boy.

SEYM.

SEYM. I think the philosophy infernal. What the devil!—But, pray, are not the wives to enjoy an equal privilege?

SIR HUMPH. No, thank you: there we have a pull upon the sex.

MEANLY. The husband governs: subalterns must be obedient to their commanders.

SEYM. A doctrine the most wretched and contemptible. Cold tyranny in a husband puts fair virtue in danger, and subjects her to fetters, when innocence is abused by the husband, who ought to fortify and protect it. It opens the door to inconstancy, that would otherwise be irresistibly shut.

SIR HUMPH. Confound your delicacy and modest sentiments; reverse the scene, and give us a sentiment, new and animated.

SEYM. With all the good will of a husband to one wife. May the honeymoon of matrimony never be eclipsed by the Madenian vapours.

MEANLY. O fie! O fie! insipid stuff!

*Enter* SERVANT.

SERV. Sir, the coach is ready. (*all getting up.*)

SIR HUMPH. Our hats and swords. Come, you dogs, let's to King's Place; and there—O the pretty, pretty little rogues!

SEYM.

SEYM. Dissipated wretches!

MEANLY. Dissipated! ha! ha! dissipated.—  
O Lord! O Lord! You may stand neuter; you  
have no occasion to enter the lists; there is no  
compulsion, man. Hang your scruples. You  
have been married now a month—and, what the  
devil—come along. (*takes him by the arm.*)

SEYM. It wont do; I have a wife.

MEANLY. Pho, pho; never mind your wife;  
keep the check-rein in your own hand; and in  
time—(*takes him by the other arm*) confound your  
fond, obedient husbands. Come, my buck,  
variety is the leading sinew of the ton. (*pulls  
him along.*)

SEYM. I have had too much of the ton: I  
have protested against its follies.

SIR HUMPH. and MEANLY. Bravo! bravo!  
bravo! (*Exeunt.*)

*Enter TOPER reeling; examines the bottles.*

TOPER. Terrible doings these: how gen-  
tlemen will drink!—All, all empty; not a drop  
left, to quench one's thirst; killed with work;  
and, and, nothing left, to, to comfort me.—  
Thou art wrong, Toper; here, you dog, in  
here; here it is. (*putting the bottle to his mouth*)  
Here's to thee, Toper. (*drinks*) Cha, charming  
clarèt; yes, fine light wine. I pity this family.—  
Such

Such extravagance! I have a great regard for Sir Humphrey and my Lady. (*drinks*) Terrible doings!

*Enter BRIBE: takes the Bottle from his Mouth.*

BRIBE. So, so, Mr. Toper, helping the wine merchant.

TOPER. Aye, and Sir Humphrey too.—The more we drink, the less we care for scolding. Master says, I, I drink too much, Mr. Bribe; and the wine merchant says, I drink too little; so we are never in the right. Master says, I get drunk—which is false; the wine merchant says, I live too sober—he's right; yes, yes, he is, Mr. Bribe, very right.

BRIBE. Masters, Mr. Toper, are apt to condemn in us, what they are guilty of themselves. (*pours and drinks.*) This wine has a fine smack, a vinous clarety flavour. Sir Humphrey pays his bills pretty regular, I presume?

TOPER. Every three or four years—his tradesmen's bills, when the law obliges him. But he wants to get into the House, and then they can't get into his.

BRIBE. That House is a protection: there the law is made, on the same ground 'tis evaded.—Pray now, my dear Toper, have you heard this strange report?

TOPER.

TOPER. Report! O yes, there are fourteen to be hanged on the new gallows, according to that report.

BRIBE. Pho, I mean the report, respecting your family.

TOPER. Any body in our family reported to be hang'd too?

BRIBE. Pshaw! you misunderstand me; I mean the report in your family—'tis a strange affair, talked of all over the town, in every tavern, and in every mouth.

TOPER. No, 'tis not in mine.

BRIBE. Then I'll tell you—here, this way—for your life be secret.

TOPER. I have not had it yet.

BRIBE. They do say, that Sir Humphrey is a cuck—old, and is going to be divorc'd.

TOPER. Then he should wear horns.—I see no appearance of their sprouting yet.

BRIBE. But do you think it true?

TOPER. I can't tell: how, how the devil can I tell, I'm neither pillow, or bolster to my lady; but I should think it a damn'd lie—I fancy she takes as much care of herself, as the rest of the quality: that may be little enough too. (*bell rings.*) The devil! she's come home; the bell rings.

BRIBE.

BRIBE. (*frighted*) Zounds! I hope she's not coming this way: I wou'd not meet her for a thousand: good night, good night. To-per, I find, is ignorant of the report. (*aside.—Exit.*)

TO-PER. (*Bell rings*) I can't fly, can I? (*rings*) Softly, gently, my good lady. (*rings*) I wish I had wings—I think the wench has soap'd the floor; for my part, I slip, (*rings*) I can't stand. (*Exit.*)

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## S C E N E II.

*Enter LADY FICKLE, and MOTHERLY.*

LADY FICK. Is the rouge, and the pearl-powder, and——

MOTH. Yes ma'am, every cosmetic, the Olympian dew, the milk of roses, the mareschal powder, the freckle water, and, and a thousand other nonsensical things.

LADY FICK. Why, quality should be known at a distance. One's title is announced by the prominence of one's charms.

MOTH. Lord! madam, you want no embellishments, no borrowed charms; nature has been too bountiful to admit of art:—besides, madam, you that have a husband.

LADY FICK. The very reason, why I decorate



corate—not so much to please myself, as 'tis to obey Sir Humphrey's dictatorial commands.

MOTH. Well, I'm sure, if I was a man, art should never attract my love and notice. One sincere smile, cloathed in native innocence, I shou'd prefer to a thousand purchased.

LADY FICK. Were you a wife, you wou'd have a husband to please.

MOTH. If my wholesome and natural charms did not please him, and keep him firm to the marriage vow : I give you my word, ma'am, I shou'd never be a slave to art.

LADY FICK. Your observations are good in theory : but will not stand the test of practice.

MOTH. Well, for my part—if husbands practise such tyranny, I, I believe, I shall protest against matrimony, and think no more about it—die on the bed of honour, and return to the womb of earth, a pure, unspotted maid.

LADY FICK. An admirable resolution ! but, Motherly, I wou'd not have you make any rash vows ; you may be more at liberty : all men, sure, are not alike.

MOTH. To a man, I have declared war against the sex ; and am determined the best that ever wore a head shall not open his mouth to me on the tender passions ; no, I shall ever think them beneath my notice. But, were I

10

to be married, I shou'd not be a dupe to any man's whims, to break my rest, and, and——

LADY FICK. I think your observations perfectly right.—But, Motherly, I'm not what the world suppose me to be—I'm a perfect counterfeit, a mere hypocrite, yet there is none I injure: but my own secret reflections carry with them their punishment.—I'm ready to sink with fatigue, when the hurry of the day is over. Did Sir Humphrey allow me a will of my own, I shou'd banish routes and masquerades, and wear but one face, and that in its natural form. And, instead of retiring to bed at four or five o'clock in the morning, I should never exceed the hour of twelve—go to the play twice a week, and to the opera once a fortnight; my other days I should dedicate to domestic affairs and a few select friends.—But to be tolerably happy, I must obey Sir Humphrey, and appear to him to be by art, what I'm really not by nature.

MOTH. I would appear, madam, in my real character, and wou'd not be a counterfeit, were I to marry a king. Madam, I have something of consequence to relate—to which I beg your secret ear.

LADY FICK. Proceed, I pray you: I never restrained your tongue, nor rejected your counsel.

MOTH. From an infant, I have known you ;  
nursed you most tenderly, from your cradle,  
to the present moment : and I hold myself  
bound by gratitude and affection, to declare to  
you—indeed, madam, I shou'd think myself  
more your enemy than your friend, to conceal  
from you, the language the world speaks—your  
reputation !

LADY FICK. What of my reputation ?

MOTH. Nay, madam, I beseech you, don't  
be displeased—I'll out with the truth, if I for-  
feit, what I hold most valuable, your protection.

LADY FICK. Oh ! heavens ! my reputa-  
tion ! You alarm me—yet, why shou'd I  
be alarmed—my innocence—wha, what dares  
the world to say ?

*Enter SERVANT.*

SERV. Lady Bell Clapper's compliments to  
your ladyship ; she's at the door in her car-  
riage, and wou'd be glad of your company,  
to see the balloon at the Pantheon.

LADY FICKLE. My compliments ; I'll at-  
tend her ladyship in a moment. Well, Mo-  
therly, we'll take another opportunity.

MOTH. When I shall finish, what my re-  
gard and affection will force me to reveal.

G

LADY

LADY FICK. At present, I have not leisure to hear more—I must attend my Lady Bell Clapper—get me my cloak and muff. (*running to the glass*) The best rouge I ever had—a most admirable bloom! I think 'tis called the maiden-blush.

MOTH. It is, my lady.

LADY FICK. Come, Motherly, O dear! Lady Bell will think me lost.

MOTH. I wish she may not be the cause of your reputation being lost, as well as her own.  
(*aside.*) (Exeunt.)

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

## A C T II.

SCENE I. *Pall-Mall. Discovers SIR HUMPHREY, SEYMOUR, and MEANLY:— JACK PICKLE coming out of a House.*

SIR HUMPHREY.

THIS way, you rogues, here, here, in here—there stands our Belvidere.

MEANLY. (*runs up to the door*) I know it well; now for my goddefs. (*as he approaches, Jack Pickle comes out.*) Here he is. Pickle has got the start.

SIR HUMPH. The jolly dog has stolen a march upon us. (*Pickle attempts an escape*) No forsaking me, no retreating—re-enter, my buck, and——

PICKLE. Never retreat, as long as I am able to advance—never flinch from a lass, or a bottle. (*Seymour attempts an escape: Sir Humphrey overtakes him.*)

G 2

SIR

SIR HUMPHREY. No back-sliding, my boy, but hark forward. (*the others come up.*)

MEANLY. In, in, let's in with him.—The trenches are laid open, swamp the man that dreads to enter.

SEYM. I'm that man: for by this light, I'll not enter. (*struggle to get him in*) Away, for shame—folly! madness!

SIR HUMPH. Into this house, you shall enter, Seymour.

SEYM. The house and it's furniture may attract your appetites; but I have goods at home, that are more engaging.

PICKLE. Let him go—he's not of us, sink me.

SEYM. You cou'd not pay me a higher compliment. (*runs off.*)

PICKLE. Poor creature! a milk fop, a mere thing, without life or spirit. I'm glad he's decamp'd, or he wou'd have prov'd a damper to us.

MEANLY. He is none of us, a poor, doating, fond husband, fit for nothing, but to whine after and simper with his wife.

SIR HUMPH. He was a good fellow—but now, my wife expects me! Curse it, the poor fellow is handsomely done over—no other pleasure but his wife to please!

PICKLE.

PICKLE. The fellow has no soul.—The man that can find no other amusement, but a wife to please, is not for us; therefore, we'll excommunicate him from our circle.

MEANLY. Black-ball him, by all means.

SIR HUMPH. He shou'd suffer that disgrace; yet 'tis pity to banish the poor devil. We may reclaim him yet, from his foolish, domestic pursuits. Come, let's in. (*going*) We trifle away these precious moments; march, with hark forward, follow, follow. (*going.*)

*All.* Hark forward, to the fair, we'll approach with an air; with hark forward, tally-ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho.

(*They enter the house.*)

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## S C E N E II.

*Enter* LADY BELL CLAPPER *and* AMELIA.

LADY BELL. Why, child, your name will not even reach a newspaper; nor can you ever rise in the esteem of the beaux of the polite circle, if you make home the first object of your pleasures.

G 3

AMELIA.

AMELIA. I find more solid satisfaction at home, in one evening's tranquillity, than I do in five at public revellings. I am weary of the fatigues of so public a life: it wears out my spirits.

LADY BELL. Silly girl! But, this is the general effect of being educated in the country, under the tuition of an old, foolish, fond mother; but this shyness, Amelia, will soon vanish; you will lose the rust of the country, when you're initiated into the town enchantments.

AMELIA. From what I have seen of the town enchantments, I think, modesty of deportment, and delicacy of sentiment, claim the least share in it. Wives make as free with the young beaux as they do with their lawful husbands, and seem more at their ease.—Aye, and husbands, too, in return, perform the same friendly offices: and their civilities even extend to the young misses.

LADY BELL. That's the very essence, the life, and soul of the ton. England, child, has long boasted of her liberty, her freedom; but it was never so rigidly insisted on, and so well understood, as within these ten years past.

AMELIA. If this be the end of that liberty, that freedom, I have so much heard boasted of,  
I think



I think the observers of the ton can never lay claim to the Flitch of Bacon.

LADY BELL. What strange ideas ! The observation, child, is both vulgar and pedantic—it shocks my feelings. Upon my honour, Amelia, you must shake off those worn out ideas, or you never can be the bride of a man of fashion.

AMELIA. I confess, I should have no objection to be the bride of a man of fashion; could I be assured, he was a man of honour, and would make me a kind husband. But I have so mean an opinion of the generality of those men of fashion; they are so fond of variety; so lost to a sense of true honour; that to seek constancy, or affection in them to a wife, would be as absurd, as to expect to find a genuine patriot in a modern senate !

LADY BELL. You are severe upon the sex. I grant you, that real patriotism in this country is at a very low ebb. But, if I am not mistaken, you'll find in Mr. Pickle, both a patriot, and a man of honour.

AMELIA. Professionally so. He goes with the torrent, no doubt; storms, fumes, and declaims as do all our parliamentary heroes, breathing vengeance on finding their interest opposed; crying out, reformation, down

with places, abolish pensions; Britannia is at the eve of expiring, bleeding at every pore. A sudden calm takes place: a bait of a few thousands offers; former professions are forgot; and, gudgeon-like, the patriot snaps it up; and ever after becomes as silent and unconcern'd as a dormouse: never awake, but when hungry, or when likely to lose its provender.

*Enter PICKLE.*

LADY BELL. I'm glad you are come. Amelia has got into such a vein of raillery, that her illiberal wit is past bearing.

PICKLE. Illiberalities cannot fall from those enchanting lips—a countenance so truly divine.—It cannot be, Lady Bell.

LADY BELL. Nay, Sir, you'll be the better judge; (*going*) your stay may determine the point; my absence, Amelia.—Adieu, child, adieu, my dear. Reformation to you.

AMELIA. Adieu: I wish you well entertain'd.

PICKLE. No fear; my life for her, she'll not die in debt to opportunity. Always first at an assembly, and last at a masquerade; dancing, revelling, and match-making, are her darling pursuits. She's a woman of the first fashion.

AMELIA.

AMELIA. Her Ladyship has been preaching fashion to me.

PICKLE. Not a woman in the kingdom better qualified. She is very accomplished; the patroness of dress; her examples are universally copied, and most rigidly observed.

AMELIA. The example she has given is but too prevalent. Divorces were never more in fashion: yet to the honour of a virtuous distinguisher, such ladies are not countenanced at the fountain-head of power.

PICKLE. The divorce, to be sure, was rather a faux pas, but that's blown over; her husband, I believe, for want of a proper attention, was most to blame; in my opinion, when the barometer of matrimony comes to the freezing point, 'tis most prudent to admit a separation; and really I think it is hard they are excluded the smile of royalty.

AMELIA. I think the exclusion not only judicious, but of the greatest import: it conveys the strongest conviction of disgrace (whatever rank, or high degree, the culprits might have sprung from), by excluding them the presence of the very paragon of virtue, and of all female perfection.

PICKLE.

PICKLE. I grant it: but still we shou'd conform to the fashions of the day; I mean, when a husband finds himself abused, neglected, and deserted by his lawful wife; 'tis but right to retaliate, by giving passion its full scope, till, at least, a divorce can be obtained.

AMELIA. Pretty doctrine, indeed! because the fair sex fall victims to sensuality, thro' the artifices and instigations of debauchees, they are to suffer the whole disgrace.

PICKLE. Certainly. We have daily instances of deception; 'tis now the very ton.

AMELIA. Then 'tis a ton truly despicable, and what I detest.

PICKLE. O, dear madam; custom and fashion ought to prevail, and will always find their votaries.

AMELIA. With the dissolute, they may; but customs and fashions combating reason and virtue ought never to be countenanced.

COLONEL. (*aside, undiscovered*) O Heavens! if Amelia be tainted with the malady of the times—where seek we virtue? (*Enters, discovering jealousy.*) So, Sir; well, Madam; I, I see you are perfectly happy. Variety, I see, carries with it fresh charms.

PICKLE. So it should, Colonel ; I'm glad you think as we do.

COLONEL. As we do ! (*frowning*) Madam, have I not ever proved myself a constant——

AMELIA. A man of integrity can be no other.

COLONEL. I wish, then, I could find a woman of that integrity ; but 'tis seeking the philosopher's stone ; I shall not attempt a discovery. (*Exit angrily.*)

AMELIA. What can all this mean ? I never saw the Colonel's brow thus clouded before.

PICKLE. Stupid. As great a quiz as any within a hundred miles of the place. An enemy to jollity and good humour. Never plays above a guinea whist ; one bottle of claret serves him a whole evening ; and he talks of nothing but of wars, the discipline of troops, and fighting.

AMELIA. 'Tis his profession, Sir, and he makes it his study ; talking is no part of his character : he's both a soldier in theory and practice ; and his country has felt the effects of his good conduct.

PICKLE.

PICKLE. That may be; but what have we to do with fighting, now there's a peace?

AMELIA. A good soldier is never ashamed of his profession. Such language as yours, Sir, is peculiar only to that soldier, who, consulting his own safety, more than his country's good, is always for a retreat: but Colonel Forefight has ever been found advancing. I can never be present to hear merit trifled with. The Colonel, Sir, is both a man of courage and of honour. *(Exit hastily.)*

PICKLE. Very abrupt, ma'am! The Colonel is a little tinctured with jealousy.—Amelia, too, is stung with disappointment. *(looking aside)* What! in the name of fortune, are you there? So ho, so ho, hark forward. *(they answer within.)*

*Enter SIR HUMPHREY and MEANLY.*

SIR HUMPH. Well, Pickle, my boy, how stands the amour; what said the delicious Amelia? Is she obstinate, or is she kind?—Is she disposed to—

PICKLE. All for war.

SIR HUMPH. Then I'll push on the attack; and if I don't bring my guns to bear upon the little fort—may I never subdue another.

MEANLY.

MEANLY. Who can resist a man of your figure? Your name is up.

All. So it is.

SIR HUMPH. Here, you dogs, (*taking out his purse*) here's ammunition; we'll fire away.—Here, Meanly, take a hundred; (*gives the purse*) Pickle, take the remainder: hold, hold, let me have a few for present use.

MEANLY. Welcome guests, arriv'd in time; not a guinea left.

PICKLE. I laboured under the same complaint.—This will reconcile me to Dy Gallopfast—no admittance there, unless, unless I goldfinch her.

SIR HUMPH. Hang the goldfinches. What of Amelia? Didst thou reconnoitre the ground? is the citadel pregnable, or not?—This is the most important moment of my life: divorcing a wife, and disrobing a virgin.

PICKLE. I first had an audience of Lady Bell Clapper, intimating Lady Fickle's dishonour, charging her, on her life, to be secret. She pledged her honour, that nothing shou'd transpire from her lips.

MEANLY. The only means to make it the more public; and, as it carries the appearance of secrecy, it will wear the face of truth.

SIR

SIR HUMPH. My life for Lady Bell, as secret-keeper: she has been so silent, that not a public resort in town has escaped her whispers.

PICKLE. The very motive why I whisper'd it as a secret, which is always the surest channel for publication. But the best of the joke is, she wants me to pay my court to Amelia; but tarnish my honour, if ever I'll open my lips on the subject. I pay too great deference to honour. I have given you, Sir Humphrey, my word, that I would assist you in this important business; and may I die if e'er I deceive my friend.

SIR HUMPH. Honest Jack.—Well, but Amelia, Amelia.—She's well worth an experiment.

PICKLE. By heavens! a thousand.—I wou'd endure torments for a month, to secure her confidence. She's young and tender, beautiful beyond description; her wit not to be paralleled; her judgment mature; her voice all melody; and her eyes, by my soul, are as irresistible, as the sun's rays in its meridian glory. In short, she's nature's master-piece.

SIR HUMPH. I have often gazed on her with transport: but your description animates my fancy, and recharges me with impatience: my heart  
pants



pants within me, every muscle is charmed, and eager for possession. If, if fair words have not their due weight, I'll storm the garrison;—if defeated—I'll marry her; if but for possession only: my life and fortune is not to be put in competition with possession, possession, you dogs.

MEANLY. I'm your slave; command me in effecting the divorce, and securing Amelia.

PICKLE. Strike out a plan, and I'll abide by it; swear oaths of every description and complexion, to secure you the object of your pleasures.

MEANLY. So will I: but I, I feel a little unhinged; those cursed debts bear down my spirits.

SIR HUMPH. Let not your debts disconcert you; give me a list of your creditors, and I'll be responsible for the whole: but to business. *(Motherly listens.)*

MEANLY. Sir, you have my thanks. I have very maturely digested my thoughts upon the subject. I have conceived two plans: the first is; when you come home late, before the morning dawns, I'll slip into Lady Fickle's chamber, counterfeit your voice, and assail the curtains.

MOTHERLY. *(aside)* Unheard of villany!

MEANLY.

MEANLY. (*continues*) And my wife shall attend, bear witness, and swear to the criminality.

PICKLE. That evidence cannot have the desired effect before a court of justice, because it will wear the face of jealousy, and be of none effect. I'll be the witness, and swear point blank, that black is white.

MOTHERLY. (*aside*) Horrid ! horrid ! From this moment I'll protest against all men, and never more bestow another thought upon matrimony.

SIR HUMPH. I have heard you with attention, and highly approve the device. But, Meanly, you'll be upon honour; I wou'd not for the world have you use violence to her person; I shou'd not, in reality, like to be a cuckold—altho' the world be convinced.

MOTHERLY. (*aside*) O ! the artful wretch !

MEANLY. I wou'd not violate the sacred rules of honour,—What ! abuse my friend !

PICKLE. No, blind me ; whatever we may do, let us not lose sight of honour, neither.

Sir HUMPH. Certainly, certainly.

MOTHERLY. (*aside*) Plague take your honours, When husbands lay traps of prostitution for their own wives, no wonder that divorces shou'd be so frequent.

*Enter*

*Enter MOTHERLY.*

MOTHERLY. Sir, my lady is a little indisposed, and begs to see you before you go out.

SIR HUMPH. Indisposed! Poor soul! Go, tell her, I'll wait on her this instant.

MOTHERLY. Yes, Sir. Thou monstrous hypocrite! (*aside.*) (*Exit.*)

SIR HUMPH. Let's withdraw; I shall soon have an audience of Amelia; I'll feel her pulse, and whatever state I find them in, I shall lay before you; when we shall debate in council, the most effectual means to accomplish (*going*) this most important event.

PICKLE. Not a moment should be idly spent. Now we have begun the attack, let's bravely, and artfully, push on for conquest.

End of the SECOND ACT.

H

ACT

## A C T III.

SCENE I. *Amelia's House.*—PRATTLE, MOTHERLY, TOPER, and BRIBE, &c. at Tea. *Girl in waiting.*

PRATTLE. (*making tea*)

HERE, girl, take it to the lady first, and the gentlemen next. I hope, Mrs. Motherly, the tea is agreeable, not too strong. I hope, gentlemen, 'tis as it shou'd be. (*stirring the leaves*) I fear the water did not boil; the leaves don't open; the water did not boil, wench.

BIDDY. Yes, indeed, ma'am, I saw it smoke out at the spout.

PRATTLE. Hush! how dare you give your tongue such liberties in my presence?

BIDDY. La! ma'am! I thought the truth was to be spoken at all times.

PRATTLE. That betrays your ignorance.—Pray, Mrs. Motherly, was you at Mrs. Lappet's rout last night? I hear she made a very pretty figure. Eight whist, and one commerce table—The company was brilliant. I was much mortified, I was prevented, by a cold, from doing myself

myself the honour of being of the circle.—Your tea, I hope—gentlemen——

MOTH. Perfectly agreeable.

PRATTLE. Madam, you do me honour—gentlemen, I hope—pray make free—I loves freedom and liberalities.

TOPER. Monstrous good, Mrs. Prattle.

BRIBE. Delicious: I'll give you credit for tea making.—I heard Mrs. Prattle's name more than once; it was mentioned frequently at Mrs. Lappet's.—Nay, don't be alarmed—'twas with the greatest respect, I give you my honour, regretting your absence most exceedingly.

PRATTLE. My dear Mr. Bribe, so you was there; I longs to hear the particulars. Did you take a hand of cards?—was you successful?—play in good temper?—what was your game?—whift, quadrille, or was it commerce? I likes commerce monstrously.

BRIBE. O! whift, ma'am, the game most in esteem among the polite and well-bred.

PRATTLE. Did you play high?

BRIBE. Guineas, guineas, ma'am.

MOTH. What! a guinea a game!

BRIBE. Guineas the game, lurch and rub.

MOTH. Bless me! why that's three guineas.

BRIBE. No genteel circles play under: there was, I believe, one muff-table, that

H 2

play'd

play'd at the vulgar sum of shillings—I play'd in high luck:—But unfortunately, a strange piece of news was broach'd by one of the gentlemen in company, which engross'd the attention of the whole circle: (*all up, and draw around him*) News of a very extraordinary complexion.

PRATTLE. O lord! I loves news: what, how, and which way was it?

BRIBE. You must promise to be secret; 'tis of a crim-con nature; and a gentleman wou'd not wish to have his name brought in question.—I was, I confess, greatly shocked at the rehearsal—I beg your secrecy.—

PRATTLE. Upon my honour, I can answer for my company.

BRIBE. As I observed before, a gentleman in company, whom I had not the honour of being acquainted with, said, without the least reserve, that a certain Baronet actually was suing for a divorce:—But, at the moment he was going to give his name, Mrs. Lappet's lady unexpectedly came home, and threw the whole assembly into the utmost confusion, all making the best of their way out of the house.

PRATTLE. How mortifying!—Poor Mrs. Lappet! her lady is such a mean, suspicious creature, that we are never safe with such folks.

(*knocking*

(*knocking at the door*) O dear! O dear! (*running about*) Biddy, take the things away—Pray, ladies, go out; pray, gentlemen, leave the house: (*knocking*) my lady is come. What shall I say? What shall I do? (*replacing the furniture.*)

MOTH. This is the first time, and shall be the last of my gossiping.

TOPER. Off without touching the punch?

BRIBE. Damn the punch, let's away.

(*Exeunt.*)

*Enter AMELIA.*

AMELIA. What, what in the name of fortune is all this confusion? (*calling*) Prattle, Prattle, here Biddy.

*Enter PRATTLE and BIDDY.*

PRATTLE. (*frightened*) Madam.

AMELIA. How comes my apartment to be in this condition?

PRATTLE. Indeed, ma'am—yes, ma'am, only a few friends, ma'am, I, I entertained.

AMELIA. I have no objection to your entertaining your friends; provided you confine them to your own apartment.

BIDDY. (*aside*) O! I am glad of it; 'tis a judgment upon her. . . .

(*Exit Biddy.*)

H 3

PRATTLE.

PRATTLE. I ask your pardon, ma'am, I have, to be sure, an apartment, but 'tis none of the modernest.—I thought, ma'am, for your credit, to cut a little figure; that was all, indeed, ma'am.

AMELIA. Cut a figure! Your mother thought it modern enough, and lived happy in it for years.

PRATTLE. My mother, to be sure, ma'am—poor woman, she had no taste for company: She was quite old fashion'd.

AMELIA. O fie! Prattle. 'Tread in your mother's steps, and you'll walk in the path of prudence. But, this once, I forgive you; and I beg that you cut no more figures in my apartment; leave me to support my own credit.

PRATTLE. For my part, I don't know who wou'd be a servant. *(aside.—Exit.)*

*Enter SERVANT, ushering SIR HUMPHREY.*

SIR HUMPH. Amelia, your most obedient—a perfect rose of health in full bloom, without the assistance of art.

AMELIA. You are so bountiful in compliments, Sir Humphrey, you really put me to the blush.

SIR



SIR HUMPH. A sight so amiable is seldom seen in our circles.—Nature, pure nature herself surmounts all art.—Even Sir Joshua himself wou'd be foil'd, to do justice to such a portrait.

AMELIA. When youth suffers herself to be impos'd on by fantastical art, she robs herself: but where age, or irregularities, have tarnished and injured the natural complexion, substitutes may be wanting, to impose on the credulous.

SIR HUMPH. Very just, my fair Amelia.—But the misfortune is, when the morning sun appears, that faithful luminary exposes the fallacy. But you, madam, possessed of nature's liberal bounties in perfection, receive lustre from his beams; and in the midst of all his glory, we turn our eyes from him, on you!

AMELIA. Upon my honour, Sir Humphrey, you are so very gallant, that were a young man to declare himself thus passionately, I cou'd not entertain any opinion of his sincerity.

SIR HUMPH. O! Amelia, your words wound me to the heart; your adorable charms captivate my very soul; and without Amelia, I can no longer exist.

AMELIA. O! for shame, Sir Humphrey!—How can you thus madly run on?—A married  
H 4 man

man to make such passionate, wild, and inconsistent declarations ! A husband like you ought to bless the day, that gave you possession of a woman so truly amiable, who sacrifices every enjoyment, to secure your happiness.

SIR HUMPH. There was a time I lov'd her, and shou'd have lov'd her still—but her conduct.—She's not, what she appears to be, and, and those little advances I have made you—Ah ! Amelia ! my heart is too full, dishonour on one hand, and on the other, love, friendship, and affection, distract me.

AMELIA. O Heaven ! Sir, whence proceed those unkind suspicions ?

SIR HUMPH. Not suspicions alone, my dear Amelia ; they are not shadows, but real substances—my wife is false.

AMELIA. It can never be—scandal is a busy monster, and too often successful in it's converts.

SIR HUMPH. Scandal, I grant you, propagated wantonly, is villainous ; but 'tis not so with respect to Lady Fickle : her guilt is so very conspicuous, that a divorce must be the immediate consequence : when that event takes place, (*falling on his knees*) will then Amelia give me her hand ?—Gods ! 'twill crown my happiness !

AMELIA.

AMELIA. I am so shock'd at your conduct, that I am almost depriv'd of sensibility: for shame! for shame! Sir Humphrey. To be candid with you, think not of me: I must tell you, that I am engaged, and to a man, a soldier, and a real patriot. His modest attention inclined me to think favourable of him. His politeness, his detestation of the ton, and his contempt of coxcombs, which now abound in this island, once fam'd for renowned heroes; his gallant conduct in the field of battle, his learning, person, and affability: these virtuous qualifications, united in one and the same bosom, have I confess made such a strong and indelible impresson, as is never to be erased; this heart is his, and it never can be another's.

COLONEL *enters undiscovered.*

COL. The devil! What! given her heart to another! Distraction! (*aside.*)

SIR HUMPH. My very soul is on the rack! 'tis impossible I can exist without you! O Amelia! (*embraces her amourosly.*)

COL. (*enraged*) By the just Gods! you shall first fight for her. (*draws his sword*) Avaunt! If thou can't take my life, then feast, till thou art gorged, as I am, If thou darest possess, what

what by the laws of honour is mine, thou shalt fight for her: yet the prize is too mean to deserve a combat. (*Amelia in amazement.*)

SIR HUMPH. Sir, you tower high in words, and wou'd be thought brave. Is this a proof of valor, to draw upon a man unarmed?

COL. I knew it not. I give thee law, till the hour of six to-morrow, when at the ring thou shalt find me, pacing out the ground. (*going, Amelia holds his coat.*)

SIR HUMPH. I'll meet you at the hour and spot appointed. Her lover, by all that's honourable; 'tis well for thee my sword was not at hand. (*aside.*) (*Exit.*)

AMELIA. O! Colonel, forbear; why, why in this frenzy? what can have happen'd to disturb thy bosom?

COL. (*looking on her stedfastly, weeps*) These are tears of slavery!—Am I that slave?—Yes, and cannot overtake my liberty. (*he smiles*) Ah! Amelia! Amelia! Thou hast——

AMELIA. Suffer me to wipe away those tears, and tell me, how came thy eyes afloat?

COL. (*breaks from her in a rage*) Nature has ceas'd to flow; I'm no longer a slave. Dare you ask me, how came my eyes afloat? Examine

mine your own conduct; your own heart; and you have your answer; thou base, ungenerous woman, away, away. (*going.*)

AMELIA. (*laying hold of him*) Thou shalt not go; I'll not lose sight of thee. (*struggling*) I'll know the reason of thy conduct.  
(*Exeunt.*)

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SCENE II. *Scene in Lady Bell Clapper's House.*

*Enter* LADY BELL *and* MRS. MEANLY.

LADY BELL. I am astonished. Lady Fickle wou'd have been one of the last in the world I shou'd have suspected of infidelity to her husband.

MRS. MEANLY. You see how necessary it is, to deliberate well before we form an intimacy.

LADY BELL. 'Tis difficult indeed to distinguish the innocent from the guilty.—Is the  
spark

spark known, and the place the discovery was made?

MRS. MEANLY. Report says, he was discovered in her ladyship's coach, on her return from the Opera.

LADY BELL. Wicked, audacious woman, to be so public: that's terrible.

MRS. MEANLY. Very true: had she been more private, her friends——We might have gloss'd it over a little.

LADY BELL. She must of course expect a discovery; I think 'tis putting quality on a level with the vulgar: but I have discover'd some traces in her conduct, that led fairly to dishonour.

MRS. MEANLY. As we have entered thus largely upon the subject, and mutually have her interest and reputation at heart, I have discovered, as well as your ladyship, a something in her conduct not altogether prudent, which I communicated to Mr. Meanly: he readily acquiesced, and expressed the deepest concern for his friend, Sir Humphrey.

*Enter PICKLE and MR. MEANLY.*

PICKLE. So, so, in deep confab; if I may be allowed to be a judge in physiognomy, from your gravity, I take politics to be the  
topic,

topic, or something else as good—a little scandal.

LADY BELL. If you can display, Sir, no greater discernment, I recommend you silence.

PICKLE. Pardon me, my lady, my spirits run high; Sir Humphrey's Burgundy never fails; no better medicine for the spirits: and now they're up, I'll tell you some very extraordinary news.

LADY BELL. News! you excite my curiosity! I desire your spirits may not cease to flow, till it is out.

PICKLE. I'm never so happy, as when 'tis in my power to obey your ladyship's orders.

LADY BELL. Then, Sir, I command; I'm all impatience.

PICKLE. I obey. What think you of a divorce, and in a family, that you are not a little interested in?—Poor Sir Humphrey is——'tis quite a done thing, visible proofs, the clearest evidence.

LADY BELL. This your great news! Why 'tis all over the town. This is the chaste, and most virtuous lady of the age: I have long suspected her inconstancy.

MRS. MEANLY. And so have I: O fie upon her!

MR. MEANLY. I cou'd recapitulate a thousand

and little circumstances, that carry with them the strongest conviction.

PICKLE. Sir Humphrey will be at liberty to lay siege to a second. But, the best of it is, he is determined to lose no time, and is now very clandestinely paying his addresses to Amelia. Colonel Foresight breaking abruptly upon them, while they were settling the preliminaries, was stung with a fit of jealousy, which threw him into the most violent rage; this produced a challenge, which was accepted, and agreed on.

LADY BELL. Colonel Foresight jealous of Amelia! She cou'd never be base enough to encourage *his* addresses: nor can I think *the Colonel* that base man, to offer them.

MR. MEANLY. Upon my honour, you may rely on it to be a fact.

LADY BELL. Ungrateful monster! Amelia too, for encouraging his embraces. I'll expose the little wanton, I'm determined.

PICKLE. I never understood that the laws of fashion excluded a married man from a little commercial intercourse with young ladies. Your notions, Lady Bell, are out of all practice.

LADY BELL. Don't mistake me, Sir, I don't condemn Sir Humphrey's amour with Amelia,  
but



but the Colonel for engaging a second, before he has discharged his duty to the first. Who was it that push'd on for his promotion in the army? That injured person lays a prior claim to that little wanton, audacious, tricking piece of deceit. I execrate every woman, that acts so selfish and dishonourable a part.

MRS. MEANLY. A woman of candour, diffidence, and modesty, Lady Bell, has but little chance of carrying a point, when men countenance dishonour.

LADY BELL. I feel but too sensible the force of your observation; a modest diffidence has ever been one of my greatest failings.

PICKLE. The very first I have heard of all this. Accidents produce wonders!

A.

*Enter SERVANT to LADY BELL.*

SERVANT. Lady Fickle desires her compliments to your ladyship, and begs the favour to see you immediately; she has sent her coach, which is now in waiting at the door.

LADY BELL. My compliments, and I'll wait on her. (*Exit Servant*) Poor soul! I perceive, she wants to consult her friend, concerning this scandalous report: I really wish

it may prove false : you'll pardon my leaving you thus abruptly. Will you give me leave to set you down?

MRS. MEANLY. Your ladyship is very polite : our coach is ordered here. (*Lady Bell going.*)

PICKLE. Wou'd your ladyship do me the honour to set me down at Brooks's?

LADY BELL. With pleasure, Sir; my dear Mrs. Meanly, your servant, adieu. (*Exeunt Lady Bell and Pickle.*)

MR. MEANLY. The ambitious old frump has not yet resigned the thoughts of a husband, and, woman like, never thinks herself too old, but still retains an appetite for the Colonel : she gave him a commission in the army, that he, in return, shou'd give her a husband, and that is his own person.

MRS. MEANLY. You are severe on the sex.

MR. MEANLY. For obvious reasons, poor, old—

MRS. MEANLY. I see you are willing to convince me, your temper has undergone no considerable reform, since last we parted—however you may ridicule, and entertain yourself, Sir, at the expence of our sex, they find ways and means to balance the account, and considerably too in their own favour.

Mr. MEANLY. I understand your drift, ma'am, and, and, I understand you, ma'am—and your making a merit of guilt, Mrs. Meanly, enhances the crime.

Mrs. MEANLY. You seem picqued, Sir:—Whatever crime I may have been guilty of—Consult your own heart.

Mr. MEANLY. I have, madam, and, and find you a guilty, base woman—yes, ma'am, I pronounce you guilty.

Mrs. MEANLY. Ungenerous man!—thus to upbraid me! Did you not make the first overtures to me, when a prisoner in the King's-Bench? Did you not on your knees, in broken accents, importune me to resign my honour to Sir Humphrey, to obtain a sum to procure your enlargement? Did I not as often remonstrate, and resist the temptation—'till you over-power'd me, with arts unparalleled, to be the abject wretch I am?

Mr. MEANLY. You would not have dared thus insolently to have run on at your own house.

Mrs. MEANLY. I have here dared, and tell thee, thou art a wretch! a villain! to subsist on the dishonourable wages of a wife's iniquity—I'll be no longer the wretch I have been—I have prostituted my honour, to get thee a sub-

I

sistence,

sistence, and am now become the object of thy contempt.

Mr. MEANLY. Hush! hush! no more, have done, your heat will expose——

*Enter Servant.*

SERVANT. Your carriage is ready.

*(Exit Servant.)*

Mr. MEANLY. I thank you. *(going off.)*

Mrs. MEANLY. *(follows)* A discovery shall be my revenge, if my life pay the chance.

*(Exeunt,)*

End of the THIRD ACT.

A C T

## A C T IV.

## S C E N E I.

SIR HUMPHREY, *solus*.

NEVER, sure, had man such difficulties to encounter with, and such obstacles to surmount—a Colonel to run through the body—a wife to divorce, and a maid to seduce. I must be resolute: firmness and resolution constitutes the man—I have a great deal to risk:—Yet, I cannot think Lady Fickle inconstant—but I'm cloy'd: I can no more exist without variety, than a minister without a majority. O! here comes my dear comfort, full of complaints, no doubt; but I am prepared.

*Enter LADY FICKLE.*

LADY FICK. O Sir Humphrey! Sir Humphrey! the more I search into this disgrace, the more I find myself bewildered; my distress—I can never sur vive it.

SIR HUMPH. My dear creature, give yourself no concern, as long as I don't countenance the report, by believing you innocent. Why shou'd you give way to despair?—Your distress grieves me to the soul.

LADY FICK. Thou best of men.—But the world may not think with the candour you do.

SIR HUMPH. Spurn the world; laugh at it, despise it: conscious innocence is ever secure from the impetuous torrent of defamation. People of fashion, child, have ever been lawful game for censure. We of the *beau-monde* are always paragraph'd in newspapers, satyri'd on the stage, the subject of *coffee-house loungers* and *declaimers*, *tap-house orators*, *caricature-scratches*, and *gossiping matrons*; we cannot be below the notice of this *busy group*, without wearing the features of the very vulgar.

LADY FICK. I see, Sir Humphrey, your goodness is willing to encourage me; but, I fear, my friends will look cool on me.

SIR HUMPH. You'll be more caress'd than ever, child. Don't you see the first circles in town embellish'd with ladies that have been divorced; and others of a different cast, that have granted themselves some fashionable indulgencies. There's my Lady Wishfor't, Lady Betty Welcomeall,

Welcomeall, and the Dutcheſſes of Freeport— with ſeveral others I cou'd mention, who, really, enter the liſts of the firſt aſſemblies in town; notwithſtanding their huſbands are cruel enough to ſuſpend a divorce.

LADY. FICK. Tho' they are countenanced, and admir'd in public; the more retired and well-diſpoſed muſt in their hearts deſpiſe them.

SIR HUMPH. My dear Lady Fickle, when people are courted and admired in public, the great object is obtained. Private circles are below the obſervations of the *beau-monde*— Upon my honour—I muſt acknowledge, upon the whole, I rather approve than condemn this report—It carries with it an air of popularity; we ſhall be more known—and I'm perſuaded, more cards of invitation will arrive, than ever. (*looking at his watch*) Ha! my time is expir'd. Lady Fickle, I have an appointment, ſome buſineſs.—Adieu, my dear, baniſh melancholy. Adieu, child. I'm now convinc'd ſhe's ignorant of my deſign. (*afide*) (*Exit.*)

LADY FICK. That fortune had ever doomed me to be a woman of faſhion—that my parent had earned his morſel by the honeſt ſail: I ſhou'd then have purſued ſome humble occupation, and enjoyed that happineſs, the faſhionable world are ſtrangers to.

I 3

*Enter*

*Enter* LADY BELL.

LADY BELL. My dear Lady Fickle, how do you do; from the nature of your summons, I conjectured something had happened,

LADY FICK. Your conjectures were not without foundation; something has happened, that never can be erased from my memory. Be candid, my dear Lady Bell; have you not heard this strange, uncharitable report—my inconstancy to my husband?

LADY BELL. You astonish me!—I, I am petrified!—Upon my honour, I never before heard a monosyllable on the subject. Pray, my dear Lady Fickle, keep me not a moment in suspense—I languish to know the particulars.

LADY FICK. 'Tis very strange—however, your not hearing the report affords me some relief, perhaps 'tis not so current, as I was taught to believe. O! Lady Bell, my reputation to be thus assassinated!—It destroys my peace.

LADY BELL. Was I in the same predicament, I shou'd not bestow a moment's concern upon it. Conscious innocence is ever a shield against the keenest shafts of calumny:—But where guilt—approbrious guilt inhabits, 'tis not riches can take out the sting, support the  
5 spirits,



spirits, or relieve the mind : the breast heaves with continual tortures ; and the countenance betrays internal conviction.

LADY FICK. I'm innocent, heaven knows my heart.

LADY BELL. There's no person of candour, or a liberal way of thinking, wou'd countenance a report, in it's nature so barbarous. I credit no report, till I have proof positive. Has your ladyship heard the affair of—I'm almost afraid to mention it ; though my authority is pretty well founded—'tis a strange affair—and how to tell you, puzzles me ;—yet as your friend, it wou'd amount to a crime to be silent.

LADY FICK. I can never be more miserable, let it be what it will ; I beseech you proceed.

LADY BELL. Was it conveyed through another channel to your ladyship, probably the account might be exaggerated—a tale never diminishes by carriage : But, for my part, I wou'd sooner contract than expand, when reputation is called in question.

LADY FICK. (*discovers anxiety*) In the name of angels ! unfold the mystery.

LADY BELL. 'Tis my intention—but, on your honour, give not up the author.

LADY FICK. Madam, I will not.

LADY BELL. I thought 'twas impossible for Sir Humphrey to have been inconstant.

LADY FICK. Inconstant!

LADY BELL. Nay, my Lady, I have no other interest than yours—yes, inconstant!—He has flown from the amiable arms of virtue, from your arms, and has taken refuge in the lewd bosom of vice.

LADY FICK. My heart bleeds!—O! ye just powers! What is it I have done, to be thus tortured? I pray you be brief, and proceed to an explanation.

LADY BELL. Now, my dear friend, I have in part prepared you for the shock—Sir Humphrey is within a few hours, perhaps, of his dissolution. A duel is approaching—he accepted the challenge.

LADY FICK. A duel!—My husband!—Who's the villain that seeks his life? I'll go, and pierce him to the heart—where, where can I find the monster?

LADY BELL. My dear creature, be calm. They tell me he is to blame, in conjunction with the wretch, that countenanced his embraces.

LADY FICK. His embraces! Do I know her?

LADY BELL. Do you know Amelia?

LADY

LADY FICK. Amelia!

LADY BELL. Amelia. Colonel Foresight having made some overtures to her, on the score of love; and, on entering the apartment, to his astonishment, saw the little minx, languishing in the arms of Sir Humphrey.

LADY FICK. Not criminal?

LADY BELL. He was urged the question; but shook his head, and waved the answer.

LADY FICK. His silence on the question points at guilt.—My husband false to my bed! and with the chaste Amelia!—It cannot be—you must be misinformed. Lady Bell, it must be false!

LADY BELL. (*angrily*) Madam, you ill requite my friendship—'twas that prompted me to the discovery—and, and, here you tell me to my face I lie. (*Exit hastily.*)

LADY FICK. (*following, but stops*) Lady Bell, was it not natural for me to disbelieve such a report? I do disbelieve it, and cannot think it true. I begin to suspect her friendship; 'tis of a nature too brittle to be genuine; a composition of cobwebs, falling to pieces by even a touch. Well, well, chaos is now opened before me—I shall fathom it, if I can—select a few friends

friends together, (if friendship may be found)  
and abide by the voice of counsel. (*Exit.*)

## S C E N E II.

*Enter AMELIA and PRATTLE.*

AMELIA. That I should be that simpleton, to leave the country; to resign my native air for this pestilential—how idle a thing is curiosity, and how foolish to indulge it!—’Twas not my own choice neither, that brought me to town; but the voice of friends, if I may call them so. Had I been as firm to my own opinion, as I have been attentive to my advisers, I shou’d have escaped what I now feel. Well, I’ll return to the country—You’ll get my cloaths put up, Prattle—and—

PRATTLE. To the country! Lord, ma’am! As for the Colonel, ma’am, I’m sure, if I had a lover that gave himself such unnecessary airs, and was jealous without a reason, my  
con-

conscience, but he shou'd.—But, to be sure, one's honour.

AMELIA. Jealousy proceeds from love, Prattle, and is the greatest proof of a lover's affection: Yet, I must acknowledge it to be a weakness in either sex; tho' more to be pitied, than censured.

PRATTLE. To be sure, ma'am, love is a very odd sort of a thing:—It is all full of eyes, and as many ears; sees and hears every thing, and more than every thing: very watchful, not so charitable as suspicious.—Like a miser, always in fear of being robbed; is therefore never out of danger, till the parson gives his sanction.

AMELIA. You define the passion so well, Prattle, that I am inclined to think, that you have felt it's effects very sensibly.

PRATTLE. Feel, ma'am!—I have, indeed, felt so much of it—not so sensibly neither; for I am sure for a week I had no sense at all. O dear! ma'am, I think I hear the Colonel's voice.

AMELIA. The Colonel!

PRATTLE. 'Tis indeed, ma'am: I, I, hope he'll ask your pardon, and prevent your going into the country.

AMELIA.

AMELIA. It is the Colonel; I'll withdraw,  
I, I feel, I know not how I feel.

PRATTLE. Just as I did when in love, and  
quarrell'd with my sweet-heart; my heart  
went pit-a-pat, and flutter, flutter, flutter; quite  
in a cold sweat, fearful he wou'd not make it  
up with me.

AMELIA. Hold your tongue, prate-apace.

(*going.*)

PRATTLE. Lord! ma'am.—O! here he  
comes. (*Exeunt hastily.*)

*Enter COLONEL, solus.*

COL. Time wears out apace; and I'm  
arriv'd, perhaps, within a few hours of that  
country, we know not where it lies.—It has  
neither longitude nor latitude to direct our  
course; still we endeavour at a discovery; and,  
if our conduct here hath been well, 'twill be well  
for us there: if otherwise, there will be a sor-  
rowful distinction. I have, for years, combated  
and defeated the enemies of my country, more  
than once, and my heart never failed me; nor  
was my soul ever repugnant:—But now my  
whole frame trembles.—There is a something  
not altogether justifiable in duelling.—The  
soul within this earthly tenement seems dis-  
turbed—

turbed—perhaps to take its flight. (*Re-enter Amelia—starts on seeing her—attempts in vain to speak to her.*)

AMELIA. What, Sir! come you to mock me in dumb shew? Your conduct is unmanly.

COL. Hear me, Amelia; I came not to mock you in any shew, shape, or form; but to intreat you; my ungenerous suspicions and unrelenting perverseness—

AMELIA. I have heard and seen too much—You have disturb'd my peace, more fool I; but I'm determin'd—

COL. 'Twas the effect of a tortured breast, that rather claims your pity than resentment.—Could I, agreeable to my professions of loving but you alone, see you unmov'd in the arms of another? Could I, in such a situation, be sufficiently cool and dispassionate to discriminate between the involuntary emotions of your breast, and the daring insult of an avowed libertine? Could I—

AMELIA. (*interrupting him in the same tone of voice*) Suppose there was faith in womankind.

COL. Left to myself, my dearest Amelia, I had not failed to do you ample justice. But reflection was gone—you glister'd in my eye, as a fallen cherub; and my too quick imagination representing to me at the same instant,  
both

both what you was, and what to my then clouded senses you seemed to be, depriv'd me of the distinguishing faculty of reason, that, like the demoniac, I could no longer be deem'd accountable for the wild effects of a distemper'd brain.

AMELIA. Oh! my poor heart! whither would you lead me? (*aside*) Distemper'd indeed! You spurn'd me, ill-treated me, refused me a hearing, the only means left of justification; which, as now, I did not then disdain. Could love suggest extravagance like this; delusive love, that glosses o'er our crimes, palliates defects, and changes vice into virtue? Away with these fond excuses!—they argue nothing.

COL. Diffraction! the measure of resentment will e'er keep pace with the injury suppos'd: and love—extreme, if thwarted, rages into furious jealousy. Had I glowed with cool indifference only, you might well have suspected my love, my truth, and boasted honour.

AMELIA. Very well, Sir; thus by traducing a mistress, we shew our love; and by rashly engaging in a duel, prove beyond a doubt, that truth and honour, which had else lain dormant. Excuse me, Sir, if I intrude too far—But she, whose reputation is at stake, who, however innocent,



innocent, is hourly in danger of becoming a subject for public conversation, may well be indulged a little uneasiness on so trying an occasion. May I presume your affair with Sir Humphrey will yet admit of an accommodation?

*(On seeing the Colonel concerned, she continues)*

None I hope will dare impute my interesting myself in this affair, to other motives, than the pleasures of a spotless name, and unblemish'd character. On your part, Sir, if the laws of honour and probity have ceas'd to have their due weight with you, yet the danger to which you expose your life, and the easy affluence of an independent fortune, are, I should think, objects worthy your present considerations.

COL. Unwittingly perhaps you probe me to the quick. I came not here to enter into a discussion of this nature; the only purport of my soul was, to have apologiz'd for my too hasty surmises in your disfavour, and obtain forgiveness. Can my Amelia refuse me this consolation? Can she, for whom alone I wish to live; for whom alone, the joys of life, the influence of fortune, the flattering promises of hope, and every other endearment of the soul, can boast its charms! Can she refuse me a boon like this? Speak, my Amelia! Administer comfort

fort to my soul! Say, but I'm pardon'd, and let chance dispose the rest.

AMELIA. Suppose it as you wish, still I must insist on my former question:—Say yes, or no; what am I to fear?

COL. As matters stand at present, I cannot say. But rest assured, as far as in me lies, no means consistent with the character of a gentleman, and a soldier, shall be left untried to bring about the reconciliation, you so much wish for; as well on your account—as that I cannot but entertain some scruples, with regard to the rectitude of duelling in any case, that is not deem'd immediate self defence. My life and fortune are both at stake. As to the former, long inur'd to danger, unaccustomed to pry too curiously into the effects of chance, I am little solicitous as to the consequences, could I be assur'd of the legality of the means; and as to the latter, (*looking tenderly on her*) I have taken such measures, as must ensure me its full enjoyment, even tho' life should be no more. (*seeming too much mov'd, he looks at his watch, and hastens off*) I've outstaid an appointment.—All happiness attend you, till next we meet. (*Exit.*)

AMELIA,

*AMELIA, alone, and irresolute.*

AMELIA. What can all this mean?—"Secure him its full enjoyment, even tho' life should be no more!"—Good heavens! Was ever so much love and honour thrown away on such a stubborn, froward heart as mine! What frankness! What spirit and condescension! What delicacy of sentiment! And shall I, knowing, as I do, the ascendant I have over him, suffer a man like this to expose a life so necessary to my quiet, to the frivolous punctilios of a false honour? Away with this meanest of pride! this scrupulous attention to the minutiae of form! this ceaseless dread of humiliation! If prayers, entreaties, and the mediation of friends should fail me, he, who would pierce his heart, shall make his way thro' mine.

*(Exit.)*

*Enter PRATTLE and BRIBE.*

PRATTLE. Upon my honour, Mr. Bribe, you do me great honour; I shall look upon this visit extremely kind; you lay me under the mightiest of obligations. Will you do me the favour to drink a glass of wine?

BRIBE. Your politeness operates most forcibly on my spirits. But 'pon honour, your  
K reputation

reputation in the line of politeness stands so high in the circle of my acquaintance, that, in short, every body speaks in raptures and admiration of Mrs. Prattle.

PRATTLE. I always, to be sure, makes a point to keep up the dignity of the family I lives in. Wou'd you take a more solid refreshment?—Have you lunch'd, Mr. Bribe?

BRIBE. Lunch'd! O dear! Permit me, my dear Mrs. Prattle, to refresh my sponge, upon the honey dew that clings to your ravishing pouters. O! Mrs. Prattle, this shall be my lunch. (*kisses*)

PRATTLE. Lord! Mr. Bribe, only think of you: suppose now—now suppose Mrs. Flounce had been in a corner.

BRIBE. Egad, she's struck with my figure. (*aside*) I know Mrs. Flounce.

PRATTLE. I fancy you do.

BRIBE. 'Pon honour, nothing further; a superficial, a slight acquaintance with the girl. But, but was I to choose to live and die happy—Oh! Mrs. Prattle, I cou'd tell you something, that wou'd surprise you. (*struts about.*)

PRATTLE. 'Tis me I'm sure he means, his kiss was so ravishing. (*aside*) I, I am monstrous curious: pray, Mr. Bribe, surprise me; I love surprises to my heart.

BRIBE.

BRIBE. Why then, I find myself disposed to take a wife, and have such an opinion of your good judgment—Will you now, my dear Mrs. Prattle, fix for me: 'pon honour, I shall abide by your choice. (*looking at his watch*) Ahah! my time is expir'd—Some money matters.—Will you indulge me?—May I hope for the honour of an audience of you this evening?—And I shall pour out my soul into your enchanting bosom.

PRATTLE. Dear me, Mr. Bribe, you have such edification. But will you give me a call to night?

BRIBE. Unless death interferes; there's nothing else under the starry canopy, that can prevent me. When does your lady retire to her pillow?

PRATTLE. Always by eleven o'clock. But I seldom goes to bed before two. I reads all the new novelties that comes out.

BRIBE. Is your room near your lady's?—She'll not be disturbed.

PRATTLE. Disturbed! Lord love you, not if you was to drive a coach and fix in it. She lays on one side of the stair-case, and I on the other, and the servants in the garrets. Did you never see our house, Mr. Bribe? I assure you 'tis a palace in *minator*. There be *busticees* in marble, and *brunfisees* in copper, and things

K 2

done

done in *grey-bounds*, *portrats*, and *proffles* of all sorts, and sizes, and by the most capital *artices* in all the known world: (*going*) I protest you must see it. (*going*)

BRIBE. 'Twill be the greatest feast to my taste.—I follow you, Mrs. Prattle.—(*aside*) A good hit this! I shall make the survey, and report the premises accordingly. (*Exeunt.*)

End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT

## A C T V.

SCENE I. *Enter LADY FICKLE frightened.*

LADY FICKLE.

POOR Motherly, she had gathered some intelligence, and wou'd have communicated—but—

*Enter MRS. SEYMOUR and AMELIA.*

LADY FICK. (*continues*) O! my friends! no sooner I get over one distress, but another follows.

MRS. SEYM. You alarm me! What can have happen'd since I last saw you?

LADY FICK. Poor Motherly came trembling to me, and, in broken accents, exclaimed, "O! madam, madam, I'm almost dead of grief; you and your friend are ruined, and undone for ever. How wicked are men!—Ah! poor Amelia!" As she uttered these words, she fell prostrate to the ground speechless, and I apprehend lies in great danger.

K 3

MRS.

MRS. SEYM. Poor woman!—What cou'd be the purport of her friendly exclamation?

AMELIA. I fully comprehend her meaning. There's a serpent somewhere lurking behind unseen, whose secret influence, and purpose, has mark'd out a path that leads to destruction.—My name being mentioned so tenderly—

*Enter SERVANT with a Letter to LADY FICKLE.*

LADY FICK. Who is it from?

SERVANT. I know not, madam, but the lady waits your answer in a chair at the door.

LADY FICK. Hold. (*reading the letter to herself, greatly agitated*) My compliments to the lady, and I should be glad to see her. (*Exit Servant*) This is a most singular epistle indeed; I have not spirits to read out: (*gives it Amelia*) I must entreat you to perform that office.

AMELIA *reads.*

"MADAM,

"Suffer me an audience of five minutes,  
 "when I shall communicate some business to  
 "you, of the utmost importance, tho' of the  
 "blackest hue. My name I must beg to conceal;  
 "you know my person, which, to prevent  
 "discovery, I beg to be admitted in a veil,  
 "shou'd you be inclined to see me."

"I am, your Ladyship's sincere Friend."

AMELIA.



AMELIA. I know not what to make of it: I'm really thunderstruck. By all means see her.—O, I believe, here she comes.

*Enter MRS. MEANLY, in a veil.*

MRS. MEANLY. I come here, ladies, not the mouth-piece of falsehood, but the herald of truth, and this disguise is my protection, and your security. The business that brought me hither is of no small importance.—Yet the character of an informer, I'm aware, is not the most honourable: but where it tends to defeat a scene of villainy, it may palliate the disgrace.

LADY FICK. O Heaven! what can she mean? (*aside*) I entreat an explanation—good madam, proceed.

MRS. MEANLY. Your ruin, Lady Fickle, aye, and Amelia's too, is not only formed in embryo, but far advanc'd in its pregnancy. It has been buzz'd about, that you were inconstant to your husband: so says report; but this report originated in Sir Humphrey.

LADY FICK. In Sir Humphrey!

MRS. MEANLY. In Sir Humphrey, and industriously propagated by Mr. Meanly, Mr. Pickle, and their infernal agents.

LADY FICK. To what end or purpose?

K 4

Mrs.

MRS. MEANLY. The most wicked: first to blast your reputation by the circulation of scandal, the better to strengthen his diabolical design to procure a divorce.

LADY FICK. A divorce! where there is neither guilt, proof, nor evidence!

MRS. MEANLY. 'Tis already procured.

LADY FICK. Perfidious monsters!

*Enter MR. SEYMOUR.*

MR. SEYM. I fear, ladies, that my visit is unseasonable; you are upon business.

AMELIA. That wears a most dismal complexion.

MR. SEYM. ~~It must be~~ the business alone that wears it. For no countenance here, however nubilated, deserves the appellation.

LADY FICK. Women have art to conceal.

MR. SEYM. And so have men.

LADY FICK. I'm convinc'd.

MR. SEYM. (*discovers Mrs. Meanly in a veil.*) What! a lady in a veil! What, what can this mean?

MRS. SEYM. It is an honest veil.—That lady, Mr. Seymour, tho' unknown, has acted a part highly commendable, by revealing a plot of the vilest tendency to the characters and welfare

welfare of two virtuous women, who are now on their guard against the execution of such diabolical designs.

MR. SEYM. Faith, there are too many, even of high rank, who wantonly lay snares to entrap the innocent and unwary.

LADY FICK. That lady, Sir, from her generous conduct, merits inexpressible thanks for her laudable promulgation. I entreat you, madam, to resume the horrid tale, that brought you here.

MRS. MEANLY. I'll take another opportunity.

LADY FICK. There are none here but friends, and you are of the small number.

MRS. MEANLY. That consideration urges me on. This night Mr. Meanly is appointed to visit you, when in bed.

LADY FICK. What to murder me!

MRS. MEANLY. Murder is a virtue to it. This night Mr. Meanly is to visit you, when in your bed, to counterfeit your husband's voice, and when within the curtain, Mr. Pickle is to enter your apartment, and be an evidence, who will swear point blank to your criminality. When this is effected, Sir Humphrey will ground his plea, and sue for a divorce.

LADY

LADY FICK. Detested villainy!

Mrs. MEANLY. This is not all.

MR. SEYM. On my conscience, I think it too much.

Mrs. MEANLY. As the plan stood in its original state—as soon as the divorce should have taken place, Sir Humphrey purposed to pay his court to Amelia: but, it now appears, from the nature of the duel, that he had made some advances already on that score; but was severely repulsed by Amelia. This disappointment has charg'd him with revenge; this night, he is fully determined to avail himself of the possession of Amelia's house, and, at the hazard of his life, will offer violence to her honour. (*going*) I wou'd unveil, but my life depends on this covering. Let me once more caution you, be on your guard—Fare you well. (*Exit.*)

*All the Ladies.* Thank you, madam.—Who can she be?

AMELIA. Is it possible that human nature can be so deformed? I was inclined to discredit the detail; but that part respecting myself, I know to be a fact.

LADY FICK. It confirms too what Motherly wou'd have said, had her strength not fail'd her.—I'm not a woman, if I do not pierce him to the heart.

MR.

MR. SEYM. Arm yourself with patient fortitude—take no hasty step—your Ladyship is now among your friends—hear calmly their counsel. Although the scheme be well concerted, and in its nature shocking, 'tis not perpetrated, nor ever shall. Sir Humphrey is led on, from one pleasure to another, so rapidly, that he allows himself no time for reflection; but madly runs headlong to destruction. But when the reflecting mirror is held to his face, he there may discover his defects: shock'd at the deformity of his own image, and execrating his past conduct, he must return to the duty of a husband, and allow virtue her just reward.

LADY FICK. Virtue can never make the least impression on so foul a heart.

MR. SEYM. He once had an honest heart and a noble soul, and may be yet recovered. He, like many more young men of fortune, is not without his *flatterers*, *bangers-on*, *toad-eaters*; the most infernal reptiles that can be let loose on unexperienced youth.

AMELIA. The creatures you have described, I believe, are very numerous, and, from their dependant situations, encourage, rather than curb and ridicule their patron's follies. But I think it an impeachment of any man's understanding,

standing, who has no will or power of his own to guide him; but must have recourse to such minions for their base counsel. You wou'd do well, Sir, to prevent, if possible, this duel.

LADY FICK. Tho' his conduct has been, and is so wickedly bent on mischief; I shou'd be miserable, shou'd any accident befall him.

Mr. SEYM. Leave the business to my management. (*looks off*) I thought I heard a voice that way,—With your leave, we'll retire—This is an intricate affair, that calls for serious consultation—to preserve your innocence and his honour; and, if possible, apply a drag chain to prevent the pernicious custom of duelling. (*going.*)

LADY FICK. Your friendly advice shall be obeyed. (*Exeunt.*)

*Enter* SIR HUMPHREY, PICKLE, *and* MEANLY.

SIR HUMPH. There's nothing now, my brave fellows, can bar the way; the friendly Champaign has armed me with that resolution, that both duel and ravishment appear to me as this. (*snaps his fingers.*)

PICKLE. Honest Champaign! it never fails.—It arms us with resolution.

MEANLY. It steels the heart, makes firm the  
the

the arm, and deafens the ear against the virgin's plaint.

SIR HUMPH. No whinings, nor sobbings, shall disarm my purpose.—Amelia, I'll possess thee, tho' hemp bear the weight. (*pointing to his neck*) Then victorious from thy embraces—have at the thing, thy lover, for another conquest.

MEANLY. Before we enter upon the scene of action, it may not be improper, in case of accident, that you settle your affairs; and give to Pickle and myself a Bond, that may enable us to discharge all our debts. (*to Pickle*) Shou'd a ball let daylight through his head, we may in vain seek such another milky cub. (*aside*)

PICKLE. Justly observed, Meanly: (*aside*) an accident may happen.

SIR HUMPH. Your request is granted; come along, you jolly dogs, (*going*) get the instrument drawn up, and I'll execute.

MEANLY. Every thing is ready prepared: we'll retire to the Thatch'd House, and over a bottle, (*going*) we'll follow our noble friend and patron. A good hit, eh, Pickle; self-preservation, you dog. (*aside*.)

SIR HUMPH. Let's away to the chace, with hark forward—And with courage strike home, &c. (*all sing*.)

(*Exeunt*.)

S C E N E

## S C E N E II.

*Bed-Room in Sir Humphrey's House: the Colonel on the Bed, and the Constables under it. A Lamp burning on the Table.*

*Enter PICKLE and MEANLY.*

MEANLY. (*advancing and listening*) Hush! hush! She snores.

PICKLE. Then she sleeps.

MEANLY. Strike me stiff, but I long to cuckold him—I'll out with you. (*putting out the lamp.*)

PICKLE. The man that wou'd not with so fine a woman, ought to wear horns himself, for the remainder of his life—But then, if we use violence, the laws are open.

MEANLY. Confound the men that made them.—Here's in defiance to law and gospel, and now—(*advances to the bedside.*)

COL. (*in a feigned voice*) Sir Humphrey!

MEANLY. (*counterfeits Sir Humphrey's voice*) My dear, my love. (*throws himself on the bed.*)

*Colonel seizes him, jumps from the bed, and draws his sword. Pickle retreats, and is making off, but the Constables secure him.*



COL. Unparalleled villainy! Base, cowardly rascal, thy conduct tempts me to plunge this sword in thy foul heart: and you, Sir—*(they throw themselves on their knees, imploring mercy.)*

MEANLY. Have mercy! For heaven's sake, put up your sword.

COL. Such wretches invoke heaven!—You shall to prison.

PICKLE. Take us not into custody, or our reputation is no more.

COL. Reputation!—If there's justice in law, there follows punishment. I'll see you hang'd. Constables, tie their hands, and lead them off to justice

MEANLY. Sir Humphrey will justify our conduct.

COL. Away with them, and I'll follow.—Justify!—imps of hell!

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S C E N E III.

*Apartment in Amelia's House.*

*Enter SIR HUMPHREY and BRIBE.*

BRIBE. This way, Sir, that's the door.

SIR

SIR HUMPH. That leads to the luscious nursery of amorous delights.—Bribe, withdraw, and to-morrow I'll reward thy services.

BRIBE. Success attend all your noble undertakings.

SIR HUMPH. I thank thee. (*Exit Bribe*) Now, now for the tender blossom.

Thus the bold Tarquin, flush'd with youth, assail'd  
The struggling fair—and, resolute, prevail'd.

(*Going up to the door*) Ah! what have we here? the key in the door! A fair assignation, by Jupiter!—Now for a little resolution to save appearances, and she's mine for ever. (*opening the door*) By your leave, fair one. (*on entering the room, he starts back, on discovering Lady Fickle, Amelia, Mr. and Mrs. Seymour*) Damnation!

AMELIA. (*curtesying to the ground*) This was kind, indeed, Sir—to enroll yourself in the list of my generous protectors, in this critical hour of danger, is truly becoming the exalted character of the spirited Sir Humphrey.

SIR HUMPH. (*aside*) A very pretty situation this, truly!

AMELIA. However, as my own affairs have taken a favourable turn; give me leave to present you with another subject for your charitable exertions. (*pointing to Lady Fickle.*)

SIR

SIR HUMPH. (*aside*) My wife too, and in tears! Sure these villains durst not——

AMELIA. Unfortunate innocence—Or, to speak more feelingly to Sir Humphrey's present sensations, beauty in distress has ever been deem'd a specific for raising soft emotions in the breast of the most obdurate.

SIR HUMPH. (*aside*) At least, I can answer for myself; for be it pity, love, or jealousy, she never appear'd to me half so amiable, as at this moment.

AMELIA. (*apart to Lady Fickle*) Take courage, my dear. (*to Sir Humphrey*) I have heard much of the flexibility of heroes, with respect to the fair sex. I could wish now to see the man sufficiently harden'd, to stand out against such a woman as this—and in such a situation.

SIR HUMPH. (*aside*) Good God! what will become of me!—Were it not for shame, I could almost wish for an opportunity of throwing myself at her feet, and imploring forgiveness.

LADY FICK. Ungenerous, cruel man! (*advancing*) Is this your return for my ever ready compliance with your will and pleasure? This the hold you flatter'd me I had on your affections? To expose me thus, a helpless, fond, believing woman, to the lowest abyss of infamy and shame, for the base purpose alone of satiating your restless ap-

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petites,

petites, at the expence of all the good and feeling part of mankind esteem sacred. But for the kind interposition of friends, ere this, I had fallen the devoted victim of unbridled lust.

SIR HUMPH. (*aside*) Thank Heaven, thou hast not fallen ! but no thanks to me.

LADY FICK. (*continues*) You wish'd a separation—It is now effected. Still the weakness of my sex affails me—And tho' I blush to own it, I cannot but be concern'd at what regards your life ; risk not this horrid duel, for, Oh ! you're ill prepar'd for death ! (*she faints.*)

SIR HUMPH. (*running to her assistance*) My love ! my life !

*Whilst the ladies are employed in recovering her,*

SIR HUMPH. (*exclaims*) Would Heaven but restore her to me once again, the tenor of my future life shou'd be such, as to merit the confidence and esteem of this best of women. (*Coming to herself, she starts back on seeing Sir Humphrey on his knees before her.*)

SIR HUMPH. Start not, thou injured woman—Behold the prodigal return'd. Flush'd with success, intoxicated with pleasure, and continually beset with sycophants and flatterers, I have hitherto been secluded the true path of honour and happiness ; and, but for the kindness of providence, and the interposition of friends, had ~~this~~

this night fallen a sacrifice to the lawless projects of vice and dissipation.—What has, therefore, been so happily begun by Heaven, let not the wife of my choice, however justly offended, disdain to complete—*(Seeing her mov'd, she continues)* Be these tears my advocates. Unused to sue in vain, I will not stir from hence, till those dear lips shall have seal'd my forgiveness.

LADY FICK. This is too much! I am not proof against a husband's tears. Alas! Sir Humphrey! you too well know your power here.—Arise, and let all our past mistakes be for ever buried in oblivion.

SIR HUMPH. *(getting up)* Unmerited condensation! *(embracing her)* Thus, thus let me express the warm effusions of my soul, for this kind reception; the chearful remembrance of which shall be nourish'd in this breast, with love, with constancy, and unerring gratitude for ever.

LADY FICK. You forget we have other friends here, that merit, on this occasion, our sincerest acknowledgments.

SIR HUMPH. True. And first, Madam, *(to Amelia)* may I presume, the noble example of your fair friend will have its due weight with you.—For tho' I no longer sigh to be ad-

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mitted

mitted as a lover;—I shou'd sincerely regret the loss of your esteem.

AMELIA. Your reconciliation with your dear Lady has obliterated all remembrance of past failings. Go on, Sir, as you have begun, and rest assured, you'll be ever held in esteem by the virtuous part of our sex, and respected, even by the vicious.

*As Sir Humphrey bows to Amelia, Mr. Seymour advances: to whom*

SIR HUMPH. "Et tu Brute!" at the bottom of all this!—A pretty recompense, truly, for my earnest and frequent endeavours to make *a good fellow of you!* Seymour, what has your honesty to answer for to the beau monde, for depriving a fellow of spirit of his liberty, and reducing him to a mere domestic animal! For my own part, (*giving him his hand*) all I can say, is, that by interesting yourself as you have done in my affairs, you have shewn yourself a friend; and as I hope the issue will prove you no mean projector—What have we here?

*Enter COLONEL—PICKLE and MEANLY under a guard of Constables.*

SIR HUMPH. (*discovering them*) Ha! instruments of hell—disgrace on disgrace heap upon me—I cannot bear it.

MEANLY.

MEANLY. Sir Humphrey, we come hither, under a guard not the most honourable; but you can justify our innocence, and give us our liberty.

SIR HUMPH. Give you fetters! Lady Fickle, did these wretches insult your person?

MR. SEYM. That question I can best answer. Having been previously made acquainted with these honourable gentlemen's designs, I communicated them to the Colonel, and in conjunction with him, laid this plot; conceiving it dangerous, Lady Fickle thou'd be in bed, when too ruffians entered her chamber in the dead of night, to have her chastity exposed, perhaps her life: therefore, placed the Colonel as a substitute for Lady Fickle. He can best give a detail of their proceedings.

COLONEL. As this thing and his noble colleague (the cream of the ton) approached the bed, that fine gentleman, Mr. Meanly, affecting much tenderness and love, in soft accents, with my dear, and my love—counterfeiting your voice, Sir Humphrey, grop'd at my bosom, but finding a roughness here, (*pointing to his beard*) rather uncommon to be met with in the fair sex, he started back, and wou'd have retreated; if, with this hand I had not grasp'd at his throat, and brought my finger and thumb

in contact, which made his honour wheeze a little.

SIR HUMPH. (*to Seymour and the Colonel*) Thanks alone are too feeble for deeds so noble—ye kind protectors of the best of women, (*to Lady Fickle*) Ah! Lady Fickle, this last recital wounds me to the heart: if human nature e'er required forgiveness, (*on his knee*) O! Lady Fickle! it is now.

LADY FICK. Rise! be my husband—return but to my arms—I ask no more.

SIR HUMPH. Kindest angel, while life exists (*laying his hand to his heart*) I am bound to, and shall with pleasure—(*looking at Pickle and Meanly*) Abominable miscreants! The commission of itself was infamous; but you exceeded it, beyond imagination—to offer violence!

MEANLY. 'Twas your orders.

SIR HUMPH. (*enraged*) Thou liest; I forbade thee on thy life, even to touch—

PICKLE. You very ill requite our services.

SIR HUMPH. I have; to my own infamy, requited your dirty offices but too well.

MEANLY. 'Tis not too late to recede.

SIR HUMPH. Not if I were base and artful as thyself; but know, that when I have set my hand, or pledge my word, I ever held sacred the performance,—I acknowledge, I have been  
dup'd



dup'd, made a mere tool; and as a top in a school-boy's hand, with a string you have spun me: but now your game is over. Go, let me never see you more.—Constables, give them their liberty: and be their own consciences their perpetual accusers. I say, be gone!

PICKLE. 'Twere as well we had never met.

SIR HUMPH. I shou'd have then escap'd tortures, and, and disgrace—Be gone!

PICKLE. We have disgrac'd ourselves to feed your fancy; (*going*) and now you shut the door of friendship against us.

SIR HUMPH. That my door had never been open to you—Lead them off, Constables—Away! (*Exeunt Pickle, Meanly, and Constables*) Now I'm rid of all intercourse with monsters, I'll resume a human shape, and be what I ought to be, a man, and a husband to one wife. O! Lady Fickle, obedience and tenderness to you shall mark my future conduct; gratitude and love shall dwell in this heart, as long as the shell holds together to give it covering.

LADY FICK. Sir Humphrey, do you act the part of a husband, and I'll perform that of a wife. A slavish submission on either side leads not to happiness. Now you know, by dear bought experience, how properly to distinguish

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friends

friends from foes, and folly from friendship—I can have nothing to fear,

SIR HUMPH. Generous, charming woman ! What ecstatic bliss I feel ; my future conduct shall be an imitation of the bright pattern you have shewn me. There is a something yet wanting, to render my happiness complete—Have I, Amelia, solicited with success your forgiveness ?

AMELIA. 'Twas granted, before you made the application : and your reformation was your best advocate.

SIR HUMPH. You have a soul really great, to forgive an injury of such magnitude. (*to the Colonel*) Colonel, you have made a happy choice in Amelia.—I received your challenge from just grounds—and I accepted——

MR. SEYM. And I dissolve it ; tho' a new way, the least in practice, to decide duels. Come, give me your hands. (*joining hands*) May these cement your friendship—And I do insist on't, that the subject from this moment sink in oblivion.

SIR HUMPH. Friendship warmly returns, and your admonition shall, on my part, be faithfully observed.

COL. And so it shall on mine. (*shakes hands*)

SIR HUMPH. I often have been mistaken—  
but

but I think, I am now in the right. Come, Amelia, Colonel, permit me to join your hands, (*joining hands*) the hearts, I'm sure, are already joined—May you live long and happy.

COL. I thank you; all my ambition is crowned—Amelia was all I wanted, or wished for: words cannot define the happiness I feel.

AMELIA. Nor will I pretend a sacrifice to gratitude—But frankly own that love, esteem, and choice have so wrought on me—the Colonel's happiness was absolutely necessary, to render mine complete.

Mrs. SEYM. Then I proclaim a jubilee to all.

SIR HUMPH. Now we have each our treasure, jewels inestimable.—Experience convinces me, that fidelity constitutes happiness, and renders it permanent; and I am sure, the most extravagant libertine, in all his ideal researches, cannot overtake an enjoyment to be compared with a virtuous wife,

THE END.



**THE**  
**GENEROUS COUNTERFEIT,**

**A**  
**C O M E D Y.**

## *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

### *M E N.*

**SIR JOHN PENURIOUS**, An avaricious old Man.  
**OVERTON**, Pompous, over-reaching, and married to Sir John's Sister.  
**CAPTAIN SANDFORD**, An Officer in the Navy, in love with Sophia.  
**CAPTAIN O'LARY**, An Irish Officer, a distant relation of Overton's, in love with Angelica.  
**JACK PENURIOUS**, Sir John's Son, a weak, insignificant young Man, governed by Overton.  
**LORD E O**, A Gambler.  
**CLASSIC**, A poor Curate.  
**TIMOTHY**, Servant to Sir John.

### *W O M E N.*

12

**SOPHIA**, Daughter to Sir John, in love with Captain Sandford.  
**ANGELICA**, Daughter to Overton, in love with Captain O'Lary.  
**BETTY**, Servant to Sophia, in love with Timothy.

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T H E  
GENEROUS COUNTERFEIT,  
A  
C O M E D Y.

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A C T I.

S C E N E I. *A Room in Sir John Penurious's  
House.*

*Enter TIMOTHY, much intoxicated; BETTY on  
the opposite Side, meeting him.*

BETTY.

**T**IMOTHY, Timothy, I say, Timothy,  
what the duce, are you deaf, and dumb  
too? (*pulls him by the ear*) Hey day! what—  
toxicated!

TIMOTHY.

TIMOTHY. You, you pull hard, Mrs. Betty. He, he is a rare good natured gentleman; I, I will lay down my life for him.

BETTY. Who's a good natured gentleman? you great—I'll not foul my tongue—but—you roll about like a hog, you do.

TIMOTHY. So wou'd you, if, if, you had been there.—Plenty of French wines.

BETTY. Lard, Lard, I'm out of all patience: well, if I don't attest you more than ever.—Why, master has been calling like mad; he wants to be shaved, and have his best perriwig.

TIMOTHY. So he may: I'll tarry no longer here, and drink, drink small beer, small beer, from lady to lady.—Come, my dear Bett. *(attempts to kiss her, she scratches him.)*

BETTY. Bett! Bett! You he-goat thing, how dare you sult me so? If thou do'st not tell me, where thou hast been, I'll tear out thy eyes and I will.

TIMOTHY. A goat! I never, I never told you I was a Welchman. Did, yes, did you, Mrs. Betty, and Miss Sophy, but know, you wou'd think me as sweet, as Captain Sandford.

BETTY. You great numblecull, make so free with the dear dead gentleman's name—'tis so presumption of you: if you mention his name before my lady, she'll run into fits, she will.

TIMOTHY.



TIMOTHY. Dead! O dear! O dear! how some folks can romance! Here it is, (*takes out a letter, and puts it in his pocket again*) in here are the sweets, from his own self.

BETTY. Well, Heaven will inspect us maids! Then I do protest, if he is not dead, he must be alive; and the wicked news-papers are all full of falsity. Now, my dear Timmy, tell me all about it. (*coaxing.*)

TIMOTHY. I, I won't then; I I'll take it to Miss, myself—Us maids! (*looks earnestly.*)

BETTY. Pray now, Mr. Timothy, give me the letter.

TIMOTHY. I tell you, I shant; I, I, yes, I promised Captain Sandford, to, to, take it myself.

BETTY. Do now, I'll do any thing for you, let me have it. (*leans on his shoulder, and taps him under the chin.*)

TIMOTHY. O, O, you coaxing—Will you then, to, to, night, give me a—rasher of bacon, an, an, and a glass of your cordial?

BETTY. Upon my honour; may I never then wear another bit of gauze: you know, Timmy, I'm never cross, when you are good humour'd,

TIMOTHY. Well, well, I left him then—

at, at, the Antelope. (*She picks his pocket of the letter.*)

BETTY. O charming! now I have it, for all your obstacles. Oh, 'tis him! here's the sign of the anchor on the seal. How Miss will love me! I'll not keep her a bit in expence. (*Exit Betty in haste.*)

TIMOTHY. (*following*) You da—damned thief; if you tell Sir John, you shall fa—fast for Timothy. (*Exit reeling.*)

*Enter SOPHIA with a book.*

SOPHIA. I'll fated hour! cruel death! to rob me of him I loved.

*Enter BETTY in raptures.*

BETTY. O ma'am! O ma'am! O ma'am! indeed ma'am!

SOPHIA. What's all this?—Why in this flutter?

BETTY. Sweet gentleman! Monstrous, monstrous lucky, ma'am.

SOPHIA. (*angrily*) Talk not to me of men.

BETTY. Oh! did you but know how much he loves you.

SOPHIA. Love! 'tis fled, and will never more return to this mansion.

BETTY. Dear ma'am, did you but know the  
the

the one half I understand, you wou'd dance out of your skin, you wou'd.

SOPHIA. Dance! when my Sandford funk, my dancing ceased. But what nonsense is this? I insist upon knowing.

BETTY. Nonsense, ma'am! Lard, Lard, I fancy, ma'am, this letter will apprise you, that servants can speak sense, as well as their betters; and, and that Captain Sandford is alive, and not dead. (*gives the letter*) There, who has the most sense now, I wonder!

SOPHIA. (*much agitated*) What did you say? How my heart throbs! (*looking at the letter, discovers a mixture of joy and distress*) It is his writing! My Sandford lives! (*faints, and falls in a chair.*)

BETTY. He does indeed, ma'am; don't be alarmed—Timothy was with him—brought the letter: pray, ma'am—do, ma'am, pluck up your spirits—read the letter: O laws, how cruel 'tis to die when he's come to life!

SOPHIA. (*recovers and looks about her*) Did Timothy see him? Did he converse with him? Oh! is it not a dream?

BETTY. Lard a marcy, ma'am, tho' people walk and talk in their sleep, do they ever write letters? pray open it, and then—

SOPHIA. (*getting up, opens the letter, and reads*

M

to

*to herself*) He lives! Heaven has been kind indeed.—This sudden flow of joy overwhelms me: methinks one friendly tear wou'd remove the load that presses my joyous soul. O Betty! thou kind messenger! assist me: lead me hence.—Sandford! the constant Sandford! *(leads her off.)* *(Exeunt in transport.)*

*Enter* SIR JOHN PENURIOUS, *in an old wig.*

SIR J. PEN. Robbed and plundered of my property. This is the consequence of keeping servants: they think of nothing but cramming from morning till night.—Ay, ay, it costs them nothing. Not less than a peck loaf, twenty pounds of butchers meat, and a barrel of small beer, have been devoured this week, and still they are not satisfied. O the whelp, here he comes.

*Enter* TIMOTHY *with a wig in his hand, reeling, covered with powder.*

TIMOTHY. Here, here it is, fit for a gentleman, to, to wear. *(attempts to put it on, lets it fall, and finds a difficulty in taking it up.)*

SIR J. PEN. Thou gormandizing glutton!  
Where

Where in the name of interest has he been?—  
 Why, Sir, you are as drunk as an Alderman.  
 If this is the way you go on, Sir, I shall be  
 ruined; a very pretty fellow for a Butler!—  
 Why, rascal, I have been waiting for my perri-  
 wig these two hours.

TIMOTHY. Drunk! I, I have not, no, upon  
 my soul, got drunk at your expence these seven  
 years: a Butler too, nothing but small beer!  
 I now, Sir, keep gentlemen's company, and  
 drink wine.

SIR J. PEN. What, in the name of interest,  
 servants have the impudence to drink wine!—  
 You shall out of my house, Sir.—Where have  
 you been, and how came you to be thus beastly?  
 —Answer me that, Sir!

TIMOTHY. By, by drinking, 'as, as you do  
 at elections, at other people's cost, when you sell  
 your tenants' votes to the best bidder.—Yes,  
 damn me, I, I, I'll swear to it.

SIR J. PEN. What, rascal! insulted by my  
 servant, and charged with bribery and corrup-  
 tion! There is no concealing the most trifling  
 transaction from one's servants. Faith I must  
 be quiet for the present. (*aside*)

*Enter BETTY, screaming.*

BETTY. O Sir! O Sir! O Sir! Miss So-  
 phia

M 2

phia is all but dead, in a perplexity fit: O I'm sure she must inspire.

SIR J. PEN. Dead, say'st thou? Then a doctor can be of no use. (*in a pensive posture.*)

BETTY. O pray, Sir, be speditious, and come.

TIMOTHY. Po, poor Captain Sandford, he, he is of no use now. (*Betty beckons to Timothy to be silent.*)

SIR J. PEN. (*going*) You whelp, how dare you mention, under my roof, the name of Sandford? But thank Heaven, he has long been food for fishes.—Come, come, Betty; poor girl! poor girl! (*Exeunt Penurious, hastily, and Betty.*)

TIMOTHY. (*follows reeling*) Charming, charming wine! I, I wish I had, had t'other bottle, to, to moisten my lips, and cool my tongue a little. (*Exit.*)

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## S C E N E II.

*Enter* JACK PENURIOUS, and OVERTON.

JACK PEN. 'Tis impossible she can live: Sandford's death has done her business.

OVERTON.

OVERTON. The poor thing will then be provided for, and so you will come in for the whole estate, and her fortune too; sole heir of Dungmore Place. As for your father, poor wretch, he can't hold out many years longer.

JACK PEN. Right; yet we shou'd not exult; that is, I mean, publickly, at a father's or sister's death. The world, you know, has so much to say; not that I think it any harm.

OVERTON. Curse the world; independence bids defiance, and sets you above it. When you are married to your cousin Angelica—

JACK PEN. Were Angelica mine! But do you think her inclined to have me?

OVERTON. Have you, Jack! give me your hand. (*shakes hands*) Thou hast my hearty concurrence; she dares not refuse thee; my pleasure shall be gratified.

JACK PEN. In that case, I shou'd be happy to take the undertaker by the hand: he shou'd take possession of the body, and I of the estate. Between ourselves here—mum—I think they have lived long enough.

OVERTON. So they have. (*both laugh*) Your manly observation endears you to me: you act like a man of spirit and fashion. Your father has certainly lived too long, and the estate ought to be yours. You'll step over in the evening,

M 3

and

and you may be both together. Captain O'Lary, a distant relation of mine, will be there; you'll like him, an honest, good tempered fellow.

JACK PEN. So he is, and Angelica is never better pleased, than when he's teaching her French.—She seems delighted with his Irish accent.

OVERTON. So she is, so she is: but no matter, he is very conversant in the French, and has fully answered my purpose. To be sure, she's sensible, quick, tractable, and good humoured, which makes him take the more pains.

JACK PEN. I fear he leaves this country soon: I hear he has raised his number of recruits.

OVERTON. I shall regret his departure most exceedingly. To be sure, I have treated him a little civilly, and his attention to my daughter has requited the obligation. But you'll not fail coming in the evening.—I'll make thy peace with Angelica.

JACK PEN. Your kindness has made too deep an impression on my heart, to neglect so favourable an opportunity. An occurrence has lately happened, that gives me some uneasiness: I cou'd wish to communicate it to you.

OVERTON.



OVERTON. Never fear Jack, your peace is made ; I tell you Angelica shall be yours.

JACK PEN. That's not my grievance ; 'tis of more consequence !

OVERTON. (*aside*) The devil it is.

JACK PEN. You know, Sir, the sum I lost to my Lord E. O.

OVERTON. True, what of that ?

JACK PEN. Yesterday, I met his Lordship, who told me, I must pay him immediately, having the preceding night lost his fortune to my Lord Chefs. But, but he says—faith I can't tell you.

OVERTON. Pray go on, let me hear it out.

JACK PEN. His Lordship says, if I will procure him an audience of my sister, break the ice of love before him, he'll forgive me the debt.

OVERTON. The ice of love ! What a metaphor!—stupid rascal ! (*aside*) And, and what answer did you make ?

JACK PEN. Faith, I'll be upon honour.—Why, I promised him I wou'd, not that I intend it—no, upon my honour.

OVERTON. Bravo ! a devilish good hit, an excellent evasion ; for you not only cancel your own debt, but 'twill rekindle revenge in the old Boy's bosom against Sophia ; and if he dies

M 4

during

during my Lord E. O.'s amour, at any rate 'twill be all your own.—I only wish for your sake to be his apothecary.

JACK PEN. And serve him as the apothecary did Romeo: a good plan, faith. (*both laugh*) Well, adieu. I shall hasten my return. (*going*)

OVERTON. Hold, a thought strikes me: Suppose now, now suppose, if this plan shou'd not succeed in your favour with my Lord E. O. invite him to my house to dinner; I have some devilish potent wines, and my life on the business, that you'll be no longer his debtor.

JACK PEN. Egad, an excellent scheme! he's all generosity when elevated. Well, your servant. I shall not fail being at the appointed time. (*Exit.*)

OVERTON. Adieu! adieu! Never was there spun a better string to play upon; and while in tune I must employ it.—If I play my cards right, I shall convey every shilling of the Penurious's family into my own, snug. Sandford's affair with Sophia has done well for me.—Yet I am apprehensive Sir John will not consent to the marriage.—Not a shilling will he part with, while his eyes are open.—No matter, I'll get them secretly married, and the old fox may then run to earth when he pleases; the sooner the better.

*Enter*

*Enter* CAPTAIN O'LARY.

O'LARY. What! my dear friend, alone!  
and by yourself too!—Where is the dear crea-  
ture, Angelica? Is she not with you, by herself?

OVERTON. I rejoice to see you, Captain.—  
As you entered the room, I was in a brown  
stud, the result of which is, that I shall marry  
off Angelica immediately, but must beg your  
assistance to forward the business.

O'LARY. Upon my soul, honour, and  
body too, that's more, if my all, and my  
every thing, is not at your family's service.—  
May I be bold to ask a little question?—And  
where was the lover born?

OVERTON. In Dungmore Place—her cousin  
Penurious——

O'LARY. Is it so, then, to Jack her own  
cousin?—Faith, my jewel, but you lie. (*aside.*)

OVERTON. An excellent thing, Captain;  
altho' he's seldom sober, her virtue and good  
sense may reclaim him.

O'LARY. But is he not a little deficient here?  
(*pointing to his head.*)

OVERTON. Not so well furnished.—But he  
has passed his sixteen terms at Oxford, and is a  
good-natured, weak, good sort of a young  
man. As for his intellects, to be sure——But  
that's

that's an obstacle too inconsiderable——The estate, the estate, Captain.

O'LARY. 'Tis a fine thing to have a long head. And let me tell you, Sir, that you are not wanting in that precious part. But are you sure, Angelica will join herself to him.

OVERTON. Most certainly: she must have no will of her own: the parent shou'd guide, and the child must obey. (*struts about*)

O'LARY. By my soul, if parents here in England don't cram their children with matrimony, as they do the turkeys of Norfolk, make them eat, when the poor creatures have no appetite at all, at all, to swallow. (*aside*) Faith, Sir, but I like your calculations: you'll outwit the old Baronet, and his son too.—I see clear into the case.

OVERTON. No fear of that, Captain; but, but mum, mum, for the present.

O'LARY. What a blessed talent is art!—Well, your servant, for a short season; and, if Angelica is disposed, I'll give her a reading or two: (*going*) and, Sir, you may depend on Captain O'Lary; he will do the clean thing.

OVERTON. In the mean time; I shall be in waiting for the young 'squire, prepare him for the noose. (*both laugh*)

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

## A C T II.

## S C E N E I.

*Enter BETTY and TIMOTHY.*

BETTY.

**I** TOLD you, that your drunkenness wou'd incur your discharge.

TIMOTHY. Who cares?—Not I: so there's a word for all. Your eagerness, I hope, did not tell Sir John, that Captain Sandford was not dead.

BETTY. Let me alone for the matter of that. Now Timothy, you must be mum, mum, mum; then, then, ha! ha! how excellence it is—Why, Captain Sandford laid the contrivance in the letter.

TIMOTHY. Mum! mum! mum! O, I have it; and shall do as Sir John does before the election, kiss the wife to buy the husband's vote.—Here, here, take the bribe; (*kisses*) now no longer be mum.

BETTY.

BETTY. You teasing thing, you stop a body's breath, you do—How can you touzle one so?

TIMOTHY. Touzle!—'tis nothing to what I can do.

BETTY. O you bewitching thing you—But Tim, Sir John is going to fend you, only think of that.

TIMOTHY. Think!—Think of what?

BETTY. For a physician, ha! ha! and play a trick upon Sir John.—O dear me! 'twill be charming, ha! ha! and bring Captain Sandford, and then——

TIMOTHY. And then, we must seek new services, and new lives too. Sir John will not be caught so: Why, he has as much cunning as any gentleman, to get in the parliament House: he's as sly as any of 'um.

BETTY. Never you heed that; you must be mum. I, and Miss, and Captain Sandford have contriv'd it:—He is to give himself a long outlandish name—The mountebank doctor's that goes about, and you give him this letter. (*gives a letter.*)

TIMOTHY. Ha! ha! ha! I will; I, I like a contrivance.—Let's buss; my name an't Timothy, if I don't give it him. (*kisses repeatedly.*)

*Enter*

*Enter* SIR JOHN PENURIOUS, *softly*.

SIR J. PEN. What ! in the name of interest, defile my house ! He's as corrupt as a Nabob. (*aside*) Hey day ! what now, rascal, debauch my maid ! (*strikes him*) make Dungmore Place a Bagnio ! Did not this pressing business call thee, thou shouldst out of my house this instant.—And you, baggage.

BETTY. Lard Sir, if ever my virtue was peached before, since the hour I was born.

SIR J. PEN. Did I not see thee in the very act ? Thy face speaks it—huffy.

BETTY. O dear ! O dear ! I shall lose my character, and sweet peace of mind.—Indeed, Sir, he, he—we was only whispering, lest Miss shou'd be disturbed—that was all indeed, as I am an individual parson of the univarsal world.

TIMOTHY. Left Miss shou'd be disturbed—Yes, that was all, indeed.

SIR J. PEN. Disturbed ! Thou audacious shifter of truth—go to your mistress. (*Exit Betty*) Well, Sir, are you not ashamed of your behaviour ?

TIMOTHY. Yes, Sir ; I'm not accustomed to such strong liquors.

SIR. J. PEN. Zounds ! I had forgot thy drunk-

drunkenness, glutton.—Drunkenness shall be inserted in your character, as well as whoredom.

TIMOTHY. Whoredom!—I never, in all my life——mayhap you may be worst served.—No gentlemen's Butlers are like me; no wine, no strong beer: I'm so swelled with new whey, that I'm afraid, I shall be taken off at last, in a fit of the dropsy.

SIR J. PEN. You, who are out of the dregs, talk of wine and strong beer!—But I'll be revenged; thou shalt have no character at all.

TIMOTHY. The rich delight in starving us poor servants, by refusing us characters, which is a slow, but certain murder, of all deaths the most cruel: shame! to the law it goes unpunished. Well, Sir, I have done my duty by you—rubbed your legs, felt your pulse, and gave you purges when you was sick.—Recollect, Sir John, you promised me a place at court; yet, am never the better: but the voters of bribery are as full as bacon Hogs.

SIR J. PEN. (*looks uneasy*) Well, Sir, 'tis my patriotism; all for the good of my country.

TIMOTHY. Can't I, Sir, serve my country too, the same way, if I have a place at court?

SIR J. PEN. Mend your manners, I'll forgive thee; thou shalt see better times.



TIMOTHY. I have long waited for this feast, but my fast is not yet broken; but I feel as great a craving within as ever.

SIR J. PEN. I'll reward thy services; I'll raise thy wages five shillings a year.

TIMOTHY. Five shillings! Won't you make me serve my country too?

SIR J. PEN. I'll consider of it; follow me to the chamber door of thy mistress. (*going*) If she is not better, I shall send thee for this great doctor that travels the country; I hear he's reasonable in his charges. Timothy, mind, if thou goest, take old Crop—and, Timothy, take care, don't over-heat him—I have a great respect for old horses, dogs, and old servants.—Come Tim. (*Exit Sir John.*)

TIMOTHY. (*following*) Five shillings!—'twill break his heart; it breaks in upon his schemes—O! how I wish to serve my country!

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## S C E N E II.

ANGELICA *seated, reading.*

ANG. (*gets up*) Plague take this cousin of mine; if my father persists in my marrying him,  
I shall

I shall be the most wretched of my Sex—I think there's enough already in that miserable state of bondage, without my adding to the number. However, I shall be honest, and cut the matter short with him, let the consequence be what it may.—O charming! here comes the Captain.

*Enter* CAPTAIN O'LARY.

O'LARY. Do you, miss, see any expressions in that book, now, that can paint all what I feel for you, my lovely Angelica? Oh! and were you to see my heart, sure you wou'd see a honey-comb, and of your own making.

ANG. You flatter, Captain; but you officers have such ways.

O'LARY. Sure there's no flattery in truth.—But my jewel, are you disposed for a lesson or two?

ANG. I have other lessons now to attend to, that rob me of that happiness.

O'LARY. Faith, miss, but I guess your case, and pity you too, that's more.—Will you make me acquainted first, and tell me afterwards?

ANG.

ANG. I cannot—it goes to my heart—it makes me miserable.

O'LARY. Then, I swear by all the saints in Ireland, if there's a speck in that jewel, (I mean your heart) that gives Angelica pains—at the hazard of my life, but I'll take it out.—But, my precious, how came it there?

ANG. Friendly offices never arrive more seasonable, than when they are really wanted.—O Sir! my father is cruel enough to force me to be married, to-morrow, to my cousin Penurious. I cannot love him—I shudder at the idea: if he consulted his own interest and happiness, he surely wou'd not wed a woman, whose heart is devoted——

O'LARY. My heart has been all drowned in tears, since your father told me the cruel business: and if you, the sweetest of all flowers, should be pluck'd against your will, but I shall live and die too in tears. Shall I then tell the truth? Faith I will, and that's a jewel of a companion of an Irish officer.—Then your father prayed and fixed upon me, to procure a priest for the very purpose.—That's the truth all over.

ANG. Can you be thus cruel, Captain?—Will you be accessary, to subject a life for ever miserable? Did you, Sir, know my heart, I'm  
N<sup>r</sup> sure

sure it wou'd claim your pity.—You have great influence over my father : let me entreat you to exercise it in my behalf—be my Counsellor, and plead my cause : believe me, Sir, I shall not prove——my distress is too great, I, I cannot explain.

O'LARY. Then I'll explain it, and tell it afterwards.—By my soul, I swear to you, and let this seal my vow, (*kisses her hand*) that promises to fathers, in a case like yours, shou'd be broken. And when two hearts are like two twigs, bending for each other, I think they shou'd meet of themselves :—and a mercenary father like yours, shou'd have nothing at all, at all, to do with the heart of his daughter, lest he shou'd break it in making the joint.

ANG. Very just : unless the hearts bend voluntarily towards each other, the ring, in such a case, becomes a fetter indeed, and points out wretchedness and despair.

*Enter SERVANT.*

SERV. Master Penurious is come.

ANG. We'll wait on him. (*Exit Servant*)  
How to act, or what to say, I know not.

O'LARY. To be sure, agree to every thing they propose, to prevent suspicion ; and  
Captain

Captain O'Lary will stand by you, and rescue you too from the approaching chains; and what your father intended for you shall serve himself. But, my precious, I'll withdraw to the Antelope, and try if I can get more recruits:—And for a short season adieu: (*going*) but first, let me tell you, be under no alarm, no step will be taken without my advice.

ANG. Success attend you. (*Exit Captain*) I am not satisfied—yet, why shou'd I doubt him; he certainly loves me, tho' I cou'd wish he had been more explicit. But, I suppose, this method of making love is peculiar to the soldier: I wish it may turn out so; a few hours will clear my suspicions.—So, here they come; I'll withdraw for a moment.

*Enter JACK, and OVERTON.*

JACK PEN. Excellent tidings! She can't survive many hours. My father, I hear, has dispatched Timothy for a physician.

OVERTON. For a doctor! then 'tis a thousand to one in our favour.—Shou'd this be the case, you'll be the only child, my boy.

ANG. (*aside, listening*) O heaven's! that I shou'd be the daughter of such a father, or a wife to such a wretch!

N 2

OVERTON.

OVERTON. O here comes Angelica; not that I say it, she's the mirror of virtue. Hey day! where's the Captain, child?

ANG. (*enters pensively*) He begg'd me to apologize for him, having received intelligence, that a dance was to be at the Antelope; and he thought his presence there might better enable him to procure recruits.—He intended to have waited upon you, Sir, previous to his going thither; but the lesson he set me this morning was so difficult, that I occupied more of his time than usual.

OVERTON. Gone a recruiting! Always pursuing his profession: well, I'll go give him the meeting. Several loose fellows are about here, whom I dislike; I'll set the trap—intoxicate them, and I'm sure he has art enough to drive them into it. (*going*) I see, you young rogues, that my absence will be the more agreeable: I shall leave you to yourselves. Your servant.

(*Exit in haste.*)

JACK PEN. How do you do, cousin? Are you disposed to make me happy? You have, indeed, my dear Angelica, been a burthen to me, on, on my mind for some days.

ANG. For some days!—If your uneasiness proceeds from genuine love, I really pity you; particularly, if I'm the object that impresses  
your

your mind.—But there appears to me, Sir, great impropriety in first cousins meeting in wedlock, admitting a mutual affection :—But, setting aside those obstacles, my father may object ; for I have frequently heard him say, that children shou'd have no will of their own, but be subject to their parents ; therefore my heart must fall a victim to my father's pleasure.

**JACK PEN.** Now you have made me happy; all the business is already done. I have had several interviews with your father, and he consents to our union.

ANG. To our union!—Decency might have taught you better; that I, Sir, must approve, before you have a right, even to hope for happiness.

**JACK PEN.** That's a point of delicacy I never dreamt of; as knowing well your father's disposition, and that you must necessarily be subservient to his will.

ANG. Very apropos to the times.—Then, I presume, that my father's tenderness for you, and your great love and affection for me, have in conjunction settled the preliminaries?

JACK PEN. Yes, yes very minutely; and your father advises us to be married in private, in my father's Chapel, lest the rumour spread abroad,

abroad, and lead to a discovery—and to prevent suspicion, Mr Overton has employed Captain O'Lary to procure a parson.

ANG. Wonderfully strange! Never, sure, was there a match so hurried, and with so little ceremony!

JACK PEN. The old proverb should be your guide, "No ceremony among friends;" which is the fruit of friendship, and the very perfection of love.

ANG. Little hopes of perfection.—The sun that's perpetually under a cloud will afford but little nourishment to the fruit, which is dependant on it for perfection.

JACK PEN. We have nothing to fear; your father has blown the smiling breeze of approbation. I suppose you have heard that my sister is dying?

ANG. Dying!—Heaven forbid!

JACK PEN. O yes; and, at her death, I come in for her fortune, which is independent of my father. As for him too, he can't hold out many years longer; he has lately had an apoplectic fit, and, no doubt, the next will do his business.—And then, Angelica!—

ANG. And then, unfeeling monster! (*aside*) Mr. Penurious, I am shocked—I think the man, who is capable of exulting at a father's or sister's



sister's dissolution, tho' he were to inherit a crown, can have no feeling for a wife. (*going.*)

JACK PEN. You shou'd not be thus scrupulous—There's no father's or sister's life adequate to yours; and particularly by their death, such advantageous prospects open to our view—Ten thousand pounds a year, Angelica!

ANG. Penurious, thou art quite in character. (*aside*) Pardon me, Sir, I must attend my cousin; and depend on it, that your love and meritorious conduct shall be rewarded, as I think they deserve: (*going.*)

JACK PEN. Place no confidence in my sister; she's no friend of yours: tho' her moments may be short, they may be delusive.

ANG. Till I find her false, I shall not condemn, nor meanly nourish the serpent in my bosom, that may tend to her prejudice, or my own dishonour. (*Exit angrily.*)

JACK PEN. Her conduct is very mysterious! she has no appetite for wedlock; it must then be a fashionable wedding.—I'll marry her, if it be but out of contradiction to her perverseness. I have been wrong; I opened my heart too soon—for women are never so much themselves, as when they are victorious over those slaves, their lovers. I'll take a different course in my next visit, I shall not be so lavish

of my compliments, nor so profuse of my love. Her father gives her to me—and I'll marry her, yes, by heavens! if but to torment her insolence.

SCENE II.

*Enter* SIR JOHN PENURIOUS, *and* TIMOTHY.

SIR J. PEN. Thou hast made good haste, Timothy: hast brought the doctor?

TIMOTHY. Safe enough, and a fine man he is; cures every body of disorders in and out of it—He talks broken English tho'.

SIR J. PEN. The greater man; he must be a foreigner.

TIMOTHY. Not a button the better for that.

SIR J. PEN. What may be his name?

TIMOTHY. 'Tis so long, I can't remember it; 'twould make a dozen of mine; but I have it in my pocket, here he is. (*takes out a slip of paper*) Doctor Cast—Urine—de Maresbank.

SIR

SIR J. PEN. Ay, ay, the famous German Doctor.

TIMOTHY. That's he, a German, he comes from France,

*Enter CAPTAIN SANDFORD as the Doctor, with a respectful bow.*

SIR J. PEN. (*as he approaches*) O here he comes ! How venerable he looks ! wonderful !  
—What a beard !

SANDF. Vel, Sairs, vil you sho me de patient ?

SIR J. PEN. Don't be in such a hurry, Doctor ; I am her father, and want to ask you a few necessary questions.

SANDF. Vat you vas please : but pity me no see de patient.

SIR J. PEN. 'Tis all in good time, Doctor.  
—What may I call your name, Mr. ey, Tim ?

TIMOTHY. (*in a flutter, takes out his paper and reads*) Here, here he is.—Doctor Cast-urine de Marefbank.

SIR J. PEN. Pray, Doctor Cast mares on the back, what religion may you be of ?

SANDF. Dat vas not de fair questione. But me religion be de Englice religione.

SIR J. PEN. I'm glad of that, not that I  
study

study those sort of things.—Then I suppose you are a protestant.

SANDF. Vous, Sair, be ver right; me protest against de Englice, ver good, Sair. But where be de patient?

SIR J. PEN. But, Doctor, how do you charge, now; is it by the lump, or so much a visit?

SANDF. Me sharge! me make no sharge at all: if me no cure your shilds, me have no pay.

SIR J. PEN. (*aside to Timothy*) A great man this, Timothy, and deals honourably.

TIMOTHY. Very honourable indeed.

SIR J. PEN. Had we not better get an apothecary, Doctor; or can you shift without?—Their bills come high.

SANDF. Apothecare! mine Gods! me no vant de pothecare: for if de Englice patient don't see van, two, tree bottle, and van, two, tree box of de pill; if he no take a de medicine, he don't think he be sick.—No, Sieur, me no put a de blister; me no give de pill; nor no give de purge: me only feel de pulse. Me have one sharme, dat vill make your van shilds, de young ladie, ver well.

SIR J. PEN. (*astonished, to Timothy*) A wonderful reasonable man this! ey, Timothy; for shou'd he not cure, why no bills, to cast up.

TIMOTHY.

TIMOTHY. (*to Penurious*) That wou'd be a double los. Misery ! misery ! the love of his money is greater than the love of his daughter. (*aside.—To the Doctor*) Don't you cure the wind-cholick, and the dropfy ?

SIR J. PEN. Well observed, Tim.

SANDE. Me cure all disorder, incident to de human bodies.

*Enter BETTY in a fright.*

BETTY. Lard ! Lard ! Sir ! Mistress has been up in the chair a full hour, and more ; and her poor dear spirits are quite extracted : Pray, Mr. Doctor, come and subscribe to her.

*(Exit Betty.)*

SIR J. PEN. In the name of interest, I, I thought her a dozing.—Come, Mr. Mr. Castwater de Horsebank, follow me. (*going*) But Doctor, you may be of service to me ; no extra charge, now you are here, cy, Doctor.—I'm troubled with the wind ; do you think, now, that you can set me at liberty—give more freedom ?

SANDE. Sieur, me vil give you cure.

*(Re-enter Betty, while the Doctor is speaking, making signs to him.)*

SIR

SIR J. PEN. Give me a cure! faith, that's generous.

(*Betty beckons again.*)

SANDF. (*going*) I go, and be vid my one self, and de house must be ver quiet; for if de ladie was die, while me was in de house, me lost my reputation.

BETTY. O pray, Sir, all the house shall be composing.

SIR J. PEN. Then, Doctor, let's hurry! let's hurry!

TIMOTHY. (*following*) What a flint I have for a master!—Agree as he thinks with the Doctor, to cure his daughter, as he wou'd for a piece of hedging and ditching! O that he wou'd make me serve my country!

S C E N E III.

SOPHIA *alone, seated.*—*Enter BETTY, running.*

BETTY. O ma'am! he has a dressed himself to a miracle.—He's the very moral of the doctor.

tor.—Here they come ; lean upon the chair ; no, ma'am, you had better lean upon me ; no, no, I thinks you had better be fainting—smell to the bottle, and I'll fan you a bit.

SOPHIA. I protest, I fear I shall laugh ; yet the joy, at the sight of him I love, may dissolve me into tears.

BETTY. What cry !—Lard, ma'am !

*Enter SIR J. PENURIOUS and SANDFORD.*

SIR J. PEN. There, Doctor, lies my daughter, and now your patient.—I wou'd as soon lose my estate—hum !

SANDF. (*approaches*) Me vil save de patient, for de van half. (*feels her pulse*)

SIR J. PEN. I hope you will, Doctor ; more of that another time. Come, Betty, doctors have questions to ask the sick, that may be thought indelicate for folks that are well to hear. (*going.*)

SANDF. Ver good, ver good, you understand de ceremonies : Sieur, if you please. (*pointing to the door.—Exeunt Penurious and Betty*) Ah ! my dear Sophia ! my joy is so great, I know not how to address thee ; yet, now I'm at liberty, I'll pour out my soul in raptures. (*salutes.*)

SOPHIA,

SOPHIA. Ah, Sandford! Heaven sooner or later will point out a bright star, whose light will shine through the thickest cloud, and smile.—And faithful love—

SANDE. (*feeling his beard*) Pardon me, Sophia; my transport was so great, that I had lost recollection. (*pulls off his beard.*)

SIR J. PEN. (*glides in softly.*) So, so, that's being very close, ey, Doctor. (*Sandford holding his beard with one hand, Sophia with the other.*)

SANDE. Sieur, Sieur, dis vas, dat vas me way; me must come in, de wind of the de patient's breath, or me one charme have no vartue.

SIR J. PEN. Very just, Doctor; for if the breath is tainted, our English faculty pronounce the patient far gone. (*aside*) Surprising man! he must make a swinging fortune by his charms, if our English apothecaries don't waylay him, for being an enemy to medicine. (*Exit.*)

SANDE. Fortune once more has allowed me, Sophia, to gaze on thee, my long lost care, with rapture and new delight.

SOPHIA. O Sandford! indeed you left me, exposed to trials the most severe: imprisoned by my own father; shut up from the sweet converse of friends, the light of heaven, and with but barely a sufficiency of the common necessities of life; but those difficulties were trifling, when



I brought your shipwreck home to myself, and drew the sad comparison.—My imprisonment, and the tyranny of a father, became familiar to me; but your death——(*in tears*) tho' I durst not mourn after the common custom, my heart was deeply robed with weeping crape.

SANDF. Your tender concern is so deeply wrought in my soul, that time itself can ne'er erase it.—I shou'd have long ere now have rescued you from the insults of an unfeeling father. But at the time I intended our union, a summons arrived to attend, instantly, my ship at Spithead; which I obeyed.—It was a time of actual service; a non-compliance, or a resignation wou'd have been both cowardly and dishonourable.—My king, my country called me, and fortune gave me victory.—But now I've surmounted those difficulties, and gained both honour, and an increase of fortune, with you, I trust, to share it with me.

SOPHIA. Let your defence cease; I forgive, and think your conduct great and exemplary.

SANDF. Your approbation, and forgiveness, prove to me an additional victory.

SOPHIA. Forgiveness! Every passion in life shou'd be sacrificed to a country's interest.

SANDF.

192 THE GENEROUS COUNTERFEIT,

SANDF. Charming woman!—But now let's concert the best method to secure liberty. Is there no place of quiet.

SOPHIA: We'll retire to my closet, (*going*) where we may remain undisturbed; this way.

(*Exeunt.*)

End of the SECOND ACT.

A C T

## A C T III.

## S C E N E I.

*Enter* SIR J. PENURIOUS *and* SANDFORD.

SIR J. PENURIOUS.

**W**ELL, Mr. Mr. Cast—waterbank, how  
is she now?

SANDF. Sometimes well, and sometimes not  
well; his lungs be cout, and his livers be cout,  
but de heart be van littel bit on de van side.

SIR J. PEN. I thought so, Doctor; 'tis a  
love-sickness; 'twas the rogue Sandford's doings;  
but now he's gone to the bottom, to a whale's  
belly, Doctor, one monster gone into another.  
But, Doctor, do you now, in your honest opi-  
nion, think that you can set her heart upright?  
—I'm anxious to know it, tho' I wou'd not

O

have

have her find out my affection for her, mum !  
you understand me Doctor.

SANDE. Me forfeit de life, if me no make  
a de heart ver well. But, Sieur, de patient  
vants de priest for pray, van petit moment  
vid her.

SIR J. PEN. A priest ! What the devil a  
parson come to my house !—With all my heart,  
Doctor ; it looks well too on her side : she  
begins to relent for her manifold offences  
against me.

*Enter BETTY (in haste.)*

BETTY. Sir, Miss is all devotions, and  
wants to know if Mr. Classic is come.

SIR J. PEN. Come ! the devil ! he's not sent  
for yet ; here, Timothy, I say, Timothy : Betty,  
go send me Timothy.

BETTY. (*aside*) O laws ! if he did but know  
our contrivance. (*Exit.*)

SANDE. It vill be ver prepare for your  
shilds, to have de fresh air in de fields.

SIR J. PEN. I'll be as good as my word,  
Doctor, not stir a yard without my dwelling : if  
she's strong enough for exercise, let her walk  
about

about in the galleries; fling open the casements, there's air enough to work a windmill.

SANDF. Dat vas, as you vas please to ordere, I go give my directione. (*Exit Sandford.*)

*Enter TIMOTHY.*

SIR J. PEN. Timothy, go this instant, take old Crop; don't hurry him, Tim; and fetch Parson Classie to thy mistress; don't hurry, Tim, thou knowest his wind is a little touched! (*Timothy going*) Hold, hold, Tim; dost know the hour the parson dines? I wou'd not have him come dinnerless; I, I don't like to be disturbed myself, 'tis ungentee!; take care, do thy business well, and I'll reward thee handsomely.

TIMOTHY. I hope soon—'Twill be all for the good of my country.

SIR J. PEN. I'll—go, go, and bring the parson. (*Exit Tim.*)

*Enter BETTY (in a hurry.)*

BETTY. Sir! Sir! here is the deuce and all a come, Mr. Overton, Miss Angelica, and, and pox take his name, ho, Captain O'Larum, I

O 2

thinks

*Enter BETTY.*

BETTY. (*to Angelica*) My mistress will redeem it a favour to see you, ma'am; there is nobody with her but the Doctor.

ANG. I'll wait on my cousin.—I follow you, Mrs. Betty. (*going*)

O'LARY. Will you not go, and take me with you, if it be no ill manners? Faith, that's a trick as foreign to an Irish officer, as luxury is to this house here: if I wou'd not follow you too—if it was no offence to you, Sir, and the old baronet.

OVERTON. Not the least offence, and I dare answer for Sir John. (*aside.—To the Captain*) It may better answer the intention of the visit to take him alone; and you may be the better judge, and bring me word, if she's likely to pop off.—mum!

O'LARY. Faith, if your knowledge in these little arts here wou'd not out-wit the greatest jesuit in all Ireland: and, let me tell you, that's no small business, my jewel. (*going.*)

OVERTON. Let me alone, where policy is required. Well, you had better go—my compliments.

O'LARY.

O'LARY. But we are gone, so your fervant.

*(Exeunt Captain, Angelica, and Betty.)*

OVERTON. Now's my time to use my persuasive artillery—I'll lift him to the bottom, and find out if he has any real affection for his son, and whether his anger against Sophia burns now in his bosom with the fury it did, when he first discovered the affair of Sandford.—If there's but the least spark of that resentment left there, I'll nourish it; and all attempts on her side for pardon shall prove ineffectual; and if I find him well disposed towards Jack, Angelica shall marry him immediately.—Then all my ambition will be gratified, my daughter shall assume the title of lady, and be at the head of the first estate in the country.—Oho, here he comes.

*Enter PENURIOUS.*

SIR J. PEN. I heard of you, neighbour Overton, and shou'd have waited of you sooner, but business, business, Master Overton—my hoggerie and poultry yard.

OVERTON. I'm ashamed, I beg, Sir—business of itself is a sufficient apology; we cou'd not exist without business.—Trade and commerce are the main springs that support the prosperity of the nation.

O 4

SIR

SIR J. PEN. So they are, so they are; business, business, Master Overton, is health to the body, and profit, the greatest comfort to the soul.

VERTON. Most certainly, Sir; I defy the most consummate politician, or deepest learned philosopher, to go counter to your assertion.

SIR J. PEN. To be sure, experience has taught me to know the difference between the purchasing of lands at two and half per cent. when six, eight, and ten offers in bank-stock.—I am a patriot of old, and place too found an opinion in government security, to think of a sponge. It never, never can happen, Master Overton. But, but have you dined?—What's come of the Captain, and your daughter Angelica?

VERTON. Gone to pay her respects to Sophia, and the Captain accompanied her.—I'm happy to hear she's better—worse I mean. (*aside.*)

SIR J. PEN. This outlandish Doctor has found out her disorder.

VERTON. The devil he has! (*aside*)

SIR J. PEN. Did you say you had dined?

VERTON. I thank you, Sir, for your obliging concern; I dine at home—I have a haunch of venison for dinner,

SIR



SIR J. PEN. Venison ! Venison is fine eating, light food and easy of digestion.—'Twas well you ordered dinner at home ; my maid Betry tells me, we have no butcher's meat in the house. (*aside*) Venison !

OVERTON. All housekeepers in the country are liable to these accidents ; besides the weather is hot, and meat won't keep.

SIR J. PEN. Consumed hot ; the flies are mortal enemies to fresh meat, which is the reason I don't overstock the larder.

OVERTON. A very prudent thought, Sir John. I beg your ear to business, business of the most urgent and pressing nature. May I, without offence, be permitted to be an advocate and mediator between you and your son ?

SIR J. PEN. I have not quarrelled with him : I pay him his quarterly allowance on the day it becomes due ; besides a debt of thirty shillings to a surgeon—to a surgeon, Master Overton !

OVERTON. Your allowance to him, Sir, is very inadequate to support him in the line of a gentleman.—It wou'd, therefore, be but common justice to increase his allowance.

SIR J. PEN. My blessing, if he pleases, but not a penny more ; if he had been content to  
fare

fare as I do, his demands for money would be less.

OVERTON. I am happy to find you attached to him.

SIR J. PEN. Attached to him ! why I love him, as every sensible father ought to love ; which is the only reason I stint him, that he might know how to live in the world.—Cannot he be content till harvest comes home, 'till I am dead ? Why, Master Overton, my savings are like tenants at rack rent ; save all they can within the year, lest their landlord turn them out at the end of it :—And when my body is without life, and can't be renewed, he'll have quiet possession of Dungmore Place, and all the appurtenances thereunto belonging.

OVERTON. Your conduct, Sir, is exemplary, and will be a bright model, struck to succeeding generations.—Charming ! delightful ! (*aside.*)

*Enter TIMOTHY—his face dirty.*

TIMOTHY. I have brought the parson, gave him the saddle, and mounted the crupper myself—poor gentleman, he has no keep for one.

SIR J. PEN. In the name of interest, what,  
4 Crop

Crop carry double ! Had I known it, I wou'd have seen all the cloth in the Red Sea.

OVERTON. My visit has fully answered the intention; next for the wedding. (*aside*) I fear, I intrude, Sir John; your most obedient. (*going.*)

SIR J. PEN. Family concerns, you see, Sir; your servant (*Exit Overton—as he goes out, Penurious exclaims aside*) May this venison be the last ! I fear Crop is worsted; I shall never meet his fellow—little hay and less oats keep him. But where 'is the parson ? Hey day ! how in this pickle ?

*Re-enter OVERTON.*

OVERTON. Sir, I beg ten thousand pardons, for being thus remiss, in not requesting the honour of your company to dine with me ; as you are not furnished with butcher's meat, I may hope for that happiness.

SIR J. PEN. (*in agreeable confusion*) Sir, Sir, I, I'll accept your kind offer, and try if I can eat a morsel ; I love venison : wait a moment, and I'll accompany you.—But what of the parson, Timothy ?

TIMOTHY, Ah ! poor gentleman, he's in the kitchen.

SIR

SIR J. PEN. In the kitchen!—What in the name of interest, has he not dined?

TIMOTHY. Dined! I thought 'twas all over with his dining, preaching, and my butler'ship. If there was a bait in his way, I don't think his jaws in tune, for he has not a grinder left; a great mercy too, we were not forfeited by law.

SIR J. PEN. (*discovers great anxiety*). Forfeited! be explicit, I don't understand thee.

TIMOTHY. Have a little patience, and you shall hear—why you must know, miraculous escape!—'twas well it was no worse.

SIR J. PEN. Zounds! why torment me?—Miracles! what miracles have you performed?

TIMOTHY. Why, misfortunes will happen.

SIR J. PEN. Crop has met with no misfortune?

TIMOTHY. To cut the matter short, you shall hear the truth:—You must know, Sir, why—

SIR J. PEN. Damn your whys! (*walks about impatiently*) I'll be why'd no longer, out with the truth.

TIMOTHY. Just as I was going to say before; as we three, Crop, the parson, and myself were entering the backside, full trot, not a gallop, Crop stuck his foot in the rat drain, when

when snack went the curate like a shot, and lay, poor gentleman, on the ground, divided in three parts; his body in the duck-pond, his hat in the sink, and his wig on the dunghill, and, and——

SIR J. PEN. (*discovers great impatience*) No more of your ands, I, I shall run mad.

TIMOTHY. Have but a little patience, I am after my story—yes I am, I have it, hem.—As Crop stuck his foot in the rat drain,—left his shoe behind; and as he stumbled, down he came all fours, killed the old turkey cock, and three pouts;—bow wow went the dogs—grunt went the fow—squeak cries a roaster; and, mercy on us! 'twas a mercy indeed, the poor gentleman was not smothered. I received no other damage, than breaking the back fastening of my breeches.

SIR J. PEN. (*walks disordered*) The fowls are a loss, Crop narrowly escaped it.—Hast found his shoe, Timothy?

TIMOTHY. 'Twas well I found my life, and the curate's hat and perriwig.

*Enter CLASSIC, with a book under his arm.*

SIR J. PEN. So, Parson, I hear you made a stumble, as you entered the backside.

CLASSIC.

CLASSIC. I wish I had not entered it at all ; but fate so ordained it.—Your brute, Sir, by a false movement, was near hurrying me from a finite, to an infinite region ; your domestic Mr. Timothy can witness my attestations.

TIMOTHY. Every joint will bear witness.

SIR J. PEN. Every man to his business, Parson : I have nothing to do with infinite things, with worlds I never saw, not I ; my concerns lie here—witness my poultry—ay, and my horse too was as near it, as nineteen shillings and eleven pence are to twenty.—So, I see you have your materials (*pointing to the book.*)

CLASSIC. I'm never without, when I travel in the way of my function. When the trumpet sounds, the spirit shou'd give way—I presume that the spirit worketh in the bosom of the afflicted ; 'tis praise worthy I shou'd set it at rest ; I cou'd wish, therefore, to proceed to my duty.

SIR J. PEN. She's prepared for you ; but, Parson, are there not some little fees tacked to these ceremonies ? If so, I had better discharge them : I dine out, therefore wou'd not have you stay.—Master Overton, faith I have kept you waiting ; I hope the venison is not worsted.

OVERTON. My time is yours, Sir ; I beg that I may not hurry you—'tis all in good time.

CLASSIC.

CLASSIC. (*to Penurious*) There is by statute law established, in the canons ecclesiastical, a trifling provision for the cloth; but, but, hum—when we administer to the affluent, we expect an increase of fees—I, I think it meet, I shou'd forward my duty; those concerned therein may be impatient.

SIR J. PEN. I am conformable to the laws of my country, Parson; but never, never pay more fees or taxes than the law demands.—I never rebel against the constitution, neither in church or state.—I love old customs, old laws I revere, I hear of new ones to be instituted, but I don't hold them good in the main. I abominate infringements—I detest the idea of lopping off from the constitution, altho' I'm fond of topping trees. Well, Parson, I think your assistance necessary—Come here, this way, go to the end of that passage, turn on your right, and the first door on your left, you'll see some chains hang to, and within that door you'll find my daughter; and do your business as the law directs.

CLASSIC. Most piously and devoutly—Are you inclined to partake?

SIR J. PEN. Who me! ha! ha! I'm in health, and want no assistance; just going to partake of a haunch of venison. Parson, I shou'd

shou'd have asked you to dine with me, but, you see, I dine out.

CLASSIC. Sir, Sir, 'twas my duty—a good appetite to you—your servant. (*going*) The first on the right, and the first on the left. O! how I long to say grace to the haunch of venison! (*aside*) (*Exit.*)

SIR J. PEN. I hope this Parson and his preaching has not over-roasted the venison. (*going*) Here, Timothy, go tell the Captain and Angelica, I dine with Mr. Overton. Faith I'm hungry: come, cousin Overton, (*going*) my good friend Overton.

OVERTON. No, Sir, by no means, I follow you. This venison shall pay well for it's sauce and dressing too. (*aside.*) (*Exeunt.*)

TIMOTHY. (*alone*) Any where but eating at home; it costs nothing then.—What a plague is all this greatness between Sir John and Mr. Overton; a sly, over-reaching rascal, not worth hanging for his hide.—What can it mean? O! I have it, yes I have—now he wants to make Sir John's will and testament, and serve him as he did 'Squire Easy, when he was dying, instead of giving the estate and chattels, as the 'Squire desired in his Will, to his own relations, he gave them all to himself; and who knows, but he may serve Sir John the same trick.

But



But, but then Sir John an't sick, and don't want a Will made yet—no, that's not it.—Well, time will bring things about. I'll go and give Betty a salute, and hear what's going forward—O the dickens! I forgot the Captain and Miss Overton.  
(*Exit in a hurry.*)

End of the THIRD ACT.

P

ACT

## A C T IV.

## S C E N E I.

*Enter* CAPTAIN O'LARY, CAPTAIN SANDFORD,  
and CLASSIC.

O'LARY.

**N**EVER trouble your head about that, Mr. Priest—I swear by my soul, and St. Patrick too, who is now, let me tell you, the first great saint in all Ireland; that you never was more right in all your practice.

CLASSIC. I have done my duty, and may you profit thereby—you'll not forget to mention Lazarus Classic to the Right Reverend Father, Lord Bishop of this diocese; a master of arts, husband to one wife, and father of ten children, male and female; a shepherd of three churches, at ten pounds a flock per annum.

SANDF. On the word of an honest man, Mr. Classic, your interest shall not be neglected.

CLASSIC. You'll have the prayers of a poor, tho' an honest clergyman, so we part in peace, according to the word. *(Exit.)*

O'LARY. Poor fellow! Of all the pastors in his way, but he is the leanest.

SANDF. Thirty pounds a year, and twelve in family, Captain, wou'd soon bring the most corpulent of his dignitaries upon a level with himself.

*Enter Servant with a letter, gives it to the Captain, and exit.*

O'LARY. *(opens the letter in a flutter)* The devil a word shall I speak while I read; but you shall hear it when I have done. *(reads the letter.)*

" My dear Captain,

" Bravo! bravo! my honest port has searched  
 " out the inmost recesses in the old rascal's  
 " heart; and produced the most favourable  
 " symptom in Jack's favour. He means to  
 " leave him all at his death, he loves him, and  
 " only feigns being displeased. Jack is here,  
 " and has made his peace, and we have in con-  
 " junction increased his abhorrence of Sophia.  
 " Bravo! bravo! my noble Captain.—A whif-  
 " per in your ear—I have dispatched Jack for

P 2

" the

" the Licence, who will soon be here. If Claffie  
 " is not gone, the knot may be tied before the  
 " curmudgeon returns, who now lies dead  
 " drunk at my house, snoring as loud as the  
 " oldest sow in his hoggerly. Adieu, my dear  
 " friend ; and believe me all yours,

" SNEAK OVERTON.

" P. S. If the Parson is averse, charge  
 " him with a bribe, and I'll double you the sum  
 " for your service."

O'LARY. What ! Captain O'Lary degrade  
 the honour of a foldier, to be a hireling, to  
 take a bribe, and in a business so entirely out of  
 all nature !

SANDE. Incurigible villain ! Art may prof-  
 per for a season ; but honest integrity will float  
 on the most turbulent sea when treachery and  
 falsehood will sink beneath the smooth surface  
 of a calm.

*Enter SOPHIA to the Captain.*

SOPHIA. Angelica has withdrawn to the gar-  
 den, and desires your attendance there imme-  
 diately.

O'LARY. To be sure, on zephyr's wings I  
 run. *(Exit Captain.)*

SANDE.

SANDE. Well, Sophia, for the present I shall not resume the habit of my profession: I banish the doctor, and appear in my real character.

SOPHIA. Upon my honour, Sandford, you act the counterfeit so well; had you not given me the most lively proofs, I don't know whether I shou'd not have doubted your sincerity.

SANDE. And by the same rule, permit me to applaud your performance.—Well, child, all doubts are now removed—my next care shall be to cultivate the bounty fortune has thrown in my way, by restoring you to your liberty,

SOPHIA. Heigh ho!

SANDE. Your sighs distress me; this is not a moment to give way to melancholy.

SOPHIA. There arise some scruples—one circumstance I have conceal'd from you, that grieves me to the soul.

SANDE. From my soul, I give you full absolution, before you utter another syllable,

SOPHIA. You are too good.—This circumstance rests here; that by my uncle's Will, I'm not of age till I am twenty-five: therefore, my fortune is suspended, till that time arrives.

SANDE. (*clasps her in his arms*) O fie! Sophia; was it fifty—had you not a shilling, I

thank Neptune, gun-powder, and British tars, I have enough to support you as a gentleman; tho' not with the dignity of a first-rate equipage—I confide in your prudence.

SOPHIA. Equipage! I want none; a journey on foot with you I shou'd prefer to all the magnificence and pomp of princes. Happiness, and not grandeur, has ever been my object: and, I'm sure, the rustic cottage has truer felicity under it's roof, than the pompous Lord that claims it.

SANDF. I hope the coach will be punctual, then, Sophia, you shall bid adieu to this gloomy abode; and ever after find, I hope, in me, the felicity nature formed you for. (*taking her hand.*)

*Enter BETTY, frighted.*

BETTY. Lard, ma'am! O Lard, Sir! we are all gone to pot, gone to pot indeed!

SOPHIA. (*astonished*) What means all this? Who's gone?

BETTY. Lard! Lard! I, I have such a flutteration of, of the heart—I shall be turned away, and Timothy too: master knows all about it, he does, he does.

SANDF. Be more composed—What does he know?

know? I hope neither you nor Timothy have acted dishonestly.

BETTY. O dear Sir! you misprehend me; some diabolicus person has told Sir John, that you was at the Antelope, alive, and not dead—only think of that; and is now tearing and swearing, locking and bolting all the backfides about the house.

SOPHIA. Unfortunate discovery! O Sandford, protect me! I dread his fury! he'll make me the object of his revenge.

SANDF. At the expence of my life.—Perhaps he may not have discovered my disguise. I'll wait calmly the event.

SOPHIA. If thou art discovered, he may use some unkind expressions that may provoke thy vengeance.—He is an old man—my father, tho' my persecutor—use him tenderly. (*going.*)

SANDF. Delay a moment.—Whatever abuse he may bestow on Sandford, both his age, and his fair daughter, forbid violence. It wou'd sink the character of an English seaman, to use violence to an old man, who's not capable of self-defence; tho' his conduct merits retaliation. (*Penurious blusters behind the scenes*) Ho! here he comes; let's withdraw, (*going*) and be comforted under this idea; that counterfeiting a profession or a passion, under circumstances like

like ours, is neither disgraceful nor dishonourable.—Here he comes, let's mend our pace.

*(Exeunt hastily.)*

SIR J. PENURIOUS, *behind*.

SIR J. PEN. Where is my daughter? *(enters)* Here, Timothy! I say, Timothy! Betty! Nobody make answer; gormandizing—ay, ay, that trade never fails in my house. Here, Timothy! I smell a rat; my drawers may have been laid open, and rifled of their contents: I must see to that. *(going hastily, meeting the doctor)* So Doctor, you have preserved my daughter's life, to be my tormentor; better she had never lived: but, but I'll prevent future frolicks—she shall be imprisoned.

SANDF. O Sieur, you will kill your daughters, if you put him in de prisone.

SIR J. PEN. With all my heart, Doctor; she had better die under my lock and key, than be exposed to the miscreant Sandford.—Here, Timothy, Timothy, I say! *(walks about.)*

SANDF. *(aside)* Such undeserved epithets chill my blood, yet I must have patience.

*Enters TIMOTHY, rubbing his eyes, sleepy.*

TIMOTHY. Sir, Sir, yes Sir, what Sir, who Sir; what's the matter now, Sir?

SIR



SIR J. PEN. Too much by half, Sir—Sandford is come to life ! I'm in danger of mine, my house beset and plundered of all my industry—I am a murdered man, Timothy, I am, I am.

TIMOTHY. Murdered ! By a dead man ! Ghosts never kill ; they only come to frighten folks.

SIR J. PEN. You lie, rascal ! So did I think him dead, food for some hungry whale ; but it has cast him out again.

TIMOTHY. Poor gentleman ! I wish it were true.

SIR J. PEN. What, traitor ! with him alive !—So, so, so, my own servants plot against me. I, I tell thee 'tis true ; I had it chapter and verse from my good friend Overton. Go tell your mistress I want her ; no, I'll go myself.—Come, Doctor, you are an honest man, lend your assistance once more, and she shall shift for herself.

SANDF. You put yourself in passion, you kill your van daughters.

SIR J. PEN. I'll do the business completely. She's my daughter, and my daughter is my property. (*going*) Ho ! here he comes !—murder ! help ! help !

*Enter*

*Enter OVERTON.*

OVERTON. What's the matter, Sir? I heard the cry of murder.

SIR J. PEN. (*panling for breath*) O my worthy! my dear friend, is it you? I thought you Sandford. (*shakes hands*) Stand by me.—But, but how came you admitted? I thought my doors secured.

OVERTON. I perceived the great gate in motion, and discovered your fervant laden with provisions for the hoggery; when, on my earnest entreaty, I was admitted.—And now, Sir, I am here, permit me to be your protector; and be assured, that Sandford is this moment on your premises.

SIR J. PEN. Aye!

TIMOTHY. (*aside*) I smell a rat.

OVERTON. Upon my honour, I saw the wretch; and knowing your antipathy, pursued him, and shou'd have reduced the runagate to atoms; but, fortunate for him, I lost sight of him: being sensible of his danger, he accelerated his pace.

TIMOTHY. (*aside*) 'Tis false—O! but then, 'tis honourable—I never knew what honour was before—a liar.

SIR J. PEN. Thank you, thank you heartily,  
my

my dear friend. What an act of friendship! I think we may take him up by the vagrant act; the rogue has no visible means.—This instant will I put my daughter under lock—I'll be her keeper—I'll turn the key—follow me; I dare not move alone.

SANDF. You no have care, she be in de fit.

OVERTON. No matter, Doctor; she's a fly, artful, wicked strum—ja—jade.

SIR J. PEN. Gad so, what! ey! how, Master Overton! my daughter a strumpet! The Penurious family was never given that way; but, pray, your assistance. (*going.*)

OVERTON. Zounds! I fear he has some little affection for her. (*aside*) Pardon the unguarded expression; the warmth of my intention is but too much devoted to your interest, and the honour of your family.—I have done her business, and Angelica's too—I am rivetted in his heart. (*aside*) Sir, I follow you, and, at the hazard of my life, I'll protect your person and property. (*Exeunt.*)

TIMOTHY. (*following*) They have sprung a mine, and only want a match to blow us all up.

## SCENE

## S C E N E II.

SOPHIA *alone, walking about pensively.*

*Enter* SIR JOHN PENURIOUS, OVERTON, *and*  
SANDFORD,

SIR J. PEN. So, Miss, you must return to your confinement; your lover is come to life. I shall have you beat the march after him—to prison, prepare yourself—to prison.

SOPHIA. To prison! Heaven forbid!

SIR J. PEN. Nor hell, nor heaven shall forbid it.—Sandford's about my house; and you go to your hiding place.

SOPHIA. I feel happy—the account of his death was premature.

SIR J. PEN. The devil you do! feel happy at what makes me miserable!—But no matter, I see your drift, and will prevent your sport.—A thought strikes me! Here, Timothy!

*Enter* TIMOTHY.

TIMOTHY. (*answers behind*) Yes, Sir, yes, Sir.

SIR J. PEN. Go fetch me a Bible.

TIMOTHY. A bible! bible! I never saw it since at Dungmore place I have lived.—Yes, yes, I have: Tom hog-boy has something like it.

SIR J. PEN. I thought not: books I ever have had an aversion to; they are a bad soil, and produce nothing but idleness and romance. Go, Timothy, seek Tom's book, and bring me pen, ink, and paper. (*Exit Timothy*) I wish he mayn't be fonder of his book than my hogs. Mr. Overton, you are a justice of the peace, and shall swear that baggage there—any charge for private swearing?

OVERTON. O! dear Sir, no charge; the honour of your commands is ample reward.

(*Sandford whispers Sophia.*)

SIR J. PEN. Sir, you are very polite—I love politeness and good breeding myself.

SANDE. (*aside*) Damnable sycophant!

*Enter TIMOTHY, with a book, paper, and ink.*

TIMOTHY. Here he is, and the rest of um—O! I forgot the table. (*lays them on the floor, and returns hastily with a Table.*)

(*Sir John Penurious kneels to the Table.*)

TIMOTHY. (*aside*) I never saw him pray before.

SIR

SIR J. PEN. My house has been a prison this two years; I'm weary of the office of turn-key; it shall be a prison no longer.

SOPHIA. (*to Penurious*) This is kind indeed, Sir.

SIR J. PEN. Don't let your mind be tuned too high; although your body may be at liberty, your inclinations shall be stronger fettered than ever.—Fetch me a chair, Timothy. (*Exit Timothy*) Let me see, this is the 10th day of June, in the evening. (*Timothy returns with a chair, —Penurious seated, and writes.*)

TIMOTHY. (*aside*) 'Twas a short prayer, it suits him best.

SIR J. PEN. I, Sir John Penurious, Baronet, do hereby promise to pay my daughter, Sophia Penurious, the sum of ten thousand pounds on demand, on condition that she, the said Sophia, doth not marry Captain Sandford, from the day and hour herein mentioned, as witness my hand, PENURIOUS. (*Getting up*) This instrument will prevent future depredations.—Come, girl;—Master Overton, administer the oath.—What, Miss! look you sulky? Dare you object to my will and pleasure?

SOPHIA. My objections can but little avail, Sir; your commands shall be obeyed.

SIR J. PEN. Thy obedience sets thee at liberty.

liberty.—Administer, administer, Master Overton. (*giving him the book, which Overton opens.*)

OVERTON. (*turning over the leaves*) This is no bible.

SIR J. PEN. What a plague can it be? Let me examine.—True, it is not English, it must be Greek, Hebrew, or Latin,

OVERTON. 'Tis a Latin Herbal; yes, yes, I'm clear of it.

SIR J. PEN. It may be German for what I know.—What say you, Doctor? you are learned; besides, 'tis your country language.

SANDF. Shermans! (*looking at it*) It be no more Shermans, than the devil be Shermans.

SIR J. PEN. In the name of interest, what outlandish speech can it be of! Timothy, go call Tom to me, that he may explain the mystery.

TIMOTHY. (*bawling*) Tom! hog-boy! fellow servant. (*Tom answers*) this way.

(*Exit Timothy.*)

OVERTON. I'm positive 'tis Latin.—What! a justice of the peace not know the dead languages!

*Re-enter TIMOTHY, and TOM.*

TIMOTHY. Take thy book, and read the Latin.

SIR

SIR J. PEN. What country language is this Bible written in?

TOM. Cot ples her, her's no Piple; her is from Wales.

SIR J. PEN. The devil! What the Latin turned into Welch at last!

TOM. It was no Latins; it was a Welch Dick-shon-harry, her mother gave her to learn English, when her travell'd to England to make his fortune.

SIR J. PEN. A Welch Dictionary to learn English!—Well, you have explained the mystery very fully indeed; you may go to your work.

TOM. Is, shure, and feed the bacuns.

*(Exeunt Timothy and Tom.)*

OVERTON. The instrument you have just drawn is not strictly regular; and, I conceive, there may be a possibility of evading your intention.

SIR J. PEN. My life on the validity of the instrument; and further, she swore to keep it. Had she indeed been sworn by a Dictionary, there might have been danger upon a discovery.

OVERTON. Had I been aware of your intention, when you sent for the book, I shou'd have prevented what has past. *(takes a small black*



*black book out of his pocket*) This is the book that I use in the practice of swearing.

SIR J. PEN. That's lucky; I have many a score of times kissed its fellow, but never examined the inside of any—let me see. (*Overton discovers a reluctance, and inclined to put it in his pocket—opens it*) What in the name of interest, a Lady's Diary!

OVERTON. The, the contents are out of the question; the intention is all.

SIR J. PEN. What! Swear by an Almanack!

OVERTON. 'Tis the mode in practice, and custom makes it lawful.

SIR J. PEN. Well, well, if it is customary, I'm satisfied; then proceed to business, administer—I don't like to be obstinate.

OVERTON. A justice of the Quorum has a great deal to, *risque*, Sir: one slip in the way of his practice you'd remain a perpetual blot in his scutcheon. To, to be honest, I'm totally ignorant of the form of oath to be administered in this case. Delay a little, and I'll send for the learned Justice Burn, the great luminary of the Quorum.

SIR J. PEN. Delays in law are dangerous, to be sure; but then, 'tis the salvation of the profession.

Q

*Enter*

*Enter TIMOTHY.*

TIMOTHY. Captain O'Lary, Miss Angelica, and Master Jack, are come—Are they to have entrance?

SIR J. PEN. Yes, throw open the gate. *(Timothy going)* Hold, hold.—Master Overton, you'll dispatch the swearing. Timothy, tell my son to come to me; I shall be in my closet. *(Exit Timothy)* Doctor, you may attend your patient.—O! fear comes upon me, Sandford's afloat; guard me, guard me to my closet.

*(Exeunt.)*

S C E N E III.

PENURIOUS *seated at a table, examines papers.*

SIR J. PEN. Let me see, ay, ten and five are fifteen, good; fifteen hundred pounds at five per cent. very right; and the premium is equal to five more, better.—Yet conscience—What the devil has a gentleman to do with conscience?

—I'll lay conscience aside, and let Mr. Needy, the mortgagee know, I shall foreclose, unless he pays off the debt; yet I know 'tis out of his power: What have I to do with that? that's his business.—Ten per cent. is not to slip through my fingers, because conscience interferes.—I'll advance him the remaining sum, and take possession.

*Enter JACK PENURIOUS.*

SIR J. PEN. Well, Sir, I suppose necessity brought you here.

JACK PEN. You are right, Sir.

SIR J. PEN. I'm never wrong, Sir; never out in my calculations.—Give me my security, and I'll not detain you, tho' 'tis mighty inconvenient for me just now to part with the money.—Your receipt. *(gives it, and returns a draught at six weeks.)*

JACK PEN. *(looks at it)* A draught at six weeks.

SIR J. PEN. I know it, Sir, and what of that?

JACK PEN. I want the money.

SIR J. PEN. Get it, then, discounted. Come, come, my time is precious—take care of it; learn to be frugal, your servant—but I'll see you out.

*(Exit Jack.)*

Q 2

*Enter*

*Enter TIMOTHY with two unlighted candles,  
lays them on the table.*

TIMOTHY. A gentleman with a coach and fix is at the door,—fine cattle!

SIR J. PEN. What! ey! how!

TIMOTHY. Yes, and as many servants, covered with lace, their heads as white as your Sabbath perriwig; ruffle shirts, and chitterlings; thong whips, and silver spurs, and queue tails—mercy on us! as large, ay, and larger too.—He certainly is a Lord, or a Sheriff.—He must see you upon business.

SIR J. PEN. Shew him in. (*Exit Timothy*)  
Who can this great man be?—O, I have it.—They talk of a dissolution of parliament, and he wants to secure my interest for the Borough. Then he must carry a purse, and not a very light one, or I'll—So, so, as fine as a town Lord. I'll not abate one hundred of my price.

*Enter LORD E. O.*

LORD E. O. Sir, I beg pardon; I, I intrude I fear.

SIR J. PEN. I'm a man of business, Sir. Will you be seated?

LORD

LORD E. O. Sir, you do me honour. (*seated.*)

SIR J. PEN. Well, Sir, what may be your business?

LORD E. O. Of, of the first consequence to me, and, I presume, not unpleasant to you, Sir.

SIR J. PEN. Any papers to read over, mortgages, reversions, annuities, assignments, elections, or is it simply conversation?

LORD E. O. Simply conversation, Sir.

SIR J. PEN. Then, there's no call for light, we can talk without it—to cut the matter short, what may your name be?

LORD E. O. My name, Sir!—I'm a nobleman of distinction.

SIR J. PEN. Not half per cent. the better for that.—Nobility now-a-days shoots up like a mushroom, and, like a Birmingham halfpenny, is coined more from base mettle than good. Ribbands and titles are ill gotten, when acquired by interest, and not by patriotism and valour.—The times are strangely degenerated. But is this all you have to say, nothing but your pedigree?

LORD E. O. A strange fellow! (*aside*) Give me time, Sir John.

SIR J. PEN. Time!—Why the best estate in the country might have been conveyed in half the time.—Come to the point.

Q3

LORD

LORD E. O. Sir, I feel an ambition to be allied to your family.

SIR J. PEN. To my money you mean, which is the best branch of it.—But how can it happen?

LORD E. O. Damned impertinent. (*aside*) I am well informed that you are father to one of the most amiable young ladies of the age; and we—we—with your approbation—I feel anxious to be her suitor, on terms strictly honourable—

SIR J. PEN. You are mistaken in your man; I tell you that honour is perverted, and I have drawn a protest against all right honourables, and tell you my daughter is not disposed your way: besides, people of your condition angle for fortunes; if so, you had better seek another market for your honour, and your title.

LORD E. O. I perceive his policy, and shall not resent his insolence. My intentions are honest, Sir, and I will make her a settlement of three thousand pounds a year, provided you'll make her fortune adequate.

SIR J. PEN. Whether you like her, or not, ey.—I don't approve of those sudden, blind promises; they'll not hold good in the main—productive of divorces, separations, and as liable to fall to pieces, as those lords that give premiums to evade the law, borrow money at  
twenty

twenty per cent. give a bond for four hundred, when they receive but one. Three thousand pounds a year is a fwinging fum, and may hap 'tis mortgaged to the full value, and twice over for aught I know.—This is nothing new in those days of extravagance.—'Tis not the first time, Sir, I have seen right honourables at their last shift.

LORD E. O. Sir, you wound my dignity! You know 'not who I am.—Sir, you insult Lord E. O!

SIR J. PEN. Earl of the dice box, I suppose.—I mean as I say; and further, I tell your honour, that I'll make no settlement at all, if that's English; and I tell you that the E. O.'s have proved the bane of the first estates in the kingdom. But my Lord E. O. I'll take care, that you'll not enter into my family; therefore the sooner the better you return to people of the same honour, and seek an alliance among them.

LORD E. O. (*lays his hand on his sword*) Zounds! what is it you mean? (*advancing.—Penurious frightened*) Your age, and your ignorance, plead for mercy——Or this sword shou'd make a passage to your heart!

SIR J. PEN. Timothy! Timothy! murder! murder! help! ~~help~~! Oh! (*falls in his chair.*)

Q 4

LORD

LORD E. O. (*groping his way out*) An unfortunate cast! no dealing here! a damned unlucky hit! out trumped, by all that's honourable! gammoned to the devil! without even a glance of the fair prize! ruined beyond the power of redemption!—O here's the door. (*looks at Penurious*) Insolent! vulgar rascal! (*Penurious startles.*) (Exit Lord E. O.)

*Enter TIMOTHY, with a candle.*

TIMOTHY. Lord! Lord! Sir! Sir! (*shakes him*) If you are dead, speak! Mercy on us, what a fight!—Was it this Lord that did your business? Here, here, take a pinch, (*takes out his snuff box*) 'tis very reviving. ( *rubs his nose with snuff.*)

SIR J. PEN. (*starts*) O Timothy! Timothy! this, this Lord, Timothy. (*looking around him*) I'm glad the villain's gone.—The bloody-minded dog was as near cutting my throat, Timothy, as nine hundred and ninety pounds are to a thousand. (*fainting.*)

TIMOTHY. Ay, ay, you'll get throttl'd at last, after all your scrapings!—Thank heaven, I'm in no danger of being butchered so, that's some comfort. Here, take t'other pinch, and try if you can snort a little. (*applies more snuff.*)

SIR



SIR J. PEN. Dear Timothy, stand by me, it shall be better for thee. (*getting up*) O Tim!

TIMOTHY. I hope it will be better for me.— Oh! how I long to serve my country! (*going*)

SIR J. PEN. O for a little relief! Terrible obstructions!

TIMOTHY. Come and lay down, and take some powder ginger; 'twill soon mend your pace, my life for it.

SIR J. PEN. So it will—'tis a fine medicine, and easy to come at, Tim.—I'll lay down.

TIMOTHY. If you never get up again, your country will suffer no great loss. (*aside.*)

(*Exeunt.*)

End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

*Enter BETTY and TIMOTHY.*

BETTY.

**H**AS the ginger you minister'd to Sir John done his business?

TIMOTHY. Presently, and he has now no more the fear of death, than a Whitefieldite preacher.

BETTY. Poor hardened gentleman! I shou'd not wonder, with all his tyrannicalness and riches, if he was to make his extinguish in a convulsive!—Ay, poor wretch, 'twould be better for us then.

TIMOTHY. Better for us!

BETTY. To be sure. You know Mr. Jack is coming to be married in the morning, you know.

TIMOTHY. What have we to do with that?

BETTY. Why, to be sure, 'tis a joke upon him;

him; but you know, my dear Timothy, that—  
heigh-ho!—that Mr. Classic is coming for all  
that; and he is a good natured, good sort of  
a gentleman, you know, and he'll have no ob-  
jection.—Suppose—O dear!—Suppose now, we  
were to ask him, and he may do it for nothing;  
I have got the—heigh-ho!—'twas a gift of my  
old grandmother.—

TIMOTHY. (*in surprise*) Are you sound in  
head?—What did your grandmother give  
you?

BETTY. Why a ring, you know, and that  
will save expences: tho', to be sure 'tis none of  
the modernest; but I'll make shift.

TIMOTHY. O! so you wou'd not have the  
Parson return without a job, and so marry us—  
A very good shift indeed!

BETTY. To be sure, you know then 'twill be  
all over.

TIMOTHY. Why yes, I think it will be all  
over then indeed.

BETTY. So it will; how dull of misprehen-  
sion you was, you rogue you. (*taps him under  
the chin*) When I first gave you my company,  
you use'd then to understand my words, ay, and  
hints too, better.—I understood what you  
wou'd be at, before we had been fellow servants  
a month.

TIMOTHY,

TIMOTHY. Yes, but you always took care to deny me. I have no fault to find, to be sure; but I did not think you dreamt of marrying so soon.—A young family may come—the times are consumed trying.

BETTY. La, so soon!—Mercy on us maids, when we have kept company for years and more.—O Lard, as for breeding—why to be sure, one may expect that, when a body gets married.

TIMOTHY. Well, well, let's put it off a little while, and let this be a beginning. (*kisses.*)

BETTY. Nonsense! there's nothing new in that: but how soon people then wou'd have no more to say; and instead of plain Betty, I shall be called Mrs. Brush: and then you know, you wou'd not have the Batchelors tax to pay.

TIMOTHY. That indeed is some encouragement; and Mr. Brush, too, has a handsome found enough, and will make some difference. Hey day! (*looks off*) Sir John is up, and going out; no, no, he comes this way, let's out of his reach, or we shall be suspected again. (*running about.*)

BETTY. Ola! how my dear peace of mind is larmed! This way, this way, my dear Tim, this way.

TIMOTHY.

TIMOTHY. Ay, ay, any where, but don't let him see you: and I'll go and hurry the post-coach.  
(*Exeunt separating.*)

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## S C E N E II.

*Enter* CAPTAIN O'LARY, and SANDFORD.

O'LARY. (*looks at his watch.*) Fire drown these post-boys, but they are near ten minutes of being after the hour !

SANDF. Never fear, Captain, they'll not fail being ready at the appointed time.—The Ladies are not equipped.

O'LARY. This is a slippery season, and let me tell you, that a good general shou'd be ready in waiting for his enemy, and not the enemy in waiting for him.

SANDF. Be not alarmed, our cause is good.—But did you lay an embargo on the parson ?

O'LARY. To be sure I have, and the bridegroom too; I think you call him by that name.

SANDF. What course did you steer ?

O'LARY.

O'LARY. To be sure I ran them ashore, and kept the sea to myself; I sent a letter to the priest, and carried it myself to prevent misfortunes, and told him the job was postponed, and he must not come at all:—And I told Jack Penurious his own self, that his marriage was not to be 'till the day after.—Faith, said he, thank you, Captain, for the good news, for I go on that day to a cock-match.—Thought I to myself, faith, but you are right all over.—But are the dear creatures about being ready?

SANDE. A most excellent manœuvre, upon my honour!

O'LARY. When the heart is engaged, any dear boy, in a good cause, there's no fear of good generalship in an Irish officer.

SANDE. Thus far, affairs go on prosperously; next, let us march to the virtuous fair ones, (*going*) and guard their persons, as they have obeyed our hearts. (*Exeunt.*)

*Enter SOPHIA and ANGELICA.*

SOPHIA. I have not a doubt, but Timothy will keep them to their time; the most trusty creature in the world.

ANG. How happy it is to have a servant about

about one, that's attentive, and in whom we may confide.

SOPHIA. Betty is also a faithful creature, and possesses a feeling heart; and I shall not prove less attentive to their interest, than they have been to my peace, while a father's prisoner.

ANG. Gratitude is the noblest qualification, that can adorn the human heart.

SOPHIA. Our mind and feelings are in perfect unison; we were by nature formed for each other's friendship.—Ah! my dear Angelica, I feel greatly oppressed—although my father has exercised a most cruel authority over me, poor old man, he is still my father; and perhaps my elopement may prove fatal to him; and the world too may censure——

ANG. Such tender feelings cou'd flow only from a virtuous bosom like yours. Yet, my dear Sophia, consider what has been your situation, and what it is now; let that reflection operate on your mind, and I'm sure you'll find yourself acquitted. Why indulge those scruples, after so much persecution? Liberty is sweet; and how much more the idea is brightened up, when we quit a prison, and take shelter in the arms of love—men who would die for us! Under such circumstances, you may rest assured, that the generous world will applaud,

applaud, rather than censure the conduct of either.

SOPHIA. I must confess, when a father tortures his own child, paternal authority diminishes. I feel my spirits return, and heaven points out to me that all is right.

ANG. Your reconciliation makes me happy; let's hasten to the grove, and fly to the post of honour and of love. *(Exeunt hastily.)*

S C E N E III.

*A Grove terminating with a shady Tree—*

BETTY *with Bundles of Clothes, under its shade.*

BETTY *alone, comes forward.*

BETTY. What shifts we poor servants are put to!—Well, 'tis a great consolation to us, that the qualities are put to their shifts too:—But la, what poor helpless things they wou'd be without us servants! *(looking about)* Where can um stay? Well, my conscience tells me, they will



will be trapped by their dilly dallies and nonsense.—I think Timothy has caught the disorder of um; for my part, I don't know what he means. Hah! here they be, upon my honour.  
(*returns hastily to the tree.*)

*Enter SOPHIA and ANGELICA.*

SOPHIA. (*looks about.*) Hah! I protest, the faithful Betty is arrived at her post. (*runs to her.*)

CAPTAIN O'LARY and SANDFORD, *behind the scenes.*

O'LARY. This way here, we are in the track, my dear boy:—If there are woods in trees, this place calls itself the avenue. (*they enter*) Hah! but I see their precious souls in waiting. (*they run up, and the ladies meet them*) By all the living saints, if the coach is not after coming to be sure—Yet——

ANG. (*looking at her watch*) 'Tis barely the time.

SOPHIA. Lest there shou'd be a mistake, I dispatched the trusty Timothy to hasten the coach—however, my father is perfectly secure.

SANDF. Thou best of women! Suppose we go and meet the carriage; for the rumbling of  
R a coach

a coach may probably waken the Baronet, and his curiosity may lead to a discovery.

O'LARY. You are right; for shou'd the old fox be unkennell'd before the hounds are uncoupled, faith 'but old Reynard will play a trick.

ANG. (*to the Captain*) You seem dispirited, where there's not even the shadow of danger.

O'LARY. Not so at all; but take the case under a comparison or two—a good soldier, my dear, when he is after storming the camp of his enemy, by sea or land, he shou'd be awake when the camp's asleep; and boldly push on the attack, and not adjourn the fight, lest the heel outrun the heart. By my soul, but we have cases like this; and if we don't look to ourselves, our case may be like Britannia's, Oh! by heavens! retreating, when she ought to be advancing.

SANDF. Then, Captain, let us profit by the wretched example; and expeditiously fly in search of the coach. (*to the ladies*) As it rains, you'll take shelter under the cedar, till our return. (*going.*)

BETTY. O dear! bea'nt Timothy to come too?

SOPHIA. Be not alarmed, Timothy will be  
in

in waiting with the coach.—Farewell, ye gloomy walls, farewell!  
(*Exeunt.*)

.....

S C E N E IV.

SOPHIA, ANGELICA, and BETTY, under the Cedar, in the Garden.

SOPHIA, *coming forward.*

SOPHIA. What can be the reason of this delay? My feelings forbode to me a discovery.—What means that noise? hark!

ANG. It cannot be, yet I fear something has happened.

BETTY. *Alas!* this is the fruitfulness of dilly dallying: I told you how it wou'd be.

*Enter TIMOTHY, in a violent agitation.*

TIMOTHY. Mercy on us! and the church pray for us all!—Fine doings!—Ruin and madness have shaken hands together—Master, of all the world, is like a baited bull. (*ladies frightened.*)

R 2

SOPHIA.

SOPHIA. Confusion !—What can have happened ?

TIMOTHY. Too much by half has happened.—Why Master is up, and about in search of you.

SOPHIA. O Heaven ! the smiling stars, that gave lustre to our just hopes, are now grown dim, and leave nothing but terror and disappointment. Timothy, how came my father to be thus apprized ?

TIMOTHY. You must know, Miss, after Sir John took his cooler of ginger last night, he lay down to sleep :—The old black turkey-cock was roosting on the chimney top ; down he tumbles (in a dream, I suppose), and made a terrible clatter ; and Sir John, thinking the devil was got into the room, cried out, murder ! help ! help ! So in the fright he stumbled to the window ; from whence he saw Mr. Sandford and the Captain walking athwart the garden—finding that the turkey-cock was not the devil, as he expected, pop he ran down stairs—met me at the garden door—up went the stick, but I made my escape before it came down.—O ! here he comes, hide, hide. (*running about.*)

(*Exeunt Timothy and Betty.*)

*As*

*As Sophia and Angelica are entering a gate, Sir John Penurious meeting them—they scream out.*

*Enter SIR J. PENURIOS, threatens Sophia.*

SIR J. PEN. So ho ! vile baggage, I have just tim'd it to prevent the dishonour you intend your family : but, I suppose that you have pretty well tarnished that already.

SOPHIA. For heaven's sake, Sir——

SIR J. PEN. Heaven has nothing to do with you :—What, prostitution in my own flesh and blood !

ANG. Let not your rage misguide your understanding ; and charge your daughter with the grossest falsehood.—I can answer for my cousin's honour.

SIR J. PEN. What, reptile ! answer for yourself : zounds ! thou art as bad as she.—O ! what is Dungmore Place converted to ! From a house of virtue and good order, to be the nursery of wantons——madness ! *(to Angelica)* And you, abettor—I have sent for thy father—I have.

SOPHIA. Sir, let me entreat you, to be a little composed, while I shall confess to you the honest truth, and explain what appears thus

R 3

mys-

mysterious. (*on her knees, he turns from her, and she lays bold of his coat.*)

SIR J. PEN. Away! (*throws her from him, she getting up*) I shall next expect Dungmore Place in fire about my ears; when all my industrious gleanings will pour out in melted torrents. (*lays bold of them*) Come along, original sin, (*to Angelica*) and bear witness to her punishment—away! (*Exeunt.*)

*Enter TIMOTHY, OVERTON following.*

TIMOTHY. O terrible! terrible times! cruel business! 'tis all over and ended: I can now no longer serve myself nor my country!

OVERTON. When was it over, and at what hour?

TIMOTHY. (*running about frightened*) O, I can't stay. I wou'd sooner cudgel with three Frenchmen, than encounter Sir John's wrath.

OVERTON. Be cool, Timothy.

TIMOTHY. Can I be cool, when over the burning coals, and Master blowing the bellows?

OVERTON. (*insinuating*) So they are married; and by some accident Sir John made the discovery.

TIMOTHY. Yes, yes; you'll hear all about it soon enough.

OVERTON.

OVERTON. 'Tis mighty well, Timothy.

TIMOTHY. I wish Sir John said so; he comes this way; (*runs about*) I hear him bellowing; I, I wish I had my little wages, I wou'd shew him a pair of heels. (*Exit.*)

OVERTON. Ha! ha! ha! poor simple fellow!—Well transacted, Overton, upon my honour, ha! ha! This son-in-law is the cream of my ambition, ha! ha! How well I laid the plot! How well I chose the tools to execute my design! (*looks off*) Here he comes, I'll withdraw a moment. (*Exit.*)

.....

S C E N E V.

SIR J. PEN. (*behind the scenes*) Come along, thou shalt be chained by the leg.

*Enter* SIR JOHN PENURIOUS, SOPHIA, and  
ANGELICA.

SIR J. PEN. I'll carry the key myself.

R 4

*Enter*

*Enter* OVERTON.

SIR J. PEN. Here, take your daughter—go, strumpet.

OVERTON. I see he's displeased at the match; I'll not be offended. (*aside*) Strumpet! Hard words, Sir.

SIR J. PEN. Yes, harlot, Sir, if you understand English.

OVERTON. Devilishly piqued at his daughter-in-law. (*aside*) I expect softer terms.

SIR J. PEN. Your blood has defiled my family.

OVERTON. Zounds! traducer, flesh and blood can no longer suffer such scurrility and contempt, unsupported by truth.—The blood of the Overtons, Sir, is as untainted, as that of the Penurious's: And let me tell you, Sir, that my daughter is worthy of your son.

SIR J. PEN. What! worthy my son! What, in the name of interest, has my son been meddling too with your daughter?

OVERTON. Meddling! Foul tongued Jew.—  
"Twas a lawful union, and your purse shall feel its force.

SIR J. PEN. This is paradoxical—their  
5 union!



union!—In the name of interest, my son married? (*to Sophia*) ey, tell me, tormentor.

SOPHIA. (*frighted*) Sir!

OVERTON. The deed is sealed.—Here stands your daughter in law, ha! ha! ha! Come, child, to your husband; come, Mrs. Penurious, ha! ha! (*Penurious in astonishment.*)

*Enter SANDFORD and O'LARY, undiscovered.*

SIR J. PEN. (*in a rage*) Married! monstrous! monstrous deed! Where is the villain? I'll tear out his heart!—This is a disgrace, I never can survive!—My son and heir married to Dick Overton's daughter! O madness! frenzy! despair!

OVERTON. Ha! ha! ha! Mrs. Penurious, take leave of your father-in-law, but first receive his blessing. (*going*)

SIR J. PEN. My blessing! devil! devil! (*discovers the Captain*) Hah! (*Captain advances to Overton, catches Angelica as she is going off, taps Overton on his shoulder.*)

O'LARY. Hold, and partake of the fun, Dad!

ANG. O, Captain! where, where have you been?

O'LARY. I'm here now, and that's all.

OVERTON.

OVERTON. Thank you, my worthy friend, thank you; you have executed your commission to the fullest extent of my wishes.—He's devilishly hurt at the wedding. (*aside to the Captain.*)

O'LARY. More fun is just now sprouting out; and will you stay, and see honest nature triumph over art?—That's the case just now.

OVERTON. So it shou'd, Captain.—Egad, I shall enjoy it. (*both laugh.*)

SOPHIA. (*flies to Sandford*) Thank Heaven! Never was an interview more seasonable.

SIR J. PEN. In the name of interest!—What in love with the Doctor too? I'll cool thy appetite. (*up with his stick, Sandford prevents him.*)

SOPHIA. Pardon me, Sir; I do love him, for his heroism in the field of Mars, and his constancy in that of Venus! He has set this heart at ease, that all the united skill of the faculty cou'd not effect; and, what you, Sir, a few hours ago, would have given half your estate to have accomplished, he has performed without a fee.

SIR. J. PEN. I, I burn with rage! Damnation is come upon me! (*walks about*) Vile! vile! What my daughter a kept mistress!—Zounds! thou German Runagate—then, thou art as complete a Robber, as the Tyburn Sandford.

SANDF.

SANDE. (*discovers himself by taking off his beard, &c.*) The blood of Sandford will no longer be concealed.—He tells you, Sir, that he's neither villain, nor robber.—Old man, as for your contempt and abuse of me, I freely forgive you; but your cruelty to your daughter rouses my resentment, and demands my protection.

SIR J. PEN. (*frighted, viewing Sandford*) Art thou man, or devil? If thou art really Sandford! I, I tell thee, she stands in need of no other protector, than her father.

SANDE. The very man! and must tell you, tho' she's your daughter, she's now my property! thank Heaven for possession.

SIR J. PEN. Thou hard featured—Wha, what my daughter thy property!—Possession is a great point in law.—Possession of my only daughter! misery! misery!

O'LARY. Just so! She's your daughter, and that's all!

SIR J. PEN. My daughter is my child, and my child is my property. How the devil can she be his property?

SANDE. By mutual consent. I lov'd her, and her constancy is my invaluable reward.

O'LARY. What a precious jewel is constancy!

stancy ! and what a gem, the possession of the dear creatures we love !

OVERTON. The greatest blessing under heaven, (*to Penurious*) when the wit is outwitted, ha ! ha ! ha !

SIR J. PEN. What an iniquitous pack has entered my house ! Zounds ! I don't understand you ; why not be more explicit ?

SANDF. That you may no longer be kept in suspense, your daughter, the chaste Sophia, is my wife.

SIR J. PEN. (*reflecting*) Wife ! O that I was dead, and all my possessions buried with me !

OVERTON. (*aside to the Captain*) Bravo ! This sudden shock may whisk him off !

O'LARY. (*to Overton*) To be sure, but there's more variety in the game yet.

SIR J. PEN. (*discovers madness and joy*) Wife ! My daughter married ! madness ! A wife to Sandford ! villainous ! plunder ! plunder !—Oh ! that I was young again to revenge the impious robbery !—Hah ! well, very well ; mighty good, Sir John, ha ! ha ! ha ! better and better, ha ! ha ! ha !—The bond ! the bond ! my money is secured ! ha ! ha ! ha !—Not a shilling dare you touch, (*to Sandford*) fellow, and you, madam, (*to Sophia*) have laid a bait for me, ha ! ha ! ha ! but like hungry gudgeons,

gudgeons, have swallowed it yourselves! O dear! O dear! ha! ha! ha!

SOPHIA. O Sir! forgive the act.—Recollect, Sir, I have only followed your example, and my dear mother's, who is now no more; who both were married against your friends' consent: you were not actuated by interest; you married because you loved, and so have I.

SIR J. PEN. Mighty fine! Mrs. Sandford, and no money, mark that; you have forfeited the bond.—I'm pleased, ha! ha! ha! Not a penny, ha! ha!

SANDF. The marriage was previous to the cruel oath you extorted from your daughter.—I'm firmly resolved, that a second marriage shall not forfeit your generous intentions.—Ten thousand pounds, ha! ha! ha!

SIR J. PEN. It can't be; I wou'd as soon part with ten thousand drops of my blood.

SOPHIA. Indeed, Sir, 'tis unquestionably true; my cousin Angelica, and Captain O'Lary, can attest the assertion, who were married at the same time.

SIR J. PEN. Hey! How the devil is this?

OVERTON. (*in a flutter*) Impossible! a gross imposition! a trick! ey, Captain, ha! ha!

O'LARY. Ha! ha! ha! Your are right  
some-

sometimes; no better trick played, than when we marry the dear creatures we love. Angelica was the very person; this was my meaning.

OVERTON. Destruction! infamy!—Unriddle this mystery, daughter, or I'll——(*threatens Angelica.*)

ANG. I plead guilty to the charge, and confess myself the Captain's wife; and may the love I bore for him, and the contempt in which I held my cousin, whom you now thought my husband, plead my cause, and recommend me to your pardon.

OVERTON. My pardon! thou, thou mean'st my curse, and may it ever attend thee!

SIR J. PEN. This tale revives me.—The wit is out-witted, ey, Master Overton, ha! ha! ha!

OVERTON. Hell be all your portions; and may my daughter never know but trouble.—May, may the thing, her husband, live to be her tormentor! May disunion, misery, and discord, ever await them!—A, a life like mine is not worth preserving, when tricked, overreached, and out-witted.—O distraction!

(*Exit.*)

ANG. O heavens! his rage may prove fatal.

O'LARY. Don't be alarmed at all.—In  
Captain

Captain O'Lary, my jewel, you'll find a friend, a husband, and a father too.

SIR J. PEN. What an age we live in, when children delight in distressing their own affectionate parents !

SANDF. Parents that delight in torturing their own children, to gratify their avaricious views, by denying them independence in matrimony, forfeit the right.—Sir, I claim from you ten thousand pounds ; the bond is on demand.

SIR J. PEN. The very sound distracts me ; and the payment——O villainous ! villainous !

O'LARY. No matter for that, you may please yourself that way sure.

SIR J. PEN. You plot my life, leeches ; I'm a proscribed man ; this money has broke my heart ! I felt the very strings crack ! Murdered and robbed in my own house !

SANDF. (*to Penurious*) I feel for your age, I pity your infirmities ; your avarice has made you both cruel and unjust. Let it not be so with me : when I married your daughter, happiness alone, and not your wealth, was my object ; Heaven knows my heart ; and it shall not be said, that either your daughter, or myself, were accessory to your death—Here, Sir, (*gives him the bond*) I relinquish

quith you the bond, and may it be the means of re-uniting your broken heart-strings.

*Penurious walks about, expressing joy, grief, &c.*

SIR J. PEN. 'Twas well done, a cordial to my heart; my spirits rise, my blood flows swiftly in my veins with tides of joy.—Hah!—yet I feel—I feel a qualm has struck deep in this heart, that never was struck before!—My whole nature is on the change!—I feel a rebellion stir within me! What have I been doing? Ah! (*reclines his head against the wainscot.*)

O'LARY. (*aside*) The bond has saved his life, and killed him too; and whether to continue devil, or make a saint of himself, sure he can't tell yet.

SOPHIA. Are you indisposed, Sir?

SIR J. PEN. (*turns to Sophia placidly*) Never better, my child—I have been asleep these fifty years, and never woke till now—I see clearly—hear and understand. Ah! Sophia, my child! have I persecuted thee? Yes; and thy husband I have traduced. A stranger has crept into my eyes; (*weeps*) it flows, I feel the callous soften—What a life have I murder'd!

SOPHIA. If I have transgressed——

SIR J. PEN. I'm the offender, I was to blame.



blame. (*to Sandford*) Mr. Sandford, I crave your pardon. (*to Sepbia*) My child, forgive a cruel father, and his peace is restored.

SOPHIA. O! Sir, from my soul.

SIR J. PEN. Generous girl! come to my arms: (*they embrace*) nature and affection reunite.—But, Captain Sandford, do you forgive?

SANDF. 'Tis granted, Sir. The man that is slow and stubborn to forgiveness, sinks himself far beneath the offender.

SIR J. PEN. Then I'm happy—I feel peace, happiness, and joy, for the first time, in this old bosom. The bond has proved a master-key of such uncommon workmanship, that it opened the door to this heart, of which before, all the world cou'd not move the bolt.—But now the wards are bright, and move so easily, that they can never rust again.

SANDF. I confess, Sir, the character of a counterfeit is not the most honourable; but when love is the object——

SIR J. PEN. Thou art A GENEROUS COUNTERFEIT; and I glory in thee for my son-in-law.—As a proof of my approbation, I deliver you up the Bond as your just right; (*returns the bond*) and to-morrow you shall be in possession of the money, with considerable additions.—Make a good husband to my daughter, and I  
S shall

shall prove to both a father and a friend. And Captain O'Lary will suffer the circle of my influence to expand to him and his dear Angelica.

O'LARY. Since you have placed that deserving couple there in the center, Captain O'Lary, and his Angelica, will be happy to be drawn within the circumference.

SANDF. Sir, your bounty shall never be abused—it shall be economically cultivated; and its produce your daughter shall perpetually reap into her bosom, a plenteous harvest of peace, happiness, and love. The clouds of adversity are now dispersed, and open to our view the brightest prospect.

Let union reign, and discord cease to rage,  
 Let smiling peace all hearts like ours engage;  
 Let harmony with universal sway,  
 Beam from the throne, and lead the happy way:  
 Thus shall Britannia's sons, all hand in hand,  
 Be great once more, and crown this undivided  
                   land.                   *(all joining hands.)*

THE END.

**BETTER LATE THAN NEVER,**

**A**

**C O M E D Y.**

## *D R A M A T I S   P E R S O N Æ.*

### M   E   N.

**RECLUSE**, A Naturalist, Brother to Miss Phoebe.  
**FRANK RECLUSE**, A Son of Recluse, Sen. in love  
with Miss Byron.  
**EMULSION**, A designing, pompous Quack Apothecary.  
**SWINDAL**, Tricking and avaricious—Brother-in-Law to  
Emulsion.  
**ARCHLY**, A Clergyman, Friend of Cadgut's.  
**HANDY**, Companion and Servant of Recluse, Sen. in love  
with Cadgut.  
**COFFIN**,  
**GRIMLY**, } Undertakers.  
**FINIS**,  
**FLYCATCHER**, Footman to Recluse, Sen.  
**POSTHASTE**, Valet to Swindal.  
**ROBERT**, Footman to Miss Phoebe.

### W O M E N.

**MISS PHOEBE**, An elderly Maiden, sick in conceit,  
biaised by Emulsion, and Sister to Recluse.  
**MISS BYRON**. An Orphan, in love with Frank Recluse.  
**CADGUT**, Waiting Woman to Miss Phoebe, in love with  
Handy.  
**NELLY**, Miss Phoebe's Cook-Maid.

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# BETTER LATE THAN NEVER,

A

## C O M E D Y.

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### A C T I.

SCENE I. *Cadgut passing across the Stage,  
Emulsion calling to her.*

EMULSION.

**M**R S. Cadgut, Mrs. Cadgut.

CADGUT. Well, who calls? O, Mr. Emulsion, is it you, Sir? I ask your pardon for answering you so very abruptly.

EMULS. Pray how did your Mistress rest last night?

S 3

CADGUT.

~~CADGUT.~~ She was very troublesome, indeed, Sir.

EMULS. Very troublesome !

~~CADGUT.~~ Very much so—I had no peace with her all night. I gave her the draughts as you ordered, four times an hour. I began at ten last night, and finished at eight this morning.

EMULS. Began at ten last night, and finish'd at eight this morning—Hem—Let me see—from ten to twelve, two hours; from twelve to eight, eight more:—which computation totalus, makes up ten completum; and four times ten is forty draughts—Good !

CADGUT. I see no good in it—I have no comfort of my life; up all night, and down all day.

EMULS. Come, come, Catee, don't complain; you are very well paid for your ups and downs:—You have no inconsiderable place, I shou'd imagine.

CADGUT. My place wou'd be more considerable, if you sent her a few dozen less draughts a week; tho' to be sure, I shou'd not complain on that head—the old phials are a pretty perquisite enough.

EMULS. I shou'd think so, Mrs. Cadgut; I have

have paid you a good round sum for this seven years past, for the old phials.

CADGUT. About twenty pounds a year; it makes up a little, to be sure, for the loss I sustain, by her not dressing and going into company.—But honestly, Mr. Emulsion, is that enough?—three shillings a gross?

EMULS. Were I to give you more, it would be declaring war against the faculty. We of the faculty never deviate from the principles of establish'd rules.—No, tho' health be the basis on which the faculty lay the foundation of the art, there's justice in the building.

CADGUT. You may not deviate, but some of your brethren do.

EMULS. Don't grumble, Mrs. Cadgut, I'll make it up to you.

CADGUT. Make it up! you have been a long time about it: had it been medicine, you would have been more bountiful, and not so slow in your dispatches, I warrant you.

EMULS. Impertinent hireling! I could—but my interest dictates silence. (*aside*) You see clearly, Mrs. Cadgut, that the more medicine imposed swells my bill, and better enables me to make you suitable returns.

CADGUT. Very true—(*bell rings*) The devil take the bell, pardon me for swearing—But

one of a delicate disposition wou'd not impose upon a good patient, by charging more medicine than she has need of neither, for one's honour's sake.

EMULS. True, but the more is charged—you understand me. Pray what did your mistress eat for her supper?

CADGUT. Why, let me see, let me recollect—a broil'd fowl with mushroom saucè she began with, and concluded with a black-pudding.

EMULS. A black pudding!—Foul, foul feeding!

CADGUT. No, 'twas not a Fowl, 'twas but a Chicken. (*bell rings violently*) There's my lady's bell again; she's all impatience; your servant. (*Exit.*)

EMULS. She wou'd be more impatient, did she but now the remedy I have in store for her. Well, if I can get Cadgut in fee, she'll certainly not impeach me; her countenance will be a cloak to my design, and swell the bill fifty pounds more, annually; an object well worth an experiment. Let me see. (*looking at his watch*) This is about the time I may expect Swindal; he's a cunning scoundrel, but I'll try if I can over-reach him. He shall give me a bond for half Miss Phœbe's fortune, previous to her marriage, or he shall have no wife there.—That secured, I shall drop my scheme with  
Cadgut,



Cadgut, undoff the Apothecary, and put on the Physician; a Scotch diploma for that! I have just as much pretence to the one, as I have to the other, and that is none at all.—But no matter for that, I give my patients satisfaction, fill my pockets, and——(*looking off*) Ahah! What, my friend Swindal, my dear brother-in-law, (*Swindal enters*) what in the name of phyfic brought you hither?

SWIND. My impatience, ha! ha! I'm devilishly in love, I assure you, tho' I never saw the dying lady you intend me for a wife. I call'd at your house, and not finding you at home, concluded you was with my dear Miss Phœbe, pushing on the business, ha! ha!

EMULS. Right, very right, friend, I was, 'tis true, as you entered, revolving the case in my mind:—But the good lady is not visible yet; but no matter, we'll filter it a little, preparatively to an audience.

SWIND. You lay me under the greatest obligation.—Ha! ha! I can't help laughing, ha! ha! 'pon my soul.

EMULS. Not in the least; where the objects aim'd at may produce us a mutual advantage, there can be no obligation on either side, Mr. Swindal.

SWIND. Just, just, very just, ha! ha! But,  
my

my dear brother-in-law, do you really think in your honest opinion ?

EMULS. Honest opinion ! I, I have no other, Sir ; I never deviate from principle.

SWIND. O ! damn your principle ! (*aside*) I mean, do you now think sincerely ?

EMULS. Sincerely, Sir ! I never acted otherwise, since I have had the honour of knowing the difference between a purgative and an emetic ; or a spatula and a probe.

SWIND. Hah ! he's piqued—I'll give way to his humour. (*aside*) Ha ! ha ! my dear fellow, you misapprehend me ; ha ! ha ! now be candid.

EMULS. Candid, Mr. Swindal ! Not that I say it, there's not a gentleman in all the faculty, that acts with more candour, than Doctor Emulsion. (*struts about.*)

SWIND. Candour, O Lord ! (*aside*) I never doubted your integrity, no upon my honour, ha ! ha ! Now, Mr.—Doctor Emulsion, you have great influence over Miss Phœbe ; will you now, my dear brother-in-law, favour me with your interest ?

EMULS. My interest ! What the devil is the fellow at ? Why not come to the point ? (*aside.*)

SWIND. My dear brother, will you now give it in my favour ?

EMULS. Give it !—give it, Mr. Swindal !

SWIND.

SWIND. Agreeable to your own proposal, you know, ha! ha!

EMULS. Never, never, never—What! give my interest!

CADGUT. *listens.*

SWIND. I must quiet his doubts, by a promise of half her fortune, or I am gammoned. (*aside*) I mean, if I succeed with Miss Phoebe, ha! ha! why, I'll make you some amends.

CADGUT. What can they be at? (*aside.*)

EMULS. Now 'tis out. (*aside*) Some amends! I, I don't exactly comprehend—you are mysterious, Mr. Swindal.

SWIND. To be more explicit—If you, Sir, will secure me Miss Phoebe for a wife; why, you shall receive one half, I shall become master of, upon the marriage.

CADGUT. Here's a plot! O! the tricking villains! (*aside*)

EMULS. Good! good! (*aside*) Receive the one half upon the marriage, you say. (*smiles.*)

SWIND. The one-half, 'pon my honour, ha! ha!

EMULS. (*overjoyed*) My dear Swindal, I comprehend you perfectly; half the mystery is cleared up at last, ha! ha! ha!

SWIND. I am glad on't (*shake hands*) faith; I, I began

I began to suspect your sincerity and brotherly love.—But now we understand one another.

EMULS. Perfectly, perfectly. (*both laugh, and shake hands*) I have glanced at the subject to her, and she does not absolutely reject; favourable symptoms.—I think I shall bring her on.

CADGUT. (*aside*) You shall poison me, if I don't bring her off again.

EMULS. (*continues*) I shall bring her to it; a potion or two of my salutary preparations will bring her to bear, ha! ha!

CADGUT. (*aside*) To bear! What a woman of sixty!

SWIND. Bravo! Doctor; you'll administer to her constitution, ha! ha! ha! and we'll administer the golden drops to our pockets.

EMULS. The very end of all prescriptions, ha! ha!

SWIND. A good end too; but, Doctor, did you give her to understand the object you meant to recommend?

EMULS. No, I have not proceeded so far.

SWIND. The devil you have not!

EMULS. Don't be alarmed; she's obligated to follow my prescriptions, or I'll declare war against her life—she's in great fear of dying.

CADGUT.

CADGUT. (*aside*) I'm in greater fear of  
your killing her. (*Exit.*)

*Enter* SERVANT.

SERV. Mr. Emulfion, I, I ask your pardon,  
I mean to say, Doctor, my Lady wishes to see  
you.

EMULS. I'll attend her immediately. (*Exit  
Servant*) Now, Mr. Swindal, you must mind,  
when you have an audience of our fair yielding  
friend—you comprehend the phrase—yielding,  
ha! ha! sound your lungs, and frequently  
hem, hem; (*going*) for a good constitution, let  
me tell you, is a forcible recommendation.—  
You'll withdraw, and be ready armed, 'till  
you receive my signal for the attack.

SWIND. I'll obey with pleasure, and shall  
be impatient till the herald arrives; when I  
shall lay siege to the mighty, ha! ha! moulder-  
ing fort. (*going.*)

EMULS. Hark ye, don't forget to beat the  
alarm with your lungs, hem, hem, and the  
fort surrenders.

SWIND. Never fear me, hem, hem, ha! ha!

EMULS. That will do. (*both laugh*)  
(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE

## S C E N E II.

*Enter RECLUSE, reading a News-paper.*

RECLUSE. He'll drive me beside myself—I shall run distracted—I'll have my revenge—I'll cut him off with a shilling; yes I will. O! the prodigal! the prodigal! Let me see, I'll read it over again, hem. "It was strongly reported on Monday last, and generally believed, that Frank Recluse lost at hazard to my Lord Sharper, thirty thousand pounds!" The devil sharp them! But I'll take care, that I am not found sharp enough to pay it—not an acre shall be sacrificed, I am determined. Handy, here! Handy! Handy, I say!

*Enter HANDY.*

HANDY. What's the matter? I fear something's amiss by your heat and exertion. I have told you over and over again, and shall continue to tell you, that you'll commit suicide, be found guilty by twelve jurors of self-slaughter, if you put yourself in such humours, pets, and passions.

RECLUSE.

RECLUSE. I can't help myself, Handy.

HANDY. I know it, and what of that?—Don't I help you every day, hour, and minute?—Have you not my help in politics, divinity, and natural philosophy? Both soul and body profit by my help. Am I not your Secretary, Steward?—cut, carve and contrive for you—class the insects, and animals, stuff the birds, dry the flies, dissect the bodies, and put the skeletons in motion: you have the best place of the two; and for all that, you are not content. And since your blood-vessel gave way, I shall have an additional employment, I fear.

RECLUSE. What employment?

HANDY. To keep the undertakers from taking possession of your body, when they shall have scent of your accident; they'll conclude you dead; and peep, listen, and hunt after the job, as courtiers do after vacancies, which they feel ambitious to fill up for the good of their country.

RECLUSE. What the devil has that to do with what perplexes me now?—They wou'd not bury me alive.

HANDY. Certainly, if I don't keep a good look out.—Undertakers have stopped many a wind-pipe with the knuckle and grasp, that  
2 otherwise

otherwise might have blown the bellows years longer; and then these nimble finger'd tribe pop you in, screw you up, and whisk you off in a twinkling.

RECLUSE. That's very civil of them.—Is that a common practice?

HANDY. No doubt, all fair game; 'tis a privilege which undertakers naturally claim; when the physical folks have three fourths done over their patient's business, they come in for the remaining fraction, and conclude the farce with a very profitable epilogue, by way of finis.

RECLUSE. I, I think the farce a little tragical tho'; however, they are not likely to profit by my finis yet.—But, here, look here, (*pointing to the newspaper*) Handy, read, understand, and give me thy opinion; thirty thousand pounds more has taken flight from my son; there it is, there it is, terrible doings! (*gives him the paper.*)

HANDY. (*reads to himself*) "It was strongly reported on Monday last, and generally believed, that Frank Recluse lost at hazard thirty thousand pounds, to my Lord Sharper." I don't believe a word of it: it has been fabricated by a rascal, to answer some private end; to blast the young man's character and reputation, and to enhance his own virtue and consequence;



quence; if the truth was known, 'twas Mr. Swindal, whom you intend for your heir.—He's a tricking fellow, and wants to kill two birds with one stone.

RECLUSE. Why do you think so?

HANDY. First, he means to secure your friendship: and secondly, to ruin him in the opinion of Miss Byron, who is an avowed enemy to gamblers.—Mr. Swindal's addresses being rejected by her, and your son's being encouraged.—This partiality for him, I suppose, has wounded Mr. Swindal's pride, and, at all events, he is determined to ruin him in her opinion, and yours, by propagating this villainous report.

RECLUSE. There sure cannot in nature exist so much wickedness.

HANDY. Wickedness! 'tis modern virtue, (*casting his eye over the paper, and looking at him earnestly*) Why, see here, Sir, you are dead!

RECLUSE. (*starts*) I dead!—Why thou art mad!—Dead! when I speak!—walk about!

HANDY. That's no proof at all against print; you are dead, I assure you.

RECLUSE. Thou dost not laugh at me: I tell thee I'm not dead, but alive and merry. (*dances.*)

HANDY. You are dead indeed, Sir; you have  
T been

been dead these five days, and to convince you that I am right, I'll produce my evidence. (*reads the paper*) "A few days ago, died at Bath, "Peter Recluse, Esq. who burst a blood vessel in the morning, and expired before night. "This gentleman has for twenty years secluded himself from the world, and dedicated "his time to the rigid pursuits of a naturalist. "He has been known to give fifty pounds for "a butter-fly; a hundred for a bird; yet was "never found guilty of giving away six-pence "to break a poor man's fast. He has disinherited his son, and adopted a Mr. Swindal "to be his heir."—Now, Sir, you see, that you are dead in custom, tho' alive in law.

RECLUSE. That alters the case, but as long as I'm not dead in law, 'tis all mighty well.—Who can the vile propagator be?

HANDY. Some of Mr. Swindal's companions by way of a joke, to impose on his credulity. We shall have him here to take possession of your effects: and the undertakers, to secure your conveyance hence. (*looking off*) So, so, here they come, by the bustle and hurry; no, I'm wrong, 'tis Emulsion, the quack, one of the greatest impostors in the kingdom.

*Enter*

*Enter EMULSION out of breath.*

EMULS. Sir! Sir! I ask pardon, the wind has for a moment prevented my articulation; but positivo, positivas, I pronounce you are not dead, as I expected from the report of your sister Phoebe.

RECLUSE. No, positivo, positivas, I'm not dead in law, as you expected.

EMULS. True, but it is necessary that I pulsfify you a little; and in whatever state I find the pulsfication—why I shall furnish you accordingly, with my salubrious and most infallible preparations, of which I shall send a quantatum sufficientum, which you must not fail of taking agreeable to my directions, and such my directions will be given accordingly.—Hah! I had like to forget to pulsfify, (*feels the pulse*) but I can read the nature of your complaint, in the features of the countenance; and the necessitatum you labour under for my superior skill and assistance; which it is obvious, obviam, you stand in great need of:—hem, your pulse is full, full, yes, 'tis very full, irregular, bad, bad, very bad; alarming symptoms these! There again, there, there; well, Sir, you must undergo a thorough

T 2

scou-

scourification for one month; then we shall proceed to bleeding, blistering, and vomifications, &c.—And I expect in the course of eight or ten months to give you some hopes.—I shall go immediately and give my orders, that my shop boys make up for you, a few dozen draughts, powders, boluses, &c. to begin with, and you'll go on.—You'll observe regularity.—Any commands to your sister Phœbe?

HANDY. Shop boys, I believe, too often from their ignorance of prescriptions, as well as drugs, make up emeticks for purgatives.

RECLUSE. No other commands, than that you may depend on't, whatever you send me, for the sake of dispatch, I shall command to be thrown out of the window.

EMULS. Out of the window! murder!

RECLUSE. Out of the window, and you shall go out of the door, unless you prefer the window; take your choice, latin-coiner, for out you shall go.

EMULS. What! Sir! pay so little respect to the faculty! There never was such an indignity offered to a gentleman of the profession!—I have, Sir, disgraced myself by entering your premises.

RECLUSE. No impertinence, Mr. Quack.

EMULS.

EMULS. A Quack!

RECLUSE. A Quack, Sir. Leave the house peaceably, and get into your carriage, crested with a drake, which denotes your profession; otherwise, you shall be popp'd out of the window, and make a short exit.

EMULS. Sir! Sir! Sir! (*going*) Zounds! I must alter my crest, and make the drake an owl. (*aside—Exit.*)

RECLUSE. Impertinent ignoramus!—He has pretty near dispatched my foolish sister; and now he wants to practise upon me. Hey-day! I hear a noise! What can it be? (*noise within*)

HANDY. The undertakers. I told you how it wou'd be.—The dismal crew have had scent of your death; here they are: with your leave, Sir, I'll put a joke upon them.

RECLUSE. With all my heart; any thing to punish them: I abominate their profession.

HANDY. Please to withdraw to that chair, and you'll hear the conversation.

RECLUSE. I will, I will; faith, I shall enjoy it.

HANDY. No, I think we had better withdraw into another apartment, and place yourself in an angle of the room.—You'll rest quiet, to prevent suspicion, and I shall be a match for them.

T 3

RECLUSE.

RECLUSE. Do, do, do; I leave it all to thy management; 'twill be joke upon joke—I'm impatient to witness their disappointment—faith I shall enjoy it, ha! ha! ha!

*(Exeunt.)*

End of the FIRST ACT,

ACT

## A C T II.

## S C E N E I.

*A Chamber. RECLUSE and HANDY.*

HANDY.

**N**OW to business, Sir. So, so, here they come, take your seat. (*Recluse running to the chair.*)

*Enter undertakers, GRIMLY, COFFIN, and FINIS, with three carpenters, each a plank on his shoulder: all speaking and struggling for the first bearing.*

COFFIN. I was first in the house.

FINIS. You was not, Sir.

GRIMLY. Right, right, I first got possession. Mr. Handy, hear me first.—I'm a man of feeling, and strict honour.

HANDY. What the devil do you want, gentlemen?

T 4

ALL

ALL *answering*. The body! the body!

HANDY. Why in this hostile manner? Pray speak one at a time.—What body are you in pursuit of?

ALL *answering*. Your master! your master! that lies dead!

RECLUSE. It gives me pleasure, 'tis in my power to contradict you. (*aside*.)

HANDY. Then I suppose by your seeking the dead, that you are, by profession, undertakers.

ALL *answering*. Yes, Sir.

COFFIN. I was regularly brought up to the business; the others, there, are intruders, mere bunglers in it.

*The OTHERS answer*. You lie, rascal, you lie. (*they jostle him*.)

HANDY. (*interferes*) Pray, gentlemen, desist, be cool, and I'll examine a little into the truth of your first entrance.

ALL. Sir! Sir!

HANDY. Will you favour me with your names, gentlemen? (*all pronounce their names together*) Gentlemen, speak one at a time, distinctly and methodically:—Yours, Sir?

COFFIN. My name, Sir, is Coffin.

FINIS. And mine's Finis.

GRIMLY. And mine's Grimly.

HANDY.



HANDY. Very good names indeed, and characteristick.—I shall now proceed to your examination—Coffin, Finis, and Grimly. Flycatcher, I say, Flycatcher.

*Enter FLYCATCHER.*

FLYCATC. Sir, did you call I?

HANDY. Yes, I called I.—Pray now, which of these modest, goodlooking gentlemen came first to the house?

FLYCATC. The virst of um were ill-favoured; but for the matter of that, they all have a zumthing deadly about the muzzle. (*looking at them*) I, I thinks that's he. (*pointing to Finis.*)

FINIS. Thou art right, right, right, my lad; the job is mine, the job is mine—(*dancing with joy*) Not so ill-favoured neither. (*aside.*)

GRIMLY and COFFIN. He's wrong, he's wrong.

FINIS. He's right, he's right. (*they get noisy.*)

HANDY. Hold! hold! gentlemen; I'll abide by what he says; (*pointing to Flycatcher*) and the person he determines upon, shall have the first hearing. Now, gentlemen, you'll stretch yourselves out, and be properly arranged, that we may proceed methodically to the examination.

nation. (*Handy arranges them*) Come, Flycatcher, examine these good looking gentlemen; be careful in thy sentence—'tis a job of great consequence.

FLYCATC. I wool, Zir. (*examines them very carefully twice over—looking on Finis*) No, you beant he.

FINIS. (*whispers him*) Yes, yes, here, here, take this. (*aside—gives him money, and he turns to the audience.*)

FLYCATC. Vive shilling! (*aside*) Yes, you be he, I thinks; but I can't be zure posit. (*proceeds to Grimly*) No, you beant he, howsomever; vor you was in zuch a hurry, that you a most runn'd over me when I open'd the door. (*Grimly going to speak, but his disappointment binders utterance; he wipes his eyes repeatedly. Flycatcher proceeds to Coffin, who winks significantly*) No, no—(*gives him money, and turns his face to the audience*) Den and zix pence! (*aside*) You was the virst man, I'll take my david oath.

FINIS. (*disappointed*) What, Sir! did I not give?

FLYCATC. He gave me dwice the zum zince.

GRIMLY. What an ass I have been! One guinea wou'd have secured a verdict in my favour. (*aside.*)

HANDY,

HANDY. (*to Grimly and Finis*) You see, gentlemen, that you are found guilty of being too late; you'll therefore retreat, and to-morrow you'll have your final answer.

GRIMLY. (*insinuating to Handy—aside*) Will you, Sir, do me the favour to dine with me to-day; I'll give you an excellent dinner; and Claret! not that I say it, there is not a man at Bath can produce such a sample.

HANDY. I love good eating and drinking.—I'll come and see a few bottles uncork'd—but not to day.

GRIMLY. (*smiles*) Egad, the job is mine. (*aside.*)

FINIS. (*to Handy—aside—bowing*) I am the son of an Alderman of this corporation; and I married the daughter of an Alderman: and we branches of the corporation are free of the Theatre. Are you fond of plays? I'll frank you; I'll transfer my right to you at any time, and at all times. I know 'tis in your power to secure me the job—please to accept this ten pound note—mum,

HANDY. Ten pounds! mum; yes, yes, I'll be mum. Well, Mr. Coffin, to business.—Mr. Finis, and Mr. Grimly, take yourselves away, be quick! move off! my time is precious.

cious. (*Finis and Grimly retreat slowly, making significant faces at Handy.—Exeunt.*) I fancy the business of an undertaker must be very profitable. (*a violent knocking at the door*) You must withdraw, Sir, a gentleman is at the door. (*knocking again*) Pray leave the room, and when he is gone, we'll renew the business.

COFFIN. Sir, Sir, (*going*) I'll be on the watch, (*knocking again*) till he's decamp'd; when I shall return.

HANDY. Well, well. (*pushes him out—Exit Coffin*) Hey, who can this be?

*Enter POSTHASTE in Boots, covered with dirt.*

HANDY. Pray who, and what are you?

POSTH. And pray, who the devil, and what are you? My name is Posthaste.

HANDY. By your appearance, I think you've been rather in a hurry, and making so familiar with the knocker. And pray, Mr. Posthaste, what may be your business?

POSTH. To take possession.

HANDY. Another undertaker!—the devil is in the people, (*aside*) There's nothing here, that you have a right to possess.

POSTH. Yes, Sir, there is; and I, and my master

master will possess all that's here, and turn you, rascal, out of doors.

HANDY. That's very civil of you.—If not too impertinent, Mr. Posthaste, what may be your master's name?

POSTH. Mr. Swindal, sole heir to old Recluse, and to all he possessed.

HANDY. I'll not undeceive him. (*aside*) I believe Sir, he may.—If not too intruding, is Mr. Swindal in town?

POSTH. He's taking his lunch at the York-House, Mr.—what the devil do you call yourself?

HANDY. Handy is my name, Sir; very much at your honour's service.

POSTH. Honour!—We London servants command so much respect by our superior knowledge, that the common sort tremble before us (*aside*.)

HANDY. Did you say, that your worthy master was in town?

POSTH. Curse the fellow!—I told you so; and will be here to take possession, when he has refreshed himself a little.

HANDY. I hope, Sir you'll pardon my ignorance, for being so troublesome.

POSTH. This poor ignorant fellow is frightened

ened at me; but I'll support my consequence. (*aside*) I impute your ignorance, Sir, to the want of travelling, knowing the world, and riding post.

HANDY. Very true, indeed. Have you, Mr. Posthaste, heard or seen any thing of Master Frank Recluse, in your intelligent post travels?

POSTH. Not amiss; the fellow has something of a meaning, but rather awkward, in his address. (*aside*) I and my master passed him on the road, in company with Miss Byron; making the best of their way here, to drink the waters. I don't suppose he is made acquainted with his father's death, or his disinherittance; but the poor devil will hear it soon enough, ha! ha! ha!

HANDY. Consequential monkey! I'll nourish his importance, however, and turn it to my own advantage. (*aside*) Poor young man, I'm sorry for his disappointment; then 'twill be made up to him in a wife—she's a good girl.

POSTH. That's blown over, if thou mean'st Miss Byron.

HANDY. I do indeed, Sir, and please you, Mr. Posthaste.

POSTH. Silly fellow! his hopes there are blasted, since he lost that vast sum to my Lord

Sharper

Sharper—the lady will not hear him on the subject—he is now no more than a common acquaintance: and I fancy that my master will be the man of her choice. (*looking at his watch*) Here, you Sir, take care, and be in the way; master will soon be here, to whom you must give up your charge.

HANDY. Most certainly, and please your honour's Postship; I shall obey your orders, and be well prepared for his reception. (*going*) It rains, shall I call a chair for your worship? You may take cold, contract a fever, and endanger your life.

POSTH. No, no, I, I think I'll walk it; the distance is but short. The fellow is civil, and can distinguish my superiority. (*aside*) Well, Sir, if you behave with submission; I have influence with my master, and I'll secure you a subordinate situation here.—I think you may wait at my table, in the Steward's room:—I intend to have a second table for the sake of separation. Tho' I've been but two days out of livery, this fortune will allow me the necessary indulgence. (*aside*.)

HANDY. Thank your honour's Stewardship. (*Exit Posthaste*) O puppy! puppy! prince of pomposity! if the master is as fine a gentleman as his servant, I think them a hopeful pair. —  
Well,

Well, I shall set my wits to work—ruin this Swindal in the opinion of my master; and secure to his son, his just and lawful right.

*(Handy going, meets Coffin in a hurry.)*

COFFIN. I perceive he is gone, Mr. Handy—I am a man of no ceremony, you see; so returned, when I saw the coast clear.—I am seldom found guilty of being too late.

HANDY. So I see:—And as I said before, I fancy the business of an undertaker must be very profitable, to allow Mr. Finis to give me ten pounds by way of present.

COFFIN. Confound the fellow!—ten pounds! *(aside)* He can very ill afford such a premium; he's but a novice in the branch. But a man of my establishment and reputation must not be outdone by a broken-down bungler neither.—There, Sir, a fifteen pound note. *(giving the note.)*

HANDY. Sir, this convinces me that you are a gentleman; and you may rest assured, when the breath pops out of the body—meanwhile this money shall turn to a better account in my hands than yours, Master Coffin.

COFFIN. *(alarmed)* What, Sir! when the breath pops out of the body!—What the devil, is your master not dead?

HANDY.



HANDY. In custom, but not in law.

COFFIN. In custom, but not in law! Sir, I, I don't comprehend this—the news-paper announced him dead.

HANDY. Very true; that made him only dead in custom; but I can assure you, Mr. Coffin, that he is not dead in law.

COFFIN. (*impatient*) Confound your law and custom too!—I say, is your master dead? (*very loud.*)

HANDY. Don't be so loud, moderate your heat; I'm not hard of hearing.

COFFIN. Ca—can any man in my situation be silent? Sir, is he dead, I say, or not dead? (*louder.*)

HANDY. (*low*) In custom, as I said before, but not in law; for the physical tribe have only three-fourths done him over yet.

COFFIN. Well, well, (*insinuating*) that softens the matter, my good friend—if the faculty have been tampering with him, I may expect him soon.

HANDY. Yes, yes, the faculty have pronounced him incurable, and have withdrawn their attendance, and voluntarily too; which is something singular, they shou'd give up the chace, when the scent lay so profitable.

COFFIN. True, Sir, true, 'tis a very tak-  
U ing

ing profession; but it does not become me to rail against the faculty neither, for they are steady promoters of our branch:—For dispatch is the very soul and principle of our trade; and eighteen patients out of twenty they convey over to us, when the pulse won't yield a fee, as they call it in the way of business. Well, Mr. Handy, with your leave, I'll take your master's dimensions, (*Recluse starts*) and prepare for his deposit, as we call it in the way of business.

HANDY. You'd not be so lost to feeling, as to take his measure before he's dead.

COFFIN. Custom makes it familiar to us.—

As for losing my feeling, Sir, ha! ha! not that I say it, there's not a man in the City of Bath, that has a finer feeling than I have. Why, Sir, I had intelligence the other day of a dying Nabob, whom our good friends, the faculty, had turned over to our management, by declaring, that he had not above five hours to live.— This intelligence made it necessary for me to go post to his lodging to secure his conveyance; but unfortunately cou'd not get sight of the body; a Mr. Shroud, a little, trifling, insignificant fellow, having got possession of the house before me, was promised the job. However mortifying the circumstance, I did not think

think it prudent to withdraw from the premises; so hiding myself for two days and two nights in a coal hole, on the morning after the second night's watch, I heard a great confusion in the house: so I ventured out of my hiding place—whipped into the bedroom, and found my object in a very good way.

HANDY. What do you mean by a good way, Mr. Coffin?

COFFIN. A dying, a dying, Sir; and as I said before, having a very fine feeling, with this finger and thumb, I felt a pulse in his throat rather quick—I concluded he must be in great pain; and so out of pure humanity, I scientifically pressed it a little, and the poor gentleman gave it up very quietly:—I then whipped this rule out of my pocket, (I never move about, without my pocket companion) took his dimensions, and secured the job; and it turned out a very profitable one indeed.

HANDY. Had not your feelings been so very fine, the Nabob might not have wanted your assistance quite so soon.

COFFIN. O! poor gentleman! as for that matter, when the faculty have pronounced sentence, that a patient cannot live six hours from that time—I think if a patient might by chance out-live the judgment of the faculty

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three or four days, 'tis of very little consequence to a man, when it comes to that, you know, whether he lives four days, or four minutes,

HANDY. Indeed!

COFFIN. Certainly—And for my part, when a fellow creature is in pain, or troubled with a bad conscience, as these Nabobs in general are, I think one cou'd not do a more humane action, than to give them a lift, as we call it in the way of business. And if you please, Mr. Handy, to give me a sight of your master, I'll soon determine the number of hours he has to live, only by grasping his pipe a little.

RECLUSE. (*getting up frightened*) The damn'd dog! The murderer will have me, whether I will or not: but I'll escape his grasp, as he calls it in the way of business. (*aside.—Exit.*)

COFFIN. What! what!—Who the devil is he?

HANDY. Don't be alarm'd at him, he is only an old fellow that's here—He is a little hurt in the head.

COFFIN. Then as he belongs to the family, I may have him too; he seems to be going our way. But to return—if you'll suffer me to pulse your master a little, 'tis soon done, and

no

no doubt, he must suffer greatly, poor gentleman; and a change must soon happen, as we term it in the way of business.

HANDY. A change!

COFFIN. Certainly a change—I have indeed known many instances of people being cured of all complaints by sending only for a clergyman, a physician; but the sight of an undertaker never fails of blunting all their pains; the fright soon lulls them to a dead sleep, as we term it in the way of business.

HANDY. You seem very conversant in your business, and very expeditious, I think.

COFFIN. No man more so.—I have had the honour, Sir, of depositing, from his Grace to the humble 'Squire—I never convey any thing below an Esquire, no, unless I'm solicited, as a favour, which I consider very particular indeed. I am as famous, Sir, in my decorations, as I am in displaying the funeral ceremony, which I treat with great pomp and magnificence; and never fail of attracting the admiration of the curious beholders.

HANDY. Such sights must be very entertaining to be sure.

COFFIN. Charmingly so, charmingly so, when under my direction.—I am particularly careful too, in procuring men of a melancholy

countenance and of a Jewish complexion, twelve of which I give double wages to—I challenge all England to produce such a troop—they are downright Crocodiles, can shed tears at pleasure; and their sighing is charmingly melancholy, which heightens, you know, the solemnity prodigiously.—There's not a man in all the world, Sir, that does business with so much taste, and splendor, as your humble servant. I, I suppose, you mean to move off with fixes.

HANDY. With fixes!

COFFIN. Certainly by fixes—Six blacks to the hearse, and six coaches, with six horses to each; which will make forty-two draft horses, besides horsemen, all caparisoned with escutcheons and other lively ornaments.—Egad! we shall cut a most brilliant figure.

HANDY. You infernal death hunter!—you savage monster!—Wou'd you bury him alive?

COFFIN. Sir,—Sir,—Sir, I ask pardon, no offence, I hope; I only mention this, that I may be before hand with the work. Such a cavalcade, I assure you, is not to be got ready at a day's notice.

HANDY. Damn your cavalcade—I tell you he's not dead.

COFFIN. But, my good friend, my dear Mr.

Mr. Handy—he can't live. (*ratat at the door*)  
I fear there's company—I'll withdraw for the  
present; go and give directions for the funeral,  
and shall return to my watch. (*ratat.*)

HANDY. Confound your watch!—Get out  
of the house.

COFFIN. I am gone; but I'll return to my  
post, and wait the glorious event.

HANDY. Leave the house. (*Exit Coffin*)  
Can man be such a barbarian? (*Exit.*)

End of the SECOND Act.

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ACT

## A C T III.

## S C E N E I.

*Enter CADGUT leading her Lady—puts her in a Chair.*

MISS PHOEBE.

**O**H! Oh! oh! I am so—I am so short breathed—oh! so full, I feel it in my throat: there, Cadgut, lay me in the chair. (*seated*) Oh! forty draughts are too much to be taken in ten hours—Oh!

CADGUT. It wou'd serve me, I think, ten years; but then, Mr. Emulsion knows best your constitution, nay, better than you do yourself. The Quality don't trouble themselves about their constitutions, they leave that to the Doctors to manage; who tell them when they are sick, and when they are well.

MISS PHOEBE. True, very true, Cadgut, 'tis a great convenience to us, to be told how we feel.  
Oh!



Oh! I have reason to say so, from the repeated benefits—oh!—I have experienced from that charming, that charming creature, Mr. Emulsion, oh! I, I cou'd not live a day, no, not an hour without him—oh! quite choaked.—I wish he was come.

CADGUT. He'll soon be here, I dare say, and give you something to carry it off again.—Hah! here he comes.

*Enter EMULSION, bowing very obsequiously.*

MISS PHOEBE. Oh Doctor!—Cadgut, you may go, child. Pray tell me how I am, oh!  
(*putting out her hand.*)

CADGUT. (*aside—withdraws*) Silly woman! gives him half her fortune to be poisoned.

(*Exit.*)

EMULS. (*feeling her pulse*) A pulse—yes a pulse, rather sicknum.

MISS PHOEBE. Oh! Doctor, what state is that?

EMULS. That is hardum, not to say hardy.

MISS PHOEBE. Hardy! O! Doctor, will it go hard with me?

EMULS. Recoiling, and, a little frisking.

MISS PHOEBE. Whisking!—Is that a favourable

avourable symptom?—Oh! I'm so full—what can be the reason? I'm broiling, Doctor.

EMULS. 'Tis obvious—obvium, that, the, at,mos,phere, of, this, apartment, is totally vitiated, by, rea,son, of, the, con,den,si,fi,ca,tion, of, the, air.

MISS PHOEBE. Vitiated!—Oh! but I am so swelled—the cause, Doctor.

EMULS. The cause is a, sort of a, kind of a, an overwhelming rapidity, rushing to and fro in the internal tubes, or pipes.—But to speak according to arts and sciences—The vessels are over-laden, which is to say, they are dilated, or expansified by the sudden deluge conveyed, or poured into them.

MISS PHOEBE. I feel, indeed, over-laden. Oh! but I hope nothing has given way.

EMULS. No, but we must break way, as soon as convenientum: which is to convey, or carry from.—I have my doubts, that you must have mastificated a quantum immoderatum of roast metum; if so, there may be danger—great danger indeed.

MISS PHOEBE. (*discovers great fear.*) Oh! am I in danger? I did only pick the bones of a boiled chicken, and, and a few mushrooms.—Oh! how well, Doctor, you understand my con-

constitution, to find out, by my pulse, what I eat for my supper.

EMULS. A broil'd chicken, and mushrooms, and concluded with a black pudding: rebellion and death! poisonatus, that is to say, poison, in the vulgar tongue.

MISS PHOEBE. O Doctor! my dear preserver! am I poisoned? Oh! think, think of an expedient to, to expel it.

EMULS. (*quick*) I shall proceed instantaneously to purgify, emetify, lenify, cleanse, and peacefy, the acrimony that's afloatum, like an air balloonum in your abdomum, which is caused from the chickendum broilatum, and mushroom sauceum, &c.

MISS PHOEBE. Oh! Mr. Emulsion, I, I dread the operation, but I'm resigned; take what course you please; I owe my life to you, oh!

CADGUT. (*listens undiscovered*) Foolish woman! he robs you of your life. (*aside.*)

EMULS. Certainly, you have most rigidly honoured my prescriptions with a speedy swallification; however, I now, I have my doubts, that shou'd this operation fail, or not prove efficacious, which is not impossible—don't flatter yourself.

MISS PHOEBE. (*frightened*) Oh! Mr. Emulsion, do you pronounce me incurable?

EMULS.

EMULS. Now's my time, she's alarmed, and I'll make the conquest. (*aside.*) You are, I perceive, and conceive, gone beyond the medical system.—But I have one expedient, which I am convincified, will not only preserve life, but will tend to a speedy, firm, and solid curation of all your parts.

MISS PHOEBE. You divine creature, I'll take any thing you shall prescribe, to have my health restored, oh!

CADGUT. (*aside*) What is going forward now?

EMULS. I shall now proceed, by slow and regular gradations, to the isle of matrimony. (*aside*) I have turned over volumes innumerable in search of a case similar to yours, but have found only two, and those were two ladies of ancient Rome; ladies of the first distinction and quality, who consulted Esculapius, the great God of physic; at the request of Diana, he restored Hippolytus to life, and delivered Rome from the plague, for which they built his Godship a temple.

MISS PHOEBE. Wonderful! But did he, oh! restore the two ladies?

EMULS. Esculapius, by his wonderful art, caus'd their restoration also.

MISS PHOEBE. I hope he's gone to heaven.

EMULS. There's no doubt of the faculty.

CADGUT.

CADGUT. (*aside*) I doubt it very much.

MISS PHOEBE. I shou'd think their good deeds below entitle them to happiness above, oh!—Pray, Mr. Emulsion, my dear preserver, proceed without delay to restore me according to the good Esculapius.

EMULS. Now, madam, as I perfectly understand your case, and the virtues of medicine, I understand also the knowledge of application; I am master of your constitution, nay, your life.

MISS PHOEBE. You are, indeed; I owe it to you.

EMULS. How came I to acquire this degree of knowledge of your constitution?—The answer is obvious, because I have furnished it, drench'd, and cleansed it.

CADGUT. (*aside*) 'Tis so well furnish'd, that 'twill admit of no more of your furniture, unless you intend her an aerial voyage.

EMULS. (*continues*) But to proceed to the curation completum. First, there can be no absolute curation.

MISS PHOEBE. Oh! have you no absolute cure for me?

EMULS. Not unless you comply.

MISS PHOEBE. I always conform, oh! I never refuse, you know I don't: I will take all you can give me, Doctor.

CADGUT.

CADGUT. (*aside*) I swear to that.

MISS PHOEBE. (*continues*). Pray, consider well, this is a case of life or death.

EMULS. I conceive it is, and I have in store a remedy.

MISS PHOEBE. Have you? Good creature!

EMULS. I wou'd fain tell you, yet the remedy is of such a nature, that I apprehend, it might give cause of offence, and shock your feelings.—'Tis a matter, that requires a very delicate conveyance.

MISS PHOEBE. Oh! Mr. Emulsion, delicacy shou'd be set aside, when life's in danger. Let not a moment be lost.

CADGUT. (*aside*) I say delicacy.

EMULS. Now for conquest, and half her fortune. (*aside*) To unlock my cabinet of knowledge, I shall impart to you, the fruit of my laborious studies.—Hem! As I observed before, there can be no curation absolutum, until you are married: a husband is the only restorative left, according to the Esculapian Systema. (*struts majestically.*)

CADGUT. (*aside*) Who will marry an apothecary's shop? She's like an ulaged cask set in motion, swag, swag,—But her money will make up the deficiency.

MISS PHOEBE. (*smiles*) Married! Did, did you

you say marry? A husband! I am terrified! yet, Mr. Emulsion, I cou'd in my heart smile.—A husband do you think? (*getting from the chair much revived.*)

CADGUT (*aside*). The thoughts of a man has put new life into her.

EMULS. Absolutas, matrimonium, a husband, 'tis Homo alone.

MISS PHOEBE. Homo! who is he?

EMULS. Homo was a man, the son of Homer, the great Latin poet. But to perform the curation completum, the case will not admit of delay, lest by retardation, death should exercise his destructive quiver.

MISS PHOEBE. (*in raptures*) O! Mr. Emulsion! life is sweet; but, dear Sir, as I am not well——But then, my maiden bloom, to be sure, is not much faded; but the misfortune is, that 'tis not eustomary, in this ceremonious country, not customary, Doctor, for ladies to propose wha—whatever, however they may be disposed; you have assisted me hitherto.

EMULS. And shall assist in future; gratitudo, gratitudo dwelleth here. (*putting his hand to his breast.*)

MISS PHOEBE. You charm me; I, I feel greatly revived at your noble sentiments.—But, Doctor, is there any necessity of my undergoing  
4 your

your medical operation, if I am—if I follow—  
pursue the good Esculapius.

CADGUT. (*aside*) So, so; she'll follow the  
God's advice.

EMULS. By no means; I banish medicine,  
and trample on my own interest, when I am  
convinced, it can no longer contribute to  
your restoration. This is a tender subject, be-  
cause it treats of the tender passions; and to pre-  
vent embarrassment, I shall come to the point.

MISS PHOEBE. 'Tis a tender subject indeed;  
pray come to the point; 'twill be a feast to me  
to enjoy health; I leave it to you, I have no  
will of my own; delays you say are dangerous.

CADGUT. O! thou lascivious woman! (*aside*.)

EMULS. Very threatening: and the necessi-  
tatum of your complaint weeps for matrimony.  
I know a gentleman, a friend of mine, a bro-  
ther-in-law, who has frequently inquired after  
your welfare.—He's a man of great parts.

MISS PHOEBE. Your brother in-law! The  
more agreeable if allied to your valuable fa-  
mily.—I am infinitely obliged to the gentle-  
man. You say that he's a man of great parts  
too: a very striking recommendation indeed.

EMULS. Surprising parts, of large reading,  
deep penetration, and wonderful erudition.—

But,



But, there may arise an objection—he is a widower.

MISS PHOEBE. Had he any children?

CADGUT. (*aside*) Angling at a distance.

EMULS. Three; the first was a daughter, and the second birth produced twin boys.

MISS PHOEBE. (*smiles*) Twins! twins! did you say twins?

EMULS. Twins, but have since been taken off by a pestilential malady.

CADGUT. (*aside*) She seems to relish the twins.

MISS PHOEBE. Pretty creatures! I adore children, I love them to my heart; for their little prattling innocence is so very entertaining.—Pray does the good father live in town?

CADGUT. (*aside*) Strong symptoms of compliance.

EMULS. He is just arrived, his name is Mr. Swindal, a man of property and integrity.—Not strikingly handsome, but a constitution healthy, and in years about thirty.

MISS PHOEBE. Very steady years indeed.—I shou'd certainly prefer health to beauty.—Did you say he was in town?

CADGUT. (*aside*) If the thoughts only of a husband revive her, what must marriage produce?

X

EMULS.

EMULS. I did; and, with your leave, I'll communicate the affair to him, in a pretty, tender, delicate manner; not give him to understand, that you know any thing of the business, no, no.

MISS PHOEBE. By no means; you well understand the human frame—for the appearance of forwardness, you know, to some men—

EMULS. Judiciously observ'd; with some men it may, but he has too much good sense to observe such trifles; he'll prefer openness to coyness.—When he comes, I wou'd make no ceremony with him, because your situation will not admit of delay. I'll go, give orders in the mean time; that a clergyman be in readiness.

MISS PHOEBE. Good man! your care endears you to me; such a proof of tenderness—I'll withdraw, and— (*going.*)

CADGUT. (*aside*) I'll get the start, lest I shou'd be suspected. (*Exit.*)

EMULS. And prepare for the moment that's pregnant with— (*going.*)

MISS PHOEBE. Did you say pregnant?

EMULS. I follow you, Miss.

MISS PHOEBE. I ask your pardon, I thought you had more to urge on that subject.

(*Exeunt.*)

*Re-enter CADGUT.*

CADGUT. Ha! ha! ha! was there ever such a—ha! ha!—remedy thought on for a dying woman before.—Well, if I don't over trump them, my name is not Cadgut. *(bell rings)* Pshaw! I know this Swindal, by report, to be confoundedly avaricious, and such a character wou'd marry a broomstick for money: egad, I am glad I have set all my artillery in motion to defeat this matrimonial combination, and divert it to another channel.—If deception is fair in the field of Mars, why not in Cupid's campaign.—Ahah! who is this? I protest 'tis my old friend Archly.—Now to reward merit, since they who think themselves greater will not.

*Enter ARCHLY.*

ARCHLY. My dear Cadgut, what is all this about; did you send for me to be married, when I am not in love?

CADGUT. Then, Sir, you are the more at liberty.

ARCHLY. You are surely mad, child.

CADGUT. I say mad, indeed!—Will you, Sir, be independent? Will you marry a lady of fortune?

X 2

ARCHLY.

ARCHLY. (*smiles*) Independence to a dependant man, sounds pleasing.—But you are joking.

CADGUT. I am really serious, Sir, but you seem indifferent.

ARCHLY. My dear friend, how, how can it happen? Pray give me the particulars?

CADGUT. Will you be married, Sir? answer me that.

ARCHLY. Why, I think, I may rely upon you, Cádgut.

CADGUT. Nay, please yourself; but 'tis too much the fashion now-a-days, for people to marry to please others, more than to please themselves. Still if what I mean to propose to you, you shou'd not think consistent with your honour and happiness, don't let my persuasions prevail; you know best your own feelings.—But to an explanation—Miss Phœbe has been doctor sick for years, and has taken a sea of medicine, which has brought her so low, that her apothecary has now pronounced her a dead woman, if she's not married in the course of a few hours. The apothecary having an interest in the marriage, procures one Swindal, a friend of his, and as great a villain as himself; who will be here presently to be married, tho' they never saw one another.—No matter, he marries her for her fortune, and she marries him for her life.

life.—Now, Sir, mind, mind, what I am going to say, and if you approve the device, I shall be in readiness to receive Mr. Swindal, and shall personate my mistress myself; and, was I not engaged to Handy, I don't know whether I shou'd not marry him myself, but tho' a servant, I shall not forfeit my word, nor ever make a sacrifice of gratitude.

ARCHLY. Generous woman! that sentiment warms my heart! We leave ingratitude to the higher class to practice.—But my independence.——

CADGUT. I have not forgot.—Parson Tackwel is ordered to be at a minute's call; you therefore must personate Swindal, and my lady will marry you, without any kind of ceremony on her part, I'm sure, as you are supposed to come recommended from Emulsion. Well, now how do you like my scheme?

ARCHLY. Admirably; never was there plann'd a better plot.—But, I, I fear, I shall find myself embarrassed.

CADGUT. Never fear, one good office deserves another; as you come to save her life, you'll find her all civility and compliance; say a few civil, gallant things, and I'm sure they'll not be lost.—I have the highest opinion of your honour and integrity, and tho' you may never

X 3

have

have a tender esteem for her, you may an honest friendship.—Tho' her whims in some degree deserve punishment, I shou'd be hurt, to see her the wife of a villain.

*Enter SERVANT.*

SERVANT. Mrs. Cadgut, a gentleman is in the hall, of the name of Swindal; he wants to speak to my mistress.

CADGUT. Shew him into the back parlour, Robert, and I'll go and acquaint her.

ROBERT. Yes, Mrs. Cadgut. (*Exit Servant.*)

CADGUT. So the lover is come, ha! ha! Well, Archly, you'll go wait in my room, till I call you. (*going*) But if you, in your heart, think you cannot make yourself happy—be honest, retreat, before you advance too far in the pursuit.

ARCHLY. You may rest assured, that I shall never lessen the opinion, you so generously have conceived of me.—Success attend you.

CADGUT. There's no fear; I pronounce the conquest, before the attack commences.

In spight of all wiles of wheedling man,  
'Tis woman to complete, or mar a plan.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE

S C E N E II.

MR. SWINDAL. Well, this will be a rare harvest home, upon my soul, ha! ha!—Thirty thousand in the four per-cents. It sounds well; and if I can evade the promise I made to Emulsion, of paying him one half upon the marriage, I will.—If I marry before the articles are executed, I shall have the sum total to myself, snug.—Consequently the sooner I marry, the better.—Faith! here she comes—Not so feeble neither—a little hobbling tho', a going, a going, I see. (*rubbing his hands*) Charming symptoms, ha! ha!

*Enter CADGUT, personating MISS PHOEBE.*

CADGUT. Sir, I presume, that you are Mr. Emulfsen's friend, Mr. Swindal, that he speaks so favourable of, oh !

SWINDAL. The, the identical person, very much, Miss, at your service.—Faith, I like her  
X 4 person,

person, she's not long for this world. (*stifles a laugh—aside.*)

CADGUT. Mr. Swindal, you do me honour. Will you be seated, good Sir? oh!

SWINDAL. I live but to obey you, Miss, hem, hem.

CADGUT. What a charming constitution, oh!

SWINDAL. Never had a day's illness in all my life, 'pon honour, hem, hem.

CADGUT. Delightful! How sound, oh! are your lungs!

SWINDAL. Perfectly so, Miss, hem! hem! as tight as a drum, 'hem, hem. She begins to melt. (*aside.*)

CADGUT. Charming! Health is a very great blessing, Mr. Swindal.—He'll not come to the point—I'll sift him by degrees. (*aside*) Have you heard any news to day, are the stocks in a rising, or falling state?

SWINDAL. Hah! that looks well, faith. (*aside*) In a rising state.—By the nature of your enquiries, Ma'am, I presume, that you are interested.—A holder of stock.—The fours were up two per cent. to day.

CADGUT. Thank you, Sir; I have been so ill: never go out, never hear any news.—I have nobody to manage for me; my affairs are terribly neglected.



neglected. I think I have given him, now, an opportunity to declare himself. (*aside*.)

SWINDAL. Good, good. (*aside*) Did you, Miss, say, that your property lay in the funds? hem, hem.

CADGUT. You shall pay for that hemming, by being well hummed. (*aside*) All my property lies in the new fours, Mr. Swindal.—I have no landed property, nothing but this house I live in.—My affairs are terribly derang'd. Oh! He is very slow. (*aside*.)

SWINDAL. I must sound her. (*aside*) Did you, Miss, say, say that you had thirty thousand in the fours, hem, hem.

CADGUT. The money out-steps love, I see. (*aside*) I shou'd have said forty thousand, which is all the property I have, this house excepted. Oh! But if I had somebody to manage for me, oh! it might be made more considerable, by taking the advantage of the ebbing and flowing of the stocks.

SWINDAL. Excellent! (*aside*) My dear Miss Phœbe, permit me, I can no longer resist your charms; your virtue, and your judgment in business, rivet you in my heart. Suffer me then, to preserve your life, protect your amiable person, and be the guardian of your fortune.

CADGUT. There is some sense in this; puppy

as

as he is, he's not without art. (*aside*) You lay me under the greatest obligation, by thinking, oh ! so favourable of a poor, helpless, deserted creature, oh !

SWINDAL. You are not deserted, while Swindal lives.—But words alone are too feeble to do justice to your virtues, or to my own feelings. O madam ! Mr. Emulsion inform'd me, there was an absolute necessity—that delays might be productive of fatal consequences.

CADGUT. Mr. Emulsion is a charming man. I owe my life to him.

SWINDAL. And I, my happiness, (*taking her hand*) when Heaven shall give me Miss Phœbe for a wife.

CADGUT. (*smiles*) O Sir, your qualifications entitle you to more, than is in my power to bestow.—But what I do possess, as a mark of my gratitude, is at——Pardon me, Sir, O dear !

SWINDAL. Had heaven not bless'd you with a shilling, I cou'd live and die happy with you.—My own fortune is sufficient.—I, I understand that the Reverend Mr. Tackewel is in waiting.

CADGUT. He is very punctual ; I shou'd be sorry to keep him too long in waiting, oh ! (*going*)

SWINDAL. Faith, so shou'd I. (*aside.*) First crown my happiness, by permitting me to encircle

circle your fair finger with this sacred band, (*taking the ring*) then we'll dispatch him.—Permit me to conduct the sweet object of my love. hem, hem. (*embraces her.*)

CADGUT. Dear Mr. Swindal, you are so powerful : good Sir, be tender, my frame is so feeble.—I fear my strength will not allow me to undergo the ceremony, oh !

SWINDAL. My life! my soul! let's not delay. By heavens she'll make her exit before I get possession. (*aside.*)

CADGUT. Then, oh ! then I, I think, I'll take it fitting, shou'd my strength fail me, while the ceremony, oh ! is performing.

SWINDAL. Any where, my precious ; let it be performed in any shape or form, so that the end is answered. (*leading her off bobbling.*)

CADGUT. Oh ! Sir, your goodness, and generous intention, oh ! (*Exeunt.*)

End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

## A C T IV.

## S C E N E I.

*Discovers RECLUSE alone, examining butterflies, &c. A bird in his hand.*

RECLUSE.

**W**ELL, this bird is a very great curiosity, indeed, and will be a very considerable addition to my collections ; had the fellow asked me fifty pounds more for it, I shou'd have made the purchase. (*Handy enters*) Look here, Handy, there is something curious, look at it, examine it ; I bought it dog cheap, fifty pounds, and 'tis well worth a hundred ; look at it's yellow, fine, tapering beak.

HANDY. 'Tis a cornish jack-daw, not worth fifty farthings.

RECLUSE. No such thing, Handy, the bird came from the South Sea, from Otaheite ; I bought

bought it of a sailor, who told me he lately came from those parts, and the fellow did not look to me an impostor.

HANDY. Well, Sir, please yourself.—But for the present, turn your thoughts, I beseech you, upon other business, which, in my opinion, is of far more consequence.

RECLUSE. Of more consequence ! Can any thing in the world be of more consequence, than my great and valuable collections, the pleasing pursuit of which, I have dedicated my whole life to ?

HANDY. And when that life is no more, nobody will thank you for them, unless it be moths ; a pretty harbour enough for such vermin.

RECLUSE. The world is nothing to me, Handy, I care not for it, I have liv'd to please myself, and shall ; I court no man's smiles, nor shall I dread any man's frowns, they are all alike to me.

HANDY. There is nothing new in this doctrine.—But did you know all, there is a something that you ought to care about, or I am greatly out in my calculations.

RECLUSE. Is there ? What can it be ?

HANDY.. The house you now live in, is not your own.

RECLUSE.

RECLUSE. What! not my own!

HANDY. No, nor its furniture, above an hour longer, perhaps not so long.

RECLUSE. What the devil! is the undertaker coming to stop the pulse in my throat?

HANDY. No, I have made interest with him at last, and lengthened your furlough. But the long and the short of the story is this—Mr. Swindal has sent his servant to survey the premises, in consequence of your supposed death; and he himself will be here shortly to take possession, considering himself your heir: however I did not undeceive the prodigal.

RECLUSE. You acted well; thou shalt profit for this. What the devil do the people trouble themselves about me? I trouble nobody.—What! wou'd they have possession before nature yields?

HANDY. No doubt of that—heirs are impatient. But if you'll follow my advice, I wou'd seek revenge.

RECLUSE. How can I discover the leeches?

HANDY. The easiest thing in life; I'll undertake to separate your friends from your enemies; and you shall have ocular demonstration.

RECLUSE. Do, do, I like proof positive.—

But

But for all that, I'll not give up my Otaheite nightingale for a Cornish jack-daw neither. Well, if thou canst, by some trick or scheme, separate my friends from my foes ; why, they shall be rewarded at my decease, as I find they deserve.

HANDY. I'll separate the good metal from the dross, my life for it ; and give you every advantage you can wish for : and to accomplish the business, you yourself, unseen, shall be witness to our conversation.

RECLUSE. Excellent ! I admire ocular proofs.

HANDY. You'll then be enabled to form a judgment of Mr. Swindal's affection for you.

RECLUSE. Right, so I shall. Faith, Handy, I believe I shall make thee my heir—yes I will ; thou shalt be my heir.

HANDY. Heaven forbid I shou'd strengthen such an idea, when you have a lawful son. Besides, I shou'd not know what to do with so much wealth—I have no ambition to be great, not I. If I shou'd by chance out-live you ; why, if you leave me a hundred or two a year, to place me below the great, above the lower class of beings, and on a level with the middling, is all I want, or wish for.

RECLUSE. Any thing but my collections is at thy service. Now, let's go, and be in readiness

dines for the reception of my heir ; (*going*) I feel impatient, till the experiment is over.

HANDY. Sir, I follow you. If I can but reconcile him to his son, I shall be more than happy. (*aside.*) (*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E II.

*Street. Miss Byron walking alone with an umbrella, meeting Mr. Swindal—He starts, when he discovers Miss Byron.*

SWIND. Ha ! whom do I see ?—my eyes sure cannot deceive me—they were seen on the road—It must be Miss Byron. Now for a display of my genuine wit, and natural vivacity.—Cou'd I but secure her confidence, Miss Phœbe shou'd seek her life thro' another channel.—No, it won't do, ha ! ha ! Phœbe's purse is better furnished. (*walks up to her, and pats her on the shoulder.*)

MISS BYRON. (*starts*) Lord, Sir ! What, Mr. Swindal, is it you ? you really frightened me.

SWIND.



SWIND. Fright'ned! fright'ned at me! ha! ha! I have a pretty knack, to be sure, of alarming the ladies: I always take the sex by surprise, ha! ha! One of my principal amusements, ha! ha! ha!

MISS BYRON. Insignificant puppy! (*aside*) 'Twas a good joke to be sure, ha! ha! (*both laugh.*)

SWIND. So it was, ha! ha! I love a good joke, ha! ha!

MISS BYRON. 'Twas so judicious, so well timed. (*both laugh.*)

SWIND. 'Twas, 'twas, 'twas, ha! ha! ha! I have a peculiar method of timing things, always in time, ha! ha! ha!

MISS BYRON. The manner in which you accosted me had so much the air of good breeding, and so witty withal.—

SWIND. Wit, wit, ha! ha! ha! Wit, ha! ha! I was always rated first wit among the wits, ha! ha!

MISS BYRON. And wou'd make an excellent president to the board of witlings.

SWIND. Right, right, ha! ha! upon my soul you are right—I have manufactured for the Morning Post, ha! some lines which were very pointed.

MISS BYRON. Now is my time; his conceit  
Y of

of himself, and a little flattery in addition may throw him off his guard and lead to a confession. (*aside*) Your compositions, Sir, are very poignant indeed.—I read the other day in the Morning Post, an excellent and well-drawn paragraph, relative to Mr. Recluse; and a very fair and just description of him.

SWIND. Did you read it? ha! ha! not that I say it—— (*puts his hands to his mouth, and stifles a laugh.*)

MISS BYRON. All but a confession. (*aside*) I did with pleasure read it, and did suspect (*nods*) somebody.

SWIND. No, no, ha! ha! pray don't now; upon my soul you are a little witch, ha! ha! you are 'pon my soul, if you discover the author of that paragraph, ha! ha!

MISS BYRON. I think, I can aim at the author to a degree of certainty; there are many more on the same subject, and by the same pen too—(*looking steadfastly at him*) Am I right?

SWIND. (*confused*) Well, well, upon my soul you are a little forcerefs, ha! ha! I, I did to be sure, take a little more than common pains, ha! ha! and the work succeeded admirably well, mum.

MISS BYRON. I thought I shou'd squeeze a confession out of him. (*aside*) And you are really the author?

SWIND.

SWIND. No, no, no, upon my honour I do not confess to it, ha! ha! tho' to be sure, I can secrete nothing from you, ha! ha! you little penetrating witch, you.

*Enter GRIMLY, and a Carpenter with a plank.*

GRIMLY. Sir, I have executed your commands thus far—I ordered the grave; and secured two chairmen with a horse, who will work him off in no time.

SWIND. Ha! ha! you'll take him off—use no ceremony—ha! ha!

GRIMLY. Sir, your orders shall be executed; I'll dispatch him, 'tis soon done. *(Exeunt.)*

MISS BYRON. What may be the profession of that dismal looking creature?

SWIND. A very useful employment, ha! ha! cover folks when they become offensive, ha! ha! I have just employed the fellow to hide an old branch of the Recluse family.—Old Recluse, ha! ha! popp'd off—and has adopted me his sole heir, in consequence of some butterflies, I made him a present off.

MISS BYRON. He's cunning amidst all his puppyism. *(aside)* Why, Sir, he's not dead!

SWIND. Yes, yes, yes he is, ha! ha! as dead as a flounder, upon my soul; and I am just

Y 2

going

going to take possession, pleasant enough, eh !

MISS. BYRON. And has adopted you his heir ?

SWIND. Every penny is mine—snug, ha ! ha ! and cut off his son Frank with one shilling. I pity the poor devil ; but he shou'd have managed better, ha ! ha !—My wit, you see, in scribbling, and my presents were so well timed—mum for that, ha ! ha !

MISS BYRON. (*going, and discovers uneasiness*) 'Tis very singular indeed !

SWIND. Not at all, ha ! ha ! Suffer me to see you home.

MISS BYRON. You are very polite, Sir ; but I beg you wou'd not give yourself that unnecessary trouble.

SWIND. Trouble ! ha ! ha ! 'pon my soul, I must tell you, it will be the greatest feast to me, ha ! ha ! next to the possession of Recluse's estate and effects ; that, you know, heh ! (*lays bold of her arm.*)

MISS BYRON. I beg, Sir, desist ; I want no assistance ; I am within a few doors of Miss Phœbe Recluse's.

SWIND. Yes you do, ha ! ha ! ha ! yes you do.—Besides I'm going thither upon very particular business, ha ! ha ! (*Exeunt.*)

*Several*

*Several Undertakers running across the Stage,  
attended by Carpenters with boards.*

GRIMLY. Come, follow briskly, or we shall  
be too late. *(Exeunt.)*

FINIS. *(follows briskly—the Carpenter falls,  
and tumbles over the board)* You clumsy rascal,  
that very slip may lose me the job, and be two  
hundred pounds out of my pocket.

CARPENTER. I have broke my leg, I fear.

FINIS. Damn your leg! hop off upon the  
other. *(he hops along.)* *(Exeunt.)*

COFFIN. *(and Carpenter pass very quick)*  
Zounds! I see them chace; they have caught the  
scent, and will arrive at the death before me.

*(Exeunt.)*

.....

### S C E N E III.

*A Street, which discovers Recluse's house—Un-  
dertakers struggling to get at the door—knock  
and ring repeatedly, and pulling one another from  
the door—One gets half in at the window, he is  
pulled out again—then at the door.*

FIRST UNDERT. The body is mine.

Y 3

SECOND

SECOND UNDERT. 'Tis not; I had the first promise, and will support my right.

THIRD UNDERT. You shall not. I purchased it, and 'tis my property.

GRIMLY. I gave an earnest of ten pounds.

COFFIN. I gave fifteen, Sir,; and I tell you, that I'll lose my life, before I give up the job.

*(They press violently upon the door, and tumble one over another, with the out-cry of I'm dead! I'm kill'd!)*

## S C E N E IV.

*Recluse's house.—Recluse seated, undiscovered by Swindal.*

*Enter SWINDAL and HANDY.*

HANDY. Yes, Sir, my name is Handy, at your service.

SWIND. At my service, hah! no rascal, you'll not enter my service—you unpolished, vulgar—  
My

My service, ha! ha! Are you not, Sir, a very impertinent fellow, to, to give orders for such an expensive funeral, without my consent?

HANDY. When a man is dead, he shou'd be buried, shou'd he not? and my affection for my master, Sir, put this project in my head, for the honour of the family.

SWIND. Honour! honour! presumption! What! honour issue forth from the mouth of a servant! I command you, Sir, to go and prevent your order to Mr. Coffin; for I have contracted with Mr. Grimly, who will be here this evening to take away the old rip: and instead of a hearse, I shall give him a chairman's horse, ha! ha!

RECLUSE. Indeed! a rip! a rip! (*aside*)

HANDY. On a chairman's horse! What, my master have no hearse; no hat-bands, scarfs, and mourning for the richest man in the county!

SWIND. Hah! mourning—'Tis my orders, Sir; I shall have use for it all.

RECLUSE. Thou hast not possession yet, brute; nor ever shall. (*aside.*)

HANDY. No doubt of that, Sir; but I hope out of so much money, you'll spare a little of it: and instead of a chairman's horse, you'll allow him a Christian burial—the first of the fa-

mily that was ever conveyed on a chairman's horse. Besides, I don't think him horseman enough just now to bear the journey.

SWIND. He's the first of the family that disgraced it, and may be the last:—He lived in dishonour, and his remains shall be buried in dishonour.

RECLUSE. Aye!—I'll dispute that presently. —The butterflies were like to have cost me dear —but I am convinced— (*aside—withdraws.*)

HANDY. I don't think it very becoming of you to say so—you'll have a pretty round sum.

SWIND. So I ought, you dog!—But, hark ye, I order you out of my house.

HANDY. Your house!

SWIND. Hah, my house; yes, Sir, my house; and you shall out on't; but first give me the keys, and shew me the valuables.

HANDY. I'll deliver up no keys. And I tell you, that 'twas willed by my master, that you was not to take possession, till twelve days after his decease: and 'till that term is expired, I'm master of this house, and shall put my privilege to the proof; and I tell you to quit this house, or I'll swear a burglary against you.

SWIND. (*alarmed*) What, hang a gentleman! Damn the fellow! if I don't retreat, he may cut



cut my throat ; and take possession of all the valuables himself. (*aside.*) (*Exit.*)

HANDY. (*solus*) I hope young Recluse will act a more generous part—I wou'd apprize him of the trial ; “ but if he wears the spurs, he shall “ win them ”—I am surpris'd the report has not brought him hither before now, to learn his fortune.

RECLUSE. (*calling within*) Handy, here Handy.

HANDY. Well, what do you want ?

*Re-enter RECLUSE in a burry.*

RECLUSE. Come, Handy, and see the moth ; Flycatcher has just caught it, 'tis very curious : why don't you come along ?

(*Exit Recluse in a burry.*)

HANDY. As curious as the Cornish jackdaw, I suppose ; but I'm (*calls again*) coming.  
(*Exit.*)

S C E N E V.

*Enter CADGUT, and her lover HANDY.*

CADGUT. Ha ! ha ! ha ! he seems violently in love, appears to me, Handy, a wretch so mercenary ;

mercenary; that I wou'd not marry him, no, if he was as rich as your master,

HANDY. I am the more oblig'd to you, to prefer a man that possesses nothing but simple love, when you may become mistress of thousands.

CADGUT. Perhaps the more valuable, since money alone cannot purchase happiness, which is the very fruit of love:—Rest assured, that, not even the first fortune in England shou'd tempt me to forfeit a promise, when 'tis in my power to perform it.

HANDY. Generous woman!

CADGUT. For the present, we'll set love aside, and proceed to execute my design; marry Mr. Archly to Miss Phoebe; and disguise Nelly the old cook-maid, for Swindal.

HANDY. An excellent thought, ha! ha! by all means to the Cook-maid.

CADGUT. It will secure, ha! ha! it will secure to her at least a maintenance for life; and him from further rogueries, ha! ha!

HANDY. So it will. (*both laugh.*)

*Enter ROBERT.*

ROBERT. Mr. Tackwell, the parson, is come to mistress, he says,

CADGUT.

CADGUT. Very well, Robert, you'll tell him to wait.

ROBERT. Yes, Mrs. Cadgut—Mrs. Cadgut, I fear 'tis all over with her now.

CADGUT. All over, Robert!

ROBERT. 'Tis I am sure; I, hope you'll speak a good word for me with the executioners, for a suit of mourning.

CADGUT. For a suit of mourning!

ROBERT. I shou'd like to be in mourning for her; tho' I got nothing by her life, your word, Mrs. Cadgut, with the undertakers, may get me a trifle by her death.

CADGUT. I really don't comprehend your meaning.

ROBERT. Nothing so clear; deadly signs you know, Mrs. Cadgut, when parsons begin to pray; yes, yes, it must be all over with her now.—I never knew her pray before, but when the coach overturned her going to Mr. Emulsion's——O Lord! I left the beer-cock a running. *(Exit.)*

CADGUT. Ha! ha! ha! poor Robert is quite out in his conjectures, she's not so near death as he apprehends.

HANDY. If this report goes abroad, you'll be pestered to death with undertakers, as I have been.

CADGUT. I fancy that may be the reason, why Mr. Coffin, Grimly and family have been so civil to me of late; they are perpetually teasing me with cards of invitation.

HANDY. Shou'd Miss Phœbe make her exit, the object of their civility will soon out.—The undertakers have as watchful an eye over the faculty movements, as the faculty have over their patients circumstances.

CADGUT. To be sure they are a necessary sort of people; yet one can't help being shocked at their unreasonable applications. Well, Handy, now to bring Mr. Archly and my mistress to an interview; (*going*) that he may save her life, and secure to himself a wife and independence.

HANDY. May the parson soon tack them together; and Nelly the old cook to Swindal.  
(*both laugh.*) (Exeunt.)

S C E N E VI.

MISS PHOEBE *leaning upon* CADGUT—*a sofa in the Room.*

MISS PHOEBE. I feel, Cadgut, surprisingly recovered—

recovered—I have not been so free from pains this ten years.

CADGUT. Your stomach has not been so free from medicine this ten years.

MISS PHOEBE. Mr. Emulsion gave me leave to abstain—He, he's very skilful, Cadgut.

CADGUT. 'Tis very singular, he never exercised his skill before, and found out the nature of your complaint.

MISS PHOEBE. My complaint, he says, is of so singular a nature, that in all his practice he never had a patient whose complaint was similar to mine.

CADGUT. Faith, I believe so. (*aside*.)

MISS PHOEBE. Tho' he has turn'd over volumes innumerable, in search of cases like mine, he has only found two; which were two young ladies, patients to Æsculapius, the great God of physic, who made a perfect cure of the poor things.

CADGUT. Silly creature! (*aside*) He must have been a great god indeed. Did he prescribe these poor things medicine?

MISS PHOEBE. No, child, he advised them matrimony, matrimony, Cadgut!

CADGUT. Pleasant advice enough, I shou'd think, for maiden ladies.

MISS

MISS PHOEBE. I am inclined to think so, child.

CADGUT. Mr. Emulsion, I suppose, has advised the same remedy to you, ma'am?

MISS PHOEBE. Mr Emulsion is very intelligent.

CADGUT. Then you are determined to be married?

MISS PHOEBE. We shou'd not rebel against the faculty, I therefore left it to Mr. Emulsion, who knows what's best for me; not, that I——child, but life is desirable, Cadgut.

CADGUT. I wish you good luck, and hope 'twill answer your expectations.

MISS PHOEBE. Mr. Emulsion has not a doubt.—I hope, child, you'll not think of leaving me; you will have no objection to a master. I think Mr. Swindal is half a minute after his time. (*looking at her watch.*)

CADGUT. He has been in waiting some time.

MISS PHOEBE. (*rising from the sofa angrily*) In waiting! Cadgut, say you in waiting! and why in the name of health did you not tell me? O dear! O! dear! how cou'd you serve me so?

CADGUT. Lord, ma'am! I did not know the case was so urgently pressing.—Husband-mad! (*aside.*)

MISS

MISS PHOEBE. Urgent! yes, and in its nature extremely pressing.

CADGUT. I think it out of all nature, for age and infirmities to have a desire for pressing; but her appetite proves the contrary. (*aside*) I am extremely sorry, I shou'd omit any thing, that might contribute to your health and amusement—O! here he comes, I suppose 'tis he—I protest he's a fine creature.

MISS PHOEBE. Where! where!—Upon my honour, he looks well; and if we may judge from the countenance, he seems full of health, affability, and good humour—Exactly what Mr. Emulsion describ'd. Go, Cadgut, go, go! withdraw! begone! go, leave me, I say!

CADGUT. (*aside*) Impatience makes her insult me; but I'm before hand. (*Exit.*)

*Enter ARCHLY personating Swindal.*

MISS PHOEBE. Sir, Sir, I conceive—I understand, you are acquainted—that is—I mean to, to say, Sir, you are Mr. Emulsion's good friend, whom he spoke so handsomely of.

ARCHLY. My name is Swindal, Madam. What a pretty confusion she is in. (*aside.*)

MISS PHOEBE. Mr. Swindal, Sir, you do me honour.

ARCHLY.

ARCHLY. Madam, the honour is done me ; I feel my bosom glowing with love, gratitude, and delight.

MISS PHOEBE. Sweet fellow ! (*aside*) Sir, Mr. Swindal, you are very, very flattering, indeed, Mr. Swindal.

ARCHLY. Flattery !—O ! Miss Phœbe, I was transfixed with your charms, long, long, before I beheld the heavenly image, that throws lustre on my anxious soul.—Ah ! madam, Mr. Emulsion's description of you rendered my moments miserable, anxious to a degree of phrenzy : but now, Heaven has conveyed me hither ; my heart's transported—my very soul is on the rack.

MISS PHOEBE. Lovely creature ! both harmony and love unite in him. (*aside*) Pray, Sir, be of comfort ; I assure you, Mr. Swindal, that I, I possess a great share of fellow-feeling ; be comforted, Sir. Poor creature ! already wounded—Aye, I always called myself handsome. (*aside*.)

ARCHLY. There can be no comfort left me, unless ~~you~~ deign to smile with approbation—(*on his knees*) Suffer me not, I beseech you, to fall a victim to love !

MISS PHOEBE. Ingratitude is foreign to my bosom—rise, I pray you, good Mr. Swindal.

This



This is love to, to, almost in perfection: (*aside—getting up.*)

ARCHLY. Such fine feelings can flow only from a virtuous bosom like your's; the very nursery of female perfection:—I cou'd pour out my soul into your lap.

MISS PHOEBE. Charming! delightful! (*aside*) Dear Sir, dear Mr. Swindal, I, I ask your pardon; will you be seated?

ARCHLY. I shou'd be happy in accepting your kind offer; but, but, hem! I understand by our worthy friend, Mr. Emulsion, that delays are dangerous.

MISS PHOEBE. Delays, to be sure, are often productive of misfortunes.

ARCHLY. Extremely so; therefore, as Mr. Tackwell is prepared.

MISS PHOEBE. Is he ready—this way—(*going*) this way, Mr. Swindal—this way.

ARCHLY. First, permit me to encircle the sweet object of my love in my trembling arms (*putting his arm round her waist.*)

MISS PHOEBE. Trembling! This way, this way, Mr. Swindal.

Z

A C T

## A C T V.

## S C E N E I.

*Enter RECLUSE and HANDY.*

HANDY.

WELL, Sir, I hope that you'll acknowledge once in your life time, to be out in your judgment.

RECLUSE. I am right in my judgment—I know the moth is of the thirty-second tribe.

HANDY. Confound the moth, and the tribe too;—Why not attend to other business for one minute? What think you now of Mr. Swindal? a very promising fellow, so grateful, and he speaks so affectionately of you, does he not?

RECLUSE. Curse his affection—I wish he were hanged; I wou'd procure the body, stuff it, and expose it to public view as a monster.

HANDY. You have lived in the world for something; to make choice at last of such an heir,

heir, that will not allow his benefactor a Christian burial.

RECLUSE. I disclaim him for ever; he shall not be a butterfly the better for me.

HANDY. Charming! (*aside*) Then you have an heir to seek for.

RECLUSE. I have not, thou shalt be my heir.

HANDY. I have no right to it, nor do I expect it:—why not forgive your son, and let things go on in the right channel.—As you have got in the habit of trying dispositions, why not give him a trial? If he comes, I wou'd give him a chance however:—If he is affectionate, I wou'd encourage him; but if he is otherwise—why, I'll never more say a word in his favour. (*looks off*) Hah! I believe he's coming—yes he is, 'tis he, I'm sure.

RECLUSE. Is he, is he? What, and where shall I go?

HANDY. Here, here, in here; get into this bear-skin, and lay in that corner.

RECLUSE. Good, good, I will, I will, (*putting it on, and lies down.*)

*Enter FRANK RECLUSE.*

FRANK RECLUSE. How do you, Handy? I understand that my poor father lies dead; and has

Z 2

disinherited

disinherited me, and adopted Mr. Swindal to be his heir.

HANDY. The first afflicts me ; and I am distressed at the other.

FRANK RECLUSE. My poor deluded father ! however, what has been done cannot now be reversed, and I must bear up my spirits against the tide of disappointment ; there is no other alternative.

HANDY. I am sorely grieved at any disappointment that overtakes you. I can assure you, Sir, that I used every effort in my power with your father, to secure to you your right and patrimony.

FRANK RECLUSE. I thank you for your friendly intentions—I hope he has made some provision for you.

HANDY. Not a shilling, Sir,—yet—'twas not his fault.

FRANK RECLUSE. Make yourself happy on that head—you are an old faithful servant of my father's ; and altho' my income is but small, part of it shall be devoted to your service, for your fidelity and attention to him.

HANDY. O Sir ! you are too good—I cou'd in my heart tell him his father is not dead, and caution him of his danger ; but that it may put his virtue to the proof. (*aside.*)

FRANK

FRANK RECLUSE. Thy services to my father lay claim on his family; and as far as 'tis in my power, you shall not be unrewarded.—What principally brought me hither was, a concern about his funeral. The heirs of Gladwell-Hall, have for centuries been buried in a manner worthy of their fortunes and family, and so shall my father at my expence, was it to cost me the last shilling: although he has acted so ungenerous a part by me, he was my father. Mr. Swindal, I understand, reprobates his poor remains—spurns the hand that fed him, and declares, that his funeral expence shall not exceed fifty-shillings; but I shall take care to defeat his ungrateful decision.—What is that, pray, lies there?

HANDY. A bear's skin.

FRANK RECLUSE. A bear's skin! Why it moves. (*Recluse Sen. getting up in the skin.*)

RECLUSE. Ay, a bear's skin; but it's contents are worse than a bear, wolf, or devil. (*embracing him*) 'Tis thy father. (*takes it off.*)

FRANK RECLUSE. My father! alive too!

RECLUSE. Ay, my boy! thy father is alive; and thy tenderness for his supposed remains, has not only made thy peace, but thee master of Gladwell-Hall, and all he possesses—Every acre shall be thine.

Z 3

HANDY.

HANDY. Happy union ! my every wish is now complete. (*aside.*)

FRANK RECLUSE. Sir, with submission, you have my thanks ; and I flatter myself, that I shall not prove unworthy your goodness.—If not too intruding, Sir, may I be bold to enquire into the mystery—your reason for propagating the report of your death.

RECLUSE. My joy has robb'd me of recollection ; Handy knows more of the business, than I do, and I refer thee to him for an explanation. (*addressing himself to Handy*) Handy, my worthy friend, I'm indebted to thee for this happiness, (*turning to his son*) and so art thou, my boy, for thy good fortune ; he never lost sight of thy interest, he always was full of thy praise, and recommending to me reconciliation.

FRANK RECLUSE. I am oblig'd to him, and I can only add, that his interest shall be mine.

HANDY. In gratitude for what you have said, I thank you, Sir ; what has been done, was the effect of chance, and I cannot see, that a man in doing what is just and right, is to claim to himself so much merit.

FRANK RECLUSE. True, but there are but few men, who possess your feelings.—And small is the number, that have honesty enough to give them their full effect.

HANDY. O! Sir.

FRANK RECLUSE. I mean, who have honesty enough to act up to their professions. But you have done more, and unsolicited, you supported a man, who had not the opportunity of defending his own cause,—condemned in the opinion of a father. But you, Handy, stood in the gap, the champion of justice; fought for union without pay, and conquered without promotion in view.

RECLUSE. O! my boy, thy words rekindle those sensations, that inattentive folly had well nigh smothered.

FRANK RECLUSE. What then, could I have done, Sir, to have thus merited your displeasure?

RECLUSE. Reason, my boy, I fear will make up but a very small part in my defence: however, put off my trial for the present. (*a noise within*) What noise is that, Handy?

HANDY. Mr. Swindal, or the Undertaker, I suppose, coming to take possession. (*Flycatcher enters in a fright, his hair on end.*)

RECLUSE. Why in this hurry?

FLYCATC. Death's zervants, zir, are come; Master Coffin, or zume zuch name, to vedch somebody along, as they say. (*violent noise within.*)

Z 4

Enter

*Enter COFFIN, FINIS, and GRIMLY, jostling one another, and their faces bloody.*

FINIS. Oh! Mr. Handy.

COFFIN. Friend, Handy, all is ready.—I'll lay him out in a crack.

GRIMLY. You! the job is mine, Sir, Mr. Swindal gave me the preference.

HANDY. Hold! hold! be more gentle.—What are you murdering one another?

COFFIN. Gentle enough, when the breath is out!

RECLUSE. Not so gentle! I tell you the breath is in, savages: (*he raps them with a stick*) what wou'd you screw me up alive, (*they stand amazed*) serve me, as you did the Nabob with your thumb, your puling, and your grasping?

COFFIN. Sir, are you the dead body, for whom I have been preparing a deposit in so sumptuous a manner?

RECLUSE. Sumptuous a manner! I am the live body, murderer! You have been preparing for a deposit, as you call it, in the way of business.

COFFIN. Sir! Sir! I'm sorry, if I've given you cause of offence, and more so for my disappointment—



appointment; your not dying is a heavy loss to me; but, I hope you'll make me some reparation for the great expence I have been at. (*Recluse looking at him with silent contempt*) Mr. Handy, you'll reimburse my fifteen pounds, as the scheme did not take.

FINIS. Aye, and return me too, my ten pounds, or I'll give you a little law.

HANDY. Justice has no need of that; I have put it out to interest in the hands of charitable humanity.

COFFIN. What the devil have I to do with your humanity, and your charity?

RECLUSE. I firmly believe so, indeed; and this piece of humanity was entirely accidental.

GRIMLY. You are right, Sir, ha! ha! ha! Upon my soul, gentlemen, you cut a pretty figure here, exposing yourselves, as well as your profession; a nice take-in this, ha! ha! caught in your own traps, not even bribery cou'd succeed, your servant, ha! ha! ha! (*Exit.*)

COFFIN and FINIS, *looking at each other foolishly.*

COFFIN. If I had my money back again—  
Confound your charitable purposes. (*going hastily.*)

FINIS. So say I, and humanity too. (*going.*)

RECLUSE.

RECLUSE. Hold ! hold ! death-hunters, a word before we part ; as for you, Mr. Coffin, I shall bring you to justice.—I have your own words in evidence against you, which are strong enough to affect your life.

COFFIN. You had better say nothing, and keep your ignorance to yourself ; a confession out of court, and before trial, argues nothing without evidence.—That for your justice. (*snaps bis fingers.*)

RECLUSE. (*making up to him.—Exeunt Coffin and Finis, hastily*) This last speech completes the knave.—What an audacious rascal !—Well, my boy, I shall next repair thy injuries, by making thee happy, if land and money can make thee so, I'm all compliance to thy will and pleasure.

FRANK RECLUSE. Sir, I thank you ; money is one great ingredient towards happiness ; yet 'tis not the principal one in my opinion.—Your generosity to me, shall not make me less so to you ; and with your leave, I shall make you full confession, when I hope to meet your approbation, and obtain your consent. I have had an honest attachment for a young lady, of little fortune, but of great worth, and virtue.—She's an orphan, friendless, and unprotected.

RECLUSE.

RECLUSE. Give me thy hand, thou shalt be her prop. (*shake hands*) I am glad on't, I like thy plan, my boy.—Never mind her fortune, I have enough for you both, if she's a good girl; and a great deal too much, if she's a bad one.—What may be her name?

FRANK RECLUSE. Miss Byron, the daughter of the late Sir James Byron, an old friend, and fellow collegian of yours.

RECLUSE. So he was, so he was; a very worthy man, I approve of the match, I like it, I'm pleas'd.—Come lets withdraw, (*going*) and hurry on the business; I shall not be easy till matters are brought to a conclusion.—Come along you young rogue, you dear boy.—Come, Handy, I shall want thy assistance to examine some papers, thou dost know more of my affairs, than I do; that settled, we'll go to my sister Phœbe's, make peace with her, and be at peace with all the world.—Come Franky, come my boy.

FRANK RECLUSE. Sir, with pleasure I follow you. (*Exeunt.*)

## S C E N E

## S C E N E II.

*Enter HANDY, discovers CADGUT on the opposite side.*

HANDY. Hah! my dear Cadgut, (*running up to her*) the very person I wanted to see.—Having a few minutes to spare, I hasten'd to inform you, that I am the herald of the most joyful tidings.—I have at length come off victorious, and I'm now the happiest of mortals.—I have defeated the villain, Swindal, in his base design, and have made both father and son happier than words can express.

CADGUT. Then I presume, you have brought about the wished-for reconciliation.

HANDY. I have my girl, I have; the old gentleman is brought to a sense of his error, and has receiv'd his son into his bosom, with transports of the most cordial affection: and while in his father's fond embraces, he made him full confession of his attachment to Miss Byron, which he listened to with approbation and delight.—All parties are agreeable, the wedding fixed on; and upon the marriage, the young  
folks

folks are to have full possession of Gladwell-hall, and every acre thereunto belonging.

CADGUT. From my heart, I am glad to hear of their good fortune, and sincerely wish them a life of uninterrupted happiness.

HANDY. There's no fear of happiness, when their hearts are so well disposed, and so much virtue and real worth united. But now for a (*taking her hand*) piece of news, which will bring our feelings home to bliss and love too.—My old Master has in his goodness given me, for ever, the Grove Villa, with one hundred acres of meadow ground, which surround it, for my services; nor has dear Frank been less kind.—He likewise has given me a promise of an annuity of one hundred pounds for life, for my attention to his interest, and attachment to his person.—What now, my Cadgut, can bar the way to our mutual happiness? Nothing, nothing; let's put our promise to the proof, by being married, retire to the Grove Villa, and live as happy as love and independance can make us.—For the present adieu! my dear girl adieu! I have outstaid my time, and my absence will retard their business. (*Exit.*)

HANDY *re-enters.*

" HANDY. A word more before I go.—Let  
not

not our union make you forget Nelly, and the loving Swindal's matrimony, ha! ha! ha! 'twill be a blessed match.

CADGUT. Well thought on, our own good fortune had made me almost forget theirs.—I, I am alarmed; perhaps Swindal has been in waiting sometime, and has made some discovery. (*going.*)

HANDY. Then for heaven's sake, use all possible dispatch to accelerate their union, that accomplished, will render all complete.

(*Exeunt separatim.*)

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S C E N E III.

*Enter SWINDAL, CADGUT, and NELLY.—Nelly in a chair, personating Miss Phæbe, whom Cadgut drives before her.—Swindal with his hand on the chair.*

SWIND. My deary, my lovee, how are you now?

NELLY. Oh! oh!

CADGUT.

CADGUT. Are you better, madam?

NELLY. Oh!

SWIND. Did my chicken say she was worse?

NELLY. Oh!

CADGUT. (*to Swindal*) She certainly is not long for this world—shall I send for Mr. Emulsion.

SWIND. No, no, he'll come presently, 'tis all in good time.—There are, already, too many old bills in evidence against her, without creating new ones.

CADGUT. Lord, Sir! if she was to die without assistance——

SWIND. If she dies, she dies.—We must all die, Mrs. Cadgut.

CADGUT. What a tender creature. (*aside*) Very true, indeed, Sir, we must all go, sooner, or later.—How are you now, madam? Are you better?

NELLY. Oh! take me, I want to lay down. Oh! 'twill be a long sleep.

SWIND. I hope it will. (*aside*) Take her away, wheel her off.

CADGUT. Will you, Sir, come and assist. (*going*) She cannot survive this. I hear the rattles in her throat.

SWIND. If they rattle, they rattle—deadly signs.—So much the better. (*aside*).—*Exeunt*  
Nelly

*Nelly and Cadgut*) Away, away; I shou'd not have married her, if there was a probability of her living; but her little fortune, in addition to her brother's, gives me full possession of the whole in the Recluse family. There never was such a fortunate rascal, ha! ha! ha! this is dispatching business to some purpose. So, so, here comes Emulsion.—His arrival is too late, ha! ha! ha! Not a shilling, my dear brother-in-law, ha! ha!

*Enter EMULSION, with a scroll of paper.*

EMULS. Friend Swindal, I suppose—I suppose by your laughing, 'tis all over.—We have performed the cure, ha! ha! Faith, I can't help laughing myself, ha! ha! a good joke.

SWIND. Faith, have I, ha! ha! (*both laugh.*)

EMULS. How did she bear it.

SWIND. Charminglly. (*both laugh.*)

EMULS. We, we, I, I can't help laughing, faith, ha! ha! We have gathered in a plentiful harvest.

SWIND. So I have, ha! ha!

EMULS. We have, we have. (*both laugh.*)

SWIND. I have, I have gathered in the corn, and want but little threshing to get at the grain.

EMULS.



EMULS. We, we shall soon get at it, ha ! ha !  
and make a handsome division.

SWIND. We shall ! (*looking at him very seriously*) You seem fond of the plural, Doctor.

EMULS. We shall ! certainly we shall !—  
Come, Swindal, my dear friend, I have got it  
here ready for you.

SWIND. What have you got, Mr. Emul-  
sion ?

EMULS. Only set your name, 'tis soon done,  
here take the pen, (*offering a pen*) 'tis soon  
done.

SWIND. Set my name, to what, Sir ?

EMULS. To the bond, 'tis soon done, ha !  
ha ! Soon done, my dear brother-in-law.

SWIND. To the bond ! What bond, Sir ?

EMULS. What bond, Mr. Swindal ?

SWIND. Yes, Sir, what bond ? I'll sign no  
bond, Sir.

EMULS. What, Sir, not sign my bond ? not  
assign over to me, the one half of her fortune,  
Sir ?

SWIND. I'm not in possession, yet, Sir.

EMULS. But, but you soon will, Mr.  
Swindal.

SWIND. I know I shall ; forty thousand  
pounds, a good house, with a dying companion ;  
a pretty addition to my helpship.—And what the

Aa                      devil,

devil, tricking's fair in love, Doctor, ha! ha! ha!  
a good joke, ey?

EMULS. The devil take me!

SWIND. Have patience, Doctor, you are perfectly safe.

*Enter RECLUSE and FRANK.*

RECLUSE. Hey day, what positivo, positivas, are you here? and you too, (*Swindal starts, and cries out a ghost, a spirit*) the generous, and most grateful Swindal?

SWIND. I, I am indeed; and, and am sorry that you bear witness to it.

RECLUSE. No doubt of that, because you can't give "the old rip, instead of a horse, a "chairman's horse," thank you for your care, Mr. Swindal, the ghost wants neither at present, ha! ha! (*Swindal confused.*)

FRANK RECLUSE. I beg to offer him my thanks, too, for his kind, and most liberal eulogy of me in the public prints; the language was so poignant: "I was always rated first wit among the wittings, I took more than common pains with that paragraph, ha! ha!"

EMULS. Gentlemen, your argumentations have a wildness about them, that convinces me, you must want my assistance; I therefore must have

have a feel of your pulse, the disorder, I perceive, is mounting up to a fever in the cerebrum. (*Attempts to feel his pulse.*)

FRANK RECLUSE. Keep off, Sir. (*To Swindal*) You seem dull, Sir, "I pity the poor devil, he shou'd have manag'd better, ha! ha!

RECLUSE. "Come, Sir, shew me the valuables, I shall find use for all.—He lived in disgrace, and his remains shall be conveyed in disgrace, ha! ha!"

SWIND. You seem merry, gentlemen, I like to be merry myself, ha! ha! I cou'd in my heart pistol myself.—(*aside.*)

FRANK RECLUSE. The subject must be charmingly interesting to you, Mr. Swindal, ha! ha!

SWIND. I could cut the rascal's throat. (*aside*) So it is, I enjoy it, ha! ha! I'm pleased to see my relations happy.

RECLUSE. Your relations!

SWIND. Certainly, ha! ha! my dear brother-in-law.—Forty thousand pounds, which makes up for my disappointment of your not dying.

EMULS. He's right, just married to my patient, and your sister.

RECLUSE. What the devil, married to old Phoebe, my sister!

A a 2

*Enter*

*Enter PHOEBE and ARCHLY.*

PHOEBE. Old ! how can you, brother, bestow such indelicate epithets on a bride ?

RECLUSE. A bride ! bride ! a bride at sixty, ha ! ha !

SWIND. A bride, Sir ; I am satisfied, and I beg that you cease being witty at the expence of my wife.

PHOEBE. Your wife ! (*angrily*) Who are you ?

SWIND. (*discovers uneasiness*) Swindal, Mr. Emulsion's friend, and your husband.

EMULS. The very gentleman, whom I had the honour to recommend, the object of my infallible prescription, according to Æsculapius.

PHOEBE. Have you taken leave of your senses, Mr. Emulsion ? I never saw the gentleman before—you insult me, Sir.

EMULS. Insult ! abfulatum, abfulatus, this gentleman is my friend, whom I prescribed, as your husband and restorer.

SWIND. The very man, and husband to Miss Phoebe Recluse, just married to her.

RECLUSE. What the devil, were you married in the dark, that you don't know one another ? ha ! ha !

ARCHLY.

ARCHLY. (*to Swindal*) Sir, you are an impostor; I am the husband of Miss Phœbe Recluse, thank fortune, for the honour of possession.

EMULS. It can't be, this gentleman is my friend (*pointing to Swindal*). You are a cheat, an impostor (*to Archly*). I, I don't comprehend, there is a trick, a forgery at the bottom of all this.

*Enter CADGUT.*

SWIND. Cadgut, Mrs. Cadgut, I, I rejoice to see you, where's your mistress—my dear spouse, my charming Phœbe Swindal?

CADGUT. Sir (*pointing*), that lady is my mistress, Miss Phœbe Recluse, that was.

SWIND. It can't be, a, are there two Miss Phœbe's?—That's not the lady I, I married.—You, you were bride-maid, Mrs. Cadgut, and where is my Phœbe, my, my dear wife?

MISS PHOEBE. Pray, Cadgut, do you know any thing of that man there, that calls himself Swindal?

CADGUT. I do, madam, know him to be Mr. Swindal, the very person whom that artless, innocent Apothecary recommended to you, ma'am, for a husband, and, with your leave, I'll

A a 3

unravel

unravel the mystery—If I have done wrong, on my knees I entreat your forgiveness. (*qu her knees.*)

(*Swindal and Emulsion looking at one another.*)

MISS PHOEBE. Thou hast my forgiveness, let thy crime be what it may—I am happy in my choice—rise.

ARCHLY. And I am for ever blest.

CADGUT. Madam, having by accident overheard a conversation that passed between those two honest gentlemen, previous to that great Apothecary's prescription—They had mutually agreed to divide between them, upon the marriage, your fortune.—In short, the Undertaker was to possess the body, and they your wealth.

MISS PHOEBE. Villainous ! villainous !

RECLUSE. Very honourable indeed, gentlemen.

EMULS. (*to Cadgut*) Thy tongue shall suffer the force of law, for scandalum magnatum.

CADGUT. And thy intentions, Doctor, are rewarded, as all such infamy shou'd.

RECLUSE. So they are, ha ! ha ! Thou art a jewel of a woman.

SWIND. 'Tis all a trick, my honour is concerned, my—my very credit is at stake—my  
design

design is frustrated.—Whom the devil have I married?

CADGUT. You are right, Mr. Swindal, in this instance; I honestly acknowledge 'twas a trick, and I'm not ashamed to own the deception, and confess myself the author. (*To Miss Phæbe*) Madam, when I found you gave way to the persuasions of Emulsion, and to prevent your falling a victim to their scheme, I presum'd it a duty incumbent on a just servant; when I found you determin'd, to choose you a husband, I hope, worthy your confidence and fortune—He is a man of integrity; I know him well—Doctor Archly.

MISS PHOEBE. (*smiles*) A Doctor!—I approve the device, applaud thy genius, and shall ever consider thee my best friend. (*To Archly*) So, Sir, your name is not Swindal, but, but Archly—a Doctor?

ARCHLY. Doctor Archly, not of physic, but of divinity. I had the honour of being tutor to Lord Charles Spendthrift:—I was abroad with him for two years; but his extravagance made it necessary for me, as an honest man, to acquaint his father of his conduct, which incensed the young man against me.—The Duke dying in the interim, I was left friendless and unprovided for.

A a 4

SWIND.

SWIND. Zounds! Mr. Emulsion!

EMULS. Zounds! Mr. Swindal!—Who—  
who the devil!—What are you married to?

*Enter NELLY—a black patch over one eye.*

NELLY. To me, Sir:—BETTER LATE THAN NEVER. I ask your pardon, I cou'd not come sooner, having the dishes to wash, the table to scour, and the kitchen to stone; good servants always clean up before they leave their places. (*To Miss Phœbe*) No offence, (*dropping an awkward courtesy*) I hope, Madam, your goodness will excuse my quitting your service without giving warning: but being now made a gentlewoman, Mr. Swindal's wife—An't I, my lovee—my dearee. (*pats him on the cheek.*)

SWIND. Thou familiar vulgar!

NELLY. Familiar to be sure—who shou'd I be familiar with, but my own dear spousee.

SWIND. Keep off, damnation!—marry thee for Miss Phœbe.

MISS PHOEBE. Yes, thank heaven!

NELLY. So say I, or I might have died husbandless.

EMULS. I'll drop the Physician, and take to the phials again, since the scheme did not  
take.



take (*aside*). Friend Swindal, I give you joy—  
“ I’ll sign no bond, tricking is fair in love.”

NELLY. Faith, and so it is, ha! ha! ha!  
I ask you, Madam, pardon for laughing at  
my husband—ha! ha! ha! (*all laugh at Swin-*  
*dal.*)

SWIND. (*to Nelly*) Thou one-ey’d monster!

CADGUT. (*to Nelly—aside*) At him, don’t  
spare him; he must allow you a maintenance.

NELLY. Curse it, so I will (*aside*). And  
pray, Mr. Two Eyes, have not I seen further  
with my one eye, than you have with your two—  
Answer me that? “ If she dies, she dies, if they  
“ rattle, they rattle.” Any signs of the rattles in  
this wholesome face?

SWIND. Thou pole-cat! thou scullion!

NELLY. You lie, I am a cook, and as sweet  
as an anchovy; and you are now master of all  
that.

RECLUSE. So he is, ha! ha!

CADGUT. And his honest friend there, may  
be again master of phials. “ We of the faculty  
“ never deviate from principle, no Mrs. Cad-  
“ gut,” ha! ha! “ Tho’ health is the basis,  
“ on which the faculty lay the foundation of  
“ the art, there’s justice in the building.”  
ha! ha!

RECLUSE. Bravo, better and better, ha! ha!

EMULS. (*in a rage*) Thou ill-favoured, impertinent, I'll be thy death. (*going up to her.*)

SWIND. Right, Doctor, we'll destroy the whole race. (*advancing to Cadgut, with his stick erect.*)

FRANK RECLUSE. Hold, villains! (*laying his hand upon his sword*) this is not for ornament; (*draws*) but to curb insolence, and measure knaves. (*advancing.*)

SWIND. and EMULS. (*on their knees praying for mercy*) O! Sir, spare us, spare us, put up, pray now spare us.

NELLY. (*on her knees, pawing Swindal*) Pray, Sir, don't kill my dear, sweet little spoufsee woufsee.

FRANK RECLUSE. To oblige you, Mrs. Swindal, or he shou'd feel the weight of my just resentment.—But such assassins!—Sir, what provision do you intend to make her?

NELLY. Ay, Sir, what will you give me for your life?—Deadly sign, my lovee, I hear the rattles in your throat.

SWIND. (*trembling*) Here, here, my sweet, dear Anchovy; (*taking his pocket book out, gives her a bank note*) there, there my very good wife, a bank note for one hundred pounds.

NELLY. Thank you for your love, this will do 'till I want more, dearee.

FRANK

FRANK RECLUSE. Rise, go, reflect, and be that your punishment. (*getting up, and going.*)

SWIND. and EMULS. (*bowing*) Thank you, Sir.

EMULS. (*going*) "Tricking's fair in love—  
"eh—I'll sign no bond—£,40,000 and a good  
"house to live in, with a dying companion, a  
"good joke, eh."

SWIND. You cursed scoundrel!

NELLY. Stop! stop! I'll open the door for you.

(*Exeunt Swindal, Emulson, and Nelly.*)

ARCHLY. Base wretches!—Now, madam, you are rid of monsters in human shape—I'll strive to act, for the honour you have done me, the reverse—the part of a man of honour, and a faithful friend.

RECLUSE. So far, so happy; but there is one fair absent, without whom, our felicity cannot be general (*going*). I must find her; O! here she is, here she is. (*enter Sophy*) Welcome, my sweet girl, welcome: your presence is necessary to make this an unclouded day.

SOPHY. 'Twill be a serene one to me, if it is in any manner satisfactory to you, Sir.

RECLUSE. There's an injured youth, to whom I offer you as an atonement for the wrongs I have done him: if your heart accedes to this, Gladwell-Hall and six thousand a year,  
for

for you both, shall be the joyful penance I impose upon myself. Give me your hands ; (*joining them*) There, my girl, be a father's advocate with his son ; and there, Frank, may you now find that happiness with her, that I and fortune had so long, and so unjustly withheld from you.

SOPHY. 'Twill be now one portion of our felicity to gild the evening of your life with joy, and repay the interest of this generous action.

RECLUSE. It is not generosity, but justice, to give my son his own—It had well nigh been Swindaled tho'—Eh, Sister ?

MISS PHOEBE. Within a hair's breadth, brother—And I too, Miss Byron, I sincerely wish you happy. Give me leave to introduce this gentleman to you—Mr. Archly, my husband.

SOPHY. (*Startles*) Your husband ! I give you joy, Madam, on the happy event.

FRANK RECLUSE. Words, Sir, cannot express, what I at this moment feel. Gratitude, my friends, love, friendship, joy, and duty, are all at once crowding on my heart.

Thus may desert be happy union's price,  
And virtue trample on the spawn of vice,

THE END.

THE  
MAN OF HONOUR,

A  
COMEDY.

## *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

### M E N.

SIR SOFTPATE TRUEMAN.  
LORD MODELY.  
STERLING, Uncle to Sir Softpate.  
CAPTAIN FIRMLY, Brother to Lord Modely.  
TRUSTY, Steward to Sir Softpate.  
COMMANDER IN CHIEF.  
COLONEL FLASHINPAN.  
CAPTAIN SCARECROW.  
JACK ENGLISH, Valet de Chambre to Sir Softpate.  
TWIST, A Taylor.  
MACSHUFFLE, A Scotchman, false Friend to Trusty.  
PHEASANT, Gamekeeper.  
TOM, Footman.  
CHASE, Huntsman.  
CAREFUL, Servant to Lord Modely.  
BUTT, A Butler.  
ROGER, A Clown.

Sailors, Innkeepers, and French Servants.

### W O M E N.

LADY TRUEMAN.  
LADY MODELY.  
NANCY, In love with Captain Firmly.  
MRS. GOODMAN, Friend to Nancy, and Mother to  
Lady Modely.  
SOPHIA, Waiting Woman to Lady Trueman.  
DESERT, Housekeeper to Lady Trueman.  
MADAMOISELLE, Lady Modeley's Maid.

SCENE, London and it's Environs.

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T H E  
M A N O F H O N O U R,  
A  
C O M E D Y.

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A C T I.

SCENE I. *A Room in Lord Modely's  
House.*

LADY MODEL Y.

A WIFE in love with her husband!—to be sure, that is truly antique! Can my poor natural suppose any thing in himself capable of gaining my affections—the affections of a woman of my spirit? Egad, 'twas singular enough

to see him not above an hour ago, stretch himself, and formally ask me—Well, Lady Modely, have you not reason to bless yourself in the choice you have made? Why really, I do bless myself in that choice, for I am just as every woman of fashion wou'd choose to be: I assume the ensigns of wedlock, (*points at the ring*) to be the more at liberty to the world——ahah! —What, Mademoiselle! with a letter too!

*Enter MADAMOISELLE.*

MADAM. Me Ladee, dis be de letre you so expect from France. (*giving the letter.*)

LADY MODEL Y. A letter!—well, you have done exactly right; Mademoiselle, you may go, child.

MADAM. Oui, me Ladee. (*Exit.*)

LADY MODEL Y. (*looking pleased after her*) Faithful creature!—dear nation!—sweet repository of our nocturnal confidence (*opens the letter*)—Hah! this is something like that other natural—It is Softpate's hand, I protest; I wish he were returned from France—nothing like variety; a change in manners, as well as in dress—now for the contents. (*opens and reads*) Ha! ha! half French, half English.—Lord, how conceited are men! Why, I thought it was impos-



impossible for Softpate to have improved in folly: But—O Paris! thou best of alchymists, thou canst change all things.—Now, if I play my cards right, I think I may soon be unharnessed from my dear lord. The title he gave me, he cannot take back again, no no—and if we remain much longer together, why, we shan't have money enough to procure a box at the opera, nor even a ticket for the Pantheon; I think it were tempting providence, if I did not do all in my power to prevent this sacrifice—hem—now for a plan—Sir Softpate is quite in character, (*points to her head*) a conceited coxcomb—his wife—a jilt—My sweet—lord—loves variety; and so do I. Sir Softpate has gold enough to support a right honourable title; and this letter hints as much, as if he could share it with me (*points at the letter*)—why then—Heavens! here's my lord; I hope he has not—  
(*Exit in a burry.*)

*Enter* LORD MODELY.

LORD MODELY. A Pistol—the genteelest way to give the world at once a receipt in full.

*Enter* CAREFUL, *with a letter.*

CAREF. A letter for your Lordship. (*gives it.*)

B b

LORD

LORD MODELY. A letter?—from whom?  
(*opens it.*)

CAREF. I don't know; but do suppose it has a name on the inside.

LORD MODELY. You impertinent—away, Sir! (*looking over the letter—Exit Careful*) Excellent, from my Lady Trueman, by all that's honourable!—If a stout pair of antlers don't sprout upon her husband's pate in a week, may my Lady cover mine all over——now for the prize. (*reads.*)

“ My dear Lord,

“ We have just got on English ground again.  
“ I am all impatience to see you.—Softpate is  
“ more fool than ever :—Now, I hope, nothing  
“ can stand in our way, if you have taken care  
“ to do what you so often advised.

“ Adieu, my dear Lord,

“ Believe me all your's,

“ TRUEMAN.

“ P. S. I hope you have secured an opera  
“ box in the most conspicuous place.”

Charming! excellent! I see there is no  
necessity of manœuvring any further—She  
has

has struck her flag, and I will take possession. I was afraid Paris wou'd have made her forget me: but it seems this person, with the addition of Lord, have extended further than I was aware of.—How fortunate it is, when variety of pleasures crowd upon the amiable man who is made for them. Well, my dear Lady Trueman, soon may I see you, with such an addition of French charms, that I may gaze on you with rapture—and on my wife with contempt. *(Exit.)*

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S C E N E II.

*Sir Softpate's House.*

TRUSTY *solus.*

TRUSTY. Well, poor encouragement, after a service of near forty years! Honesty is held in contempt, and virtue in derision. What now avails my affection for the family of Trueman? But there remains that monitor within this

B b 2

old

old bosom, that makes the last summons pleasing, and now desirable—all is well, calm and serene.—Happy reflection for an old man who has acted honestly. My poor old master was sensible of all this; had not death snatched him so suddenly, I should have been rewarded. O! giddy young man! am I dishonest?—yes, in his eyes; for my aspect is venerable, and my parents English.—Yet, could my old master rise from his grave and read this (*pointing to a letter*), my cold comfort from his own son, he would set all to rights.—Poor man, 'twas his last request to his son, in his expiring moments, “Take care of Trusty—be kind to “them all.” But why should I wonder at this sudden change—the son has been to France, and caught the epidemical malady, that scarce a family of fashion is not tainted with:—The wanton desire of advancing the natural foes of their country before their own people. Alas! sterling customs are now as much below par, and as much worn out, as sterling sixpences!—It grieves me to trouble my friend Mac Shuffle, but my distress compels me: for nothing on earth gives greater relief to a heart loaded with sorrow, than when we may pour ourselves out into the bosom of a friend; who shares in our misfor-

misfortunes, by administ'ring the pleasing balsamic of heartfelt commiseration.

*Enter* MAC SHUFFLE.

TRUSTY. Pardon me, my friend, for troubling you with so abrupt a summons.

MAC SHUFFLE. Mee deer measter Trusty, why sae formal? nae ceremonees amun freends. I'm unco happy whan it's I' my poore to complee with tha requast of a friend; awn particlar friend Trusty, once me gude benefactor.

TRUSTY. Thank you, Sir, I don't in the least doubt your friendly intentions. We have been acquainted upwards of twenty years, and lived in the strictest friendship. (*looks dejected.*)

MAC SHUFFLE. What the muckle deel can this mean? (*aside*) Wha measter Trusty, dan you figh sae—are not you weel? it makes me saud to see ye: whe mon, you're nae yoursel.

TRUSTY. I fear, I never shall, Sir; I am in great distrefs and affliction.

MAC SHUFFLE. Upon my faul, but I feel for your distrefs; and thare shall be naithing wanting on me part, to render ye a helping hawnd. I swear to ye, measter Trusty, upon my faul, me pouch, awn me bawbee, to be your

B b 3

solum

solum friend : but speek, how comes this un-  
acspacted distrefs and grievance.

TRUSTY. Your tendernefs and ready com-  
pliance comfort me. My distrefs is fo great,  
that I have my bread to seek : I am no longer  
steward. I propofe entering into fome bufi-  
nefs; but my purfe is not equal to the under-  
taking.

MAC SHUFFLE. The deel tack me bladdering  
tongue, now have I thrawn myfel into a bony  
hokerty kokerty (*afide*). Out mon! out mon!  
it canna be, it canna be—it's beyond aw creda-  
beletee—pray let's hear the particulars.

TRUSTY. I have told you the truth, my  
friend; and I want to borrow five hundred  
pounds. Sir Softpate has juft fent me notice of  
my difcharge.

MAC SHUFFLE. Ye freeten me, Sair! five  
hundred poonds is a muckle fum, awn a gude  
fortune I'th' north. Upon my confcience, I  
ha na fae much by me—I wanted to borrow  
about faux hundred poonds to compleat a pur-  
chafe; awn you was the only frieid I thot to  
applee ta. I hoap, meafter Trusty, ye ha na  
acted difhonorable?

TRUSTY. No, Sir, my conduct has ever  
been the reverfe of your low fufpicions; I have  
only made too free with you. Sir, it was not

Trusty that asked you; it was his distress and pressing circumstances.

MAC SHUFFLE. Hei! hei! what a treacherous tricking world do we live un—haw an honest mon may be tawken in, and stripped of the fruit of his indostree. But, measter Trusty, I think, ye've meade aw varee baud use of youre time. I ne'er heard ye were ge'en to axcess; ye are surely ignorant o'yir ain profession, or you might au been as indaupendent as yir measter. For stewards I'th' north, when they gang to th' sooth; raquire but a varee short time, by thair marit, thair figures, awn thair menagement, to mak gude the conveyance of a bra estate—for stewards seeds, ye ken, never fail o'thriving I'th' most barren soil.

TRUSTY. Sir, you are right—but I am not wrong.

MAC SHUFFLE. Weel, Sair, I blush for yir menagemeant; and mack free to tell you, that filler is very precious at those times. Why, Sir, I am noo aboote the menagemeant of a fore-close, which I shall mack not less than fourteen par fant:—Awn ye canna by law give me more than five; besides, Sir, ye ha nae securitee.

TRUSTY. Enough, Sir, I know your intentions—'tis all mighty well.

B b 4

MAC

MAC SHUFFLE. Why 'tis clear, me auld friend, that it's outerly out o' my poor to com-  
plee wi your requaft. Pardun me, Sair, busi-  
ness o'th' most prassing awn urgent consequence  
calls me awa : so I'm your varee humble far-  
vant, gude Measter Trusty. *(Exit.)*

TRUSTY. Your most obedient. Poor  
Trusty ! the only favour he ever requested,  
denied him. O man ! what art thou ?—honour  
is thy shadow—hypocrisy and deceit thy sub-  
stance. I must now resolve to read this mourn-  
ful manuscript to this unfortunate family.—I'll  
withdraw—my spirits sink—retirement may  
afford relief, and better prepare me for this  
arduous task. *(Exit.)*

*Enter SERVANTS.—Re-enter TRUSTY.*

TRUSTY. Well, my old friends and fellow-  
servants, this may be our last meeting under  
this mournful roof. I thought we were fixtures.

PHEASANT. Mournful ! mercy on us ! I  
hope Sir Softpate an't dead.

TRUSTY. No, he is not.

ALL. Bleffed tidings !

TRUSTY. But, 'twere well he was :—Better  
that, than stain the blood of his worthy ances-  
tors—



tors—to prefer the natural enemies of his country, to it's own true-born subjects.

PHEASANT. Wonderful!—I hope he has not, too, turned traitor to his King and country, as some of our great men have done?

BUTLER. O'Lud! O'Lud! if so, the first of the family that ever suffered.—O! dear Master Trusty, can I serve his honour.

PHEASANT. By Heavens I'll grind my buckskin to the bare flesh, ride, fly post, wherever you send me.

TRUSTY. This is affectionate—my heart is too full (*in a melancholy posture*); I dare not tell you the melancholy news.

BUTLER. O! what news of our master and his dear lady.

TRUSTY. I shall hold you no longer in suspense—I believe, I have prepared you for the worst event. Hitherto, I have found your conduct really affectionate; and here is your reward: (*points to the letter*) I have just received it from Sir Softpate, in which I read my own discharge. (*All amazed.*)

PHEASANT. Your discharge! I should as soon have believed, that French wine strengthened an English constitution more than strong beer. Alas! alas!

TRUSTY. Indeed it is but too true; and  
2 don't

don't be dispirited when I tell you—that—  
I must discharge you also.

PHEASANT. What! turn us all adrift?  
Lord protect us! cruel man!

TRUSTY. Here is the letter, I shall read it;  
and you may well call it the Englishman's fall,  
and the Frenchman's advancement. Poor old  
England! whither is thy sterling sense fled?  
I shall read, be attentive. (*All thunder struck—  
reads the letter.*)

“ S I R,

“ I have conceived and brought forth a plan,  
“ I must have executed immediately :—I'll  
“ have a total change, a general arrangement  
“ in my family—I am now greatly enlightened,  
“ and shall new model my household. I have  
“ engaged a new set of domestics of this ami-  
“ able country—Alamode de Paris.

PHEASANT. Alman and Pharisee!—Hey!  
who in the name of wonder are they?

TRUSTY. Pray, Pheasant, permit me to  
proceed.—Alamode de Paris, means in the fa-  
shion of Paris.

PHEASANT. O curse their fashions! I'll  
prevent their taste—They are birds of prey, I'll  
pop them—they shall feel the effects of English  
powder, sink me.

TRUSTY. Pheasant, don't be so warm—  
they are not to blame, to leave a worse country  
for

for a better. (*reads*) "Send all my hunters,  
 "fox-hounds, pointers, and spaniels to Tat-  
 "terfall's, to be put to sale:—Reserve my  
 "beagles, and let them be sent to my rustic  
 "tenants; charging them on peril of their  
 "dismissal, to take care of the brutes 'till  
 "further orders.—"

PHEASANT. A generous churchwarden!—  
 oblige his tenants to pay for his pleasures!

TRUSTY. (*reads*) "I shall have no further  
 "use for the gamekeeper or huntsman.—If Mon-  
 "sieur Lavande, my French steward, approves  
 "of them, they may wait in his department,  
 "if they behave with alertness and submission.

PHEASANT. With alertness and submission!  
 I'll pistol myself, before I suffer slavery in my  
 own country.

TRUSTY. I grant you, 'tis as aggravating  
 as distressing: but pray have patience—hear it  
 out. (*reads*) "I shall sell my deer; and con-  
 "vert those plains for the use of my Arabians,  
 "motled Spaniards, West-India, and Cape ani-  
 "mals; which far exceed the original stock in  
 "beauty and singularity. I am no Quin in  
 "venison; so I keep a park for those English  
 "how-do-ye-does, who surround my mansion,  
 "and tease my person, more than for the gra-  
 "tification of my own palate. In short, I  
 "deter"

“ detest the sight of a table incommoded with  
 “ those solid vulgarities, rumps, legs, ribs and  
 “ haunches.

PHEASANT. Terrible! terrible! How much of an English hunter there is in that maccaroni-fied speech. What! prefer fop meagres, to rounds and ribs of English beef and haunches of venison, three inches deep in solid fat. The neighbouring poor will be poor indeed.—Oh! by heavens, I can’t bear this.

TRUSTY. (*reads*) “ The butler and house-  
 “ keeper must go with the rest of them: nothing  
 “ shall remain of my father’s rude, unpolished  
 “ fixtures—you may expect us every hour. I  
 “ charge you, that your accounts be ready for  
 “ the immediate inspection of Monsieur La-  
 “ vande.

“ Yours,

SOFTPATE TRUEMAN.”

(*expresses silent sorrow*) So ends the most unfeeling, the most ungenerous epistle.

PHEASANT. So, my station is to be in the steward’s room, to wait on the enemies of my country: a charming employment this, for an English gamekeeper. I won’t—I’ll keep a school to teach pointers and spaniels; and learn mag-

magpyes to talk the language of liberty, lest it should be forgot.

BUTLER. It wont do—our blood is sterling, it goes against the grain.

*All speak.* So it does, so it does:

TRUSTY. You speak, you act like what you are, Englishmen. However, hear the advice of a real friend: I have frequently advised you, and you always heard me; hear me this once, and who knows what Heaven may do for us. When Sir Softpate hears you, he may yet relent, and treat you tenderly: therefore, wait the event—try the experiment, if but for a few days; and then we shall act as prudence and manly resolution may prompt us.

*(Exeunt Servants, except Butt. Chase and Desert.)*

*Enter MRS. GOODMAN.*

MRS. GOODM. O! Mrs. Desert, Mrs. Desert! I grieve to see you—arm yourself—be prepared for an event the most gloomy—your poor, dear niece!

DESERT. Heaven protect me! What of my niece?

MRS. GOODM. Oh! Madam, yesterday the innocent dear went after my undutiful daughter, Lady Modely's place; and presented her my letter

letter of recommendation, which she put in her pocket unopened. The thoughtless woman asked her, "If she was of Paris?" the poor girl answered, no; but that she could speak and write French as fluently as the English.—My Lady then, dropping these eight monosyllables, "no, no, go, go, I, don't, want, you"—turned upon her French heel and left her. The innocent sufferer returned to my house, full of grief for the cruel disappointment, and related to me the particulars. I entreated her to be of comfort:—She went up stairs into her room—writ a letter to you, Madam; another directed to Captain Firmly; and soon after the disappointment was followed by the most rash resolve—O! Madam! Madam!

PHEASANT. Death! death! my old master, Captain Firmly, her lover; he is now in the river, from India—away to her assistance.

*(Exit Pheasant.)*

DESERT. This wounds me more than my own distress.—However, she shall not be tossed about; she shall partake of my little, and never run the risque of sacrificing her honour. Her father may yet be reconciled—should Captain Firmly prove true; the rock of her misfortunes—But pray, Mrs. Goodman, where is the letter? I suppose she wants immediate assistance.

MRS.

MRS. GOODM. O! madam, I apprehend she stands in need of no assistance—I hope all is well with her,

DESERT. Relieve me!—that letter!

MRS. GOODM. Here is the letter—permit me to read it. (*reads*)

“ Dear Aunt,

“ My afflictions and repeated disappoint-  
 “ ments are too heavy a burthen for me—I  
 “ can’t support a life which is no longer of  
 “ service to any. I was this day deprived of  
 “ bread, because I was an Englishwoman.—’Tis  
 “ of no use any longer to seek for employment  
 “ —my frame was not formed for hard labour—  
 “ my purse is too light for any thing else—My  
 “ honour, I hold too dear to part with.—I am,  
 “ therefore, become useless to all, and a charge  
 “ to myself: I therefore, recommend my con-  
 “ cerns to a more merciful Heaven. Dear aunt,  
 “ forgive,

“ Your ever dutiful, but lost

“ NANCY.”

DESERT. Help me! help me! let me seize and embrace the dear corpse—she’s no more! O! that I should have lived for this scene of woe! O! lead me to her—she was left alone!

MRS.

MRS. GOODM. She was not, madam, indeed ; I but left her, to come and acquaint you.

DESERT. Heaven ! Heaven reward you !—  
But let's fly, my heart beats as if it were the last  
—Oh ! Mr. Trusty ! Mr. Butt !

TRUSTY. Hapless maid !—I beg to offer  
you my assistance. (*Exeunt leading Desert.*)

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S C E N E III.

LORD and LADY MODELY seated at a table—

LORD MODELY studying Hoyle, his back to his  
Lady—LADY MODELY examines some masks,  
with several sorts of coloured powder and different  
shades of rouge, which she tries upon her  
face—forgets when she rises, that one cheek only is  
painted.

LADY MODELY. Well, my Lord, what  
say you to this ?—Does it represent the maiden  
bloom—pray tell me, my dear Lord ; and which  
of those two powders sets off my graces to the  
best advantage. Pray fix upon a shade. (*Lord  
Modely looks over his shoulder with indifference*).  
Not a word, my Lord ?

LORD



LORD MODELY. Curse the book, (*flings it down in a passion*) it has always led me astray.

LADY MODELY. (*Both getting up*) How now, what's all this for, my Lord? are you mad? 'Tis not the fault of Hoyle, child; you never studied him properly. Upon my honour, my Lord, you are too hot-headed—you have no philosophy—such a——

LORD MODELY. Do not provoke me, Lady Modely.—I admire advice when it comes from you—from you!—why advice comes as well from you, madam, as Fox's to king Lion in the fable, for the good of the nation—I'll hear no more on't.

LADY MODELY. Ha! ha! ha!—upon my honour, my Lord, you're a strange unreasonable creature; sure none, but such an animal as you, could have thrown out such an indelicate hint to a person of my consequence. But pray, my Lord, (since you begin to be huffish) what had you? what were you, before I married you?—a poor insolvent Lord, without credit or money—nothing but your lineage and pedigree to boast of.

LORD MODELY. Very fine—this is very pretty.—A pawnbroker's daughter thus rail against nobility. (*walks about angrily—forcing a laugh*) And pray, my Lady Insolence, was not

C c

the

the obligation mutual?—Did not you marry me, to be married, and for a title to be honourable? Why, madam, I had no propensity for gambling till your infernal routs were established. Recollect, Lady Modely, did you not entreat me, that you might be known by your seeing masques, routs, and select card-parties, as you call them?—And here you dare upbraid me with your fortune.

LADY MODELY. I must dissemble. (*aside*) My dear Lord Modely, do not be angry, child; I only hinted this for your own good—My jointure is not all gone.

LORD MODELY. My jointure!—good—a temporary resource—I must soften my notes. (*aside*) Well, my Lady, I can't believe you proposed any other end than your husband's good. But you know, when a man finds in his own heart, that he walks in the paths of honour—he does not like to be reproached.

LADY MODELY. Come, come, my dear Lord, what's past cannot be recalled. (*looks at her watch*) Ah! upon my honour, it is time I should prepare; for my Lady Bell Commerce fees masks rather early this evening. (*going*) You'll be there, child.

LORD MODELY. Very possible. (*looks at her*)

Before you go, I advise you to balance your cheeks, that you may at least know yourself.

LADY MODEL Y. Ha! ha! ha! how droll you can be. (*takes up the masques, goes out in haste*) Adieu.

LORD MODEL Y. Off she goes, and leaves me here to pay her bills. By Heaven I'll make her pay well for all this another way. But I think we have in conjunction pretty well done for ourselves—a damn'd run of bad luck—not an acre left—I must look to those mechanical ravens, who are perpetually—I'll be dunned no more; and if I succeed with my Lady Trueman, I may yet do—Egad, 'tis well I am in parliament; my body rests secure, at least this session. What a rascal I have been to myself—no place or pension—Oh, the minority! By all that's just, an excellent thought strikes me—I'll pay off my debts in a fashionable way; promise largely, and perform slowly:—And if Careful has not paid the two thousand—my credit is yet afloat. (*Exit.*)

End of the FIRST ACT.

## A C T II.

## S C E N E I.

*Enter LORD MODEL Y and CAREFUL.*

LORD MODEL Y.

WELL, Careful, have you got the two thousand pounds? What say you, nothing? sure you have not paid it off already?

CAREF. No, my Lord, but I expect the tradesmen in every moment; I have appointed several.

LORD MODEL Y. Confound the tradesmen! they must wait.—This is a debt of honour, and must be paid, ere my name be canvassed over in every public resort in town, and erased the *savoir vivre* club.—Go this instant, bring me the bills, Careful.

CAREF. Yes, my Lord. (*aside*) To ruin, perhaps,

perhaps, fifty honest families for the sake of some gambling rip. Well, if this be honour, the Lord grant we may have no more new creations.

LORD MODELY. What ! not gone yet, Sir !  
(*walks about—Exit Careful*) That a gentleman must thus be pestered with servants.

*Enter CAREFUL.*

LORD MODELY. Have you got it ?

CAREF. Yes, my Lord, every shilling.

LORD MODELY. Thou art an honest fellow ; (*puts his hand in his pocket*) then here is one for thee.

CAREF. Thank your Lordship—it goes very much against my honesty, not to pay those tradesmen—I have told them fifty lies already. What am I to say to them now ?

LORD MODELY. I hope they are not come.

CAREF. Yes, my Lord, some of them.

LORD MODELY. Why then, tell them fifty more.—Confound their impudence, can't they wait ?—Who are they, that are thus pressing ?

CAREF. Why, my Lord, there is Twist the Taylor, who has already waited four or five years ; Angel the Butcher ; Sampson the Man-milliner ; Rose the Tallow-chandler ; and Monsieur——Monsieur, that little French smuggler,

C c 3

that

that you have the French velvets and things for your dress clothes.

LORD MODELY. Sampson the Man-milliner! What have I to do with that rascal?

CAREF. I don't know—but his bill is as long as a Welchman's pedigree—My Lord, he looks as sulky as a bum-bailiff.

LORD MODELY. Detestable profession!—But thanks to my seat, they can touch no peer or commoner. (*aside*)

CAREF. My Lord, I forgot to tell you, there are four Inn-keepers from the borough you represent, who have, as they say, a swinging demand upon you.

LORD MODELY. Tell them to be gone.

CAREF. They say as how they have assisted your Lordship with their votes, moneys, ribbands, wines, brandy, ale, beeves, mutton, and all trimmings thereunto belonging, upon condition that——

LORD MODELY. Damn them, and their conditions too!

CAREF. I wish your Lordship would condescend to speak to them yourself—you may want their assistance another time.—The general election will be soon at hand.

LORD MODELY. To please thee, I shall  
be

be in my study—but they must wait my leisure. *(Exit.)*

CAREF. O me! O me! not an inch of bowels in all this honour. *(going—meets Pheasant)* Hah! Pheasant.

*Enter PHEASANT.*

PHEASANT. Well, Careful, I'm so happy to find poor Nancy recovered, that it makes me forget my own misfortunes.

CAREF. Not only recovered, I hear, Pheasant; but Mrs. Goodman and Mrs. Desert have taken her a little way in the country, on the Banks of the Thames, to 'Squire Ironside, the old brute her father; who will see her upon condition, that she may have nothing to say to Captain Firmly, who is now arrived in the river, and expected in town every hour.

PHEASANT. Esquires as well as Lords, now a-day, make their Smithfield bargains of their children.—What say you, that Mrs. Goodman is gone too?

CAREF. They tell me so, and gone since the moment the poor girl recovered.

PHEASANT. I must see to this, and pursue them; I have something to say to Mrs. Goodman—poor gentlewoman, I pity her—if her  
C c 4 daughter,

daughter, Lady Modely, had her mother's heart——

CAREF. Ay, poor woman, the affair of Nancy almost broke her heart; but the change in your family will complete it.

PHEASANT. Faith, I fear so—thank you, thank you for your good news—good day. (*going.*)

CAREF. Hold, Pheasant; if you are going down the river, you may measure short of your head, perhaps, before you return.

PHEASANT. What do you mean?

CAREF. Have you not heard of the foreign pirates and robbers that infest the quarter you are going to?—There's scarce a ship from the Tower-wharf to Blackwall that has escaped them; even coaches and foot passengers have been plundered.

PHEASANT. I hope Nancy and her companions pass'd unmolested; as for my own part, I'm not worth robbing. I wish Captain Firminly may come athwart them, I fancy they would rob no more. However, in defiance of them I'll go. (*going.*)

CAREF. Take care of thyself. Now to the tradesmen. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE



## S C E N E II.

*A country seat in view—A boat lands some sailors,  
CAPTAIN FIRMLY at their head.—A boat in  
full sail after a pirate,*

1st SAILOR. (*Leaps upon the stage, sings.*)

The billows around us  
Can never astound us,  
We'll sing in the midst of their storms :  
Let horrors and evils,  
Let Gauls, pirates, devils,  
Pour round us, we'll all fly to arms, to arms, to  
arms !

Damme, meffmates, if I don't feel my blood  
rise, when I tread upon English ground.

2nd SAILOR. So it should, boy—We are  
going to shew what mettle there is in a few of  
the boys of old England.

1st SAILOR. You'll be with us, I hope,  
Captain.

CAP. FIRMLY. Ay 'till death.

1st SAILOR. Generous !

2nd SAILOR. Ay, and brave as generous.

CAPT. FIRMLY. Nay, my lads, there's no  
necessity

necessity of praising a British tar to make him act like a man.—See, see our bottom's in full sail after the pirate; let us crush those who are landed—in order there—— (*Steps aside with his drawn cutlafs.*) (Exeunt.)

*A band of Pirates marching towards the house.*

Enter BLOODRIFT, GRIMLOOK, HACKER, CYMARRO and DAGGER.

BLOODRIFT. By heaven! if we don't disperse, we're gone; I saw our boat chased.

GRIMLOOK. Don't dispirit us, messmate.

BLOODRIFT. We must see, at least, how the chase will end.

GRIMLOOK. May I never plunder more but—she gains upon our boat.

BLOODRIFT. She may be out-failed—the Captain may coast it along in darkness, and come to for us this very night, yet—'tis not the first time this has happened.

GRIMLOOK. However, let us not trust to that—halloo! my boys, to booty, to booty.

BLOODRIFT. A coach! let's away, my lads, we shall soon have it—it comes this way.

(Exeunt.)

CYMARRO,

CYMARRO, DAGGER, GRIMLOOK, &c. *with cutlasses drawn, leading* DESERT, GOODMAN, *and* NANCY *screaming behind the scenes—*  
Have pity! murder! murder!—Come along, come along.

*Re-enten Pirates.*

NANCY. Protect us Heaven!

BLOODRIFT. Death! brothers, here's booty for every palate.

*All speak. Have pity! mercy! (ladies throw themselves on their knees.)*

NANCY. You are men of honour—Oh! spare those who can't help themselves—spare us, and take all we have.

GRIMLOOK. Such cries are nothing new to us, ladies. Here, Cymarro, let's tie down the prisoners; we must keep them till our Captain returns—Our prize will be liked.

BLOODRIFT. By Heavens, we have been chasing too—if our master gets safe now, all's well.

CYMARRO. Sacré bougre! lopkee, lookee, an English beauty. *(points at Nancy.)*

BLOODRIFT. Not a word, ladies.—I've oft heard the English beauties mentioned with peculiar envy among our American and French jilts.

GRIMLOOK.

GRIMLOOK. See you don't hurt her—why do you cry, child? (*Nancy cries*) Be not afraid, you're here among those who'll fight till death for you.

BLOODRIFT. Ay, brother, that we will.—Come, Miss, give us a song.

DESERT. O gentlemen, for Heaven's sake!

CYMARRO. Who be dat old hag?

NANCY. My aunt, Sir.

BLOODRIFT. I'll divide her from head to stern, if you don't sing this instant.

NANCY. Ah! forbear—I'll do any thing.

## S O N G.

When the nightingale loses  
Both her freedom and mate,  
Bitter grief she infuses,  
And bewails her own fate.  
As abandon'd a lover,  
And as lonely as she,  
I've lost I fear, what time can ne'er recover,  
Yet I have no tears, my Firmly, but for thee.

BLOODRIFT. It would make a devil undoff his devilishness, and smile in the face of virtue.

GRIMLOOK. She shall be our syren.

BLOODRIFT.

BLOODRIFT. If she's bad, she'll undo us; if she's kind, she'll be happy.

GRIMLOOK. See, lady, to shew you we mean not to treat you as you expect; and that you may know you'll be happy with us; excepting your liberty, ask any other thing, and this minute, I pledge the word of all my brothers, it shall be granted.

NANCY. O! then, spare and deliver those two ladies.

*All speak.* Generous! you have that, ask no more.

NANCY. Then kind Heaven protect me!

*(Exeunt.)*

CAPTAIN FIRMLY *and his men behind the scenes.*

CAPT. FIRMLY. Here, here, my lads, the noise was this way—see here, we're on the nest. *(they all enter)* Draw your cutlasses—have your pistols ready—as our number is small, let us join in a song of war, to make it appear greater. They can't escape now, we're between them and their boat.

## S O N G.

What binds the fierce lion upon his own shore?

What hinders the dark British-thunder to roar?

Will

Will Albion allow her own children to see,  
Those Gauls, pirates, slaves, on her ground that  
is free?

O! Britons, enough, you've been playing too long,  
Now crowd all your shrouds,  
And in thunder and clouds,  
Drive on frightened Gaul, till she alters her song.

Triumphant in all th' ostentation of pride,  
The formidable Britons they fain wou'd deride,  
Unaccustom'd to laurels, they knew not their use,  
A victory with them becomes an abuse.

O! Britons, &c.

But now 'tis your 'turn, Britannia, arise,  
The Gauls see their triumphs themselves with  
surprise:

Take your thunder, advance, the wide ocean  
sweep,

And grind the unwarlike, and reign o'er the deep,

O! Britons, &c.

(*A flourish*) To arms! to arms! the pirates! In  
here, my lads, after them. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE

## S C E N E III.

NANCY *alone, tied to a rock, in a lonesome situation.*

NANCY. I do not know how it is, but I never thought I had so much courage—I have done a good action—Heaven will protect me. These men, if well attacked, will either all fly, or all die.—O! if Firmly were here, the generous, the brave, the noble Firmly, I'm sure he'd protect me; but, ah! perhaps he's long before now buried in the stormy main. O! sweet virtue, how great dost thou appear in the midst of the greatest trials!—hark! yon groan—the noise abates!—a shout of victory!—Good Heav'n!—see!—ah! (*a great clashing of cutlasses, firing of Pistols behind the scenes.*)

*Enter Sailors, CAPTAIN FIRMLY at their head.*

CAPT. FIRMLY. Well, my lads, this last attack entitles you to a double allowance of grog.

NANCY. (*unseen*) It is! it is my Firmly!

CAPT. FIRMLY. I myself shall speak for you, you shall have the reward, allowed by act of parliament, for apprehending robbers.

NANCY.

NANCY. (*unseen*) Thou generous Firmly! could I but fly into thy arms.

COCKSWAIN. Split my timbers if I don't grog it, when we get safe to our moorings, whilst I have a rupee left, drinking, Captain, your next good voyage.

THE OTHERS. And we'll be in thy wake, my hearty one.

NANCY. (*unseen*) I wou'd speak to him, but if he shou'd, and would not know me.

CAPT. FIRMLY. This is not the first time, my lads, you have given proof of your attachment to me, and valour for your country. These last five fellows, I hope, are the remainder of the gang—I saw our yawl chase and board their cutter. You'll go, bear a hand, and see the ruffians slung on board:—When the ship comes to her moorings, I'll have a party ready to convey them to Bow-street.—Be nimble, the tide flows—I'll take the land.

COCKSWAIN. (*going*) Stave my keg, but we bundle them off, before you say Moll Thompson. Come, messmates, let's shear off, and take the lumber in tow. (*Exeunt.*)

CAPT. FIRMLY. A fortunate capture this: it will quiet the alarms of the people about here. If all is well with my Nancy, this voyage will crown my happiness. (*Nancy calls*



to him, but he does not bear her—he continues looking around him) Let me see, I'll take this path—I see St. Paul's; it must be the direct road.

NANCY. (*unseen*) He comes this way! How my poor heart beats! I hope he still loves me. (*Firmly going*) Sir, Sir, Firmly! oh!

FIRMLY. (*starts*) I heard a voice—I may be way-laid.—I'll defend myself. (*unsheaths his sword.*)

NANCY. Sir, Sir.

CAPT. FIRMLY. There again!—A female by its tone; it seems weak, and may want assistance (*searches and disappears.*)

NANCY. Firmly, Sir—He's gone—O Heavens! here I must now perish, oh! (*Firmly appears*) Happy, happy return!—He comes this way. Sir, Captain, Firmly, oh!

CAPT. FIRMLY. Again it calls me both by name and profession. (*going up to her*) It must be an acquaintance. (*he starts on seeing her*) What! a lady in this solitary abode, and fastened! (*unsheaths his sword—she screams*) Fear me not, madam, I am more the friend than the enemy of the distressed. (*with his sword cuts the cord.*)

NANCY. Thank you, Sir, for this kind act; and how to reward—oh! that he did but know me. (*aside.*)

D d

CAPT.

CAPT. FIRMLY. Mention it not, my fair one; the act of itself, to me is an invaluable reward. Permit me to assist you—this way—cheer up your spirits—be not afraid—I'll protect you, at the expence of my life. But how came you to be thus cruelly treated, my little syren?

NANCY. By five robbers, Sir, in the habit of seamen. He does not know me; I hope he will. (*aside.*)

CAPT. FIRMLY. Monsters! Those very robbers are now my prisoners; and they shall receive a reward due to their crimes. (*looking at her*) By this light, but she's an angel. (*aside.*)

NANCY. I have often heard that love was blind—I am now convinced. But perhaps, he will not see his poor deserted Nancy. (*aside.*)

CAPT. FIRMLY. (*with eyes fixed on her*) By my soul, the out-lines of her face wear the exact resemblance of my Nancy, tho' old enough to be her mother—her cheeks are fallen, her eyes sunk, and the roses, if they ever blew on that emaciated countenance, are flown. Yet, yet there's still a something in that face so lovely; that my heart—I, I feel—I never felt the like sensations, but when in the presence of her I loved. What, what can all this trembling mean? Who can she be? Zounds! I'll summons

mons up courage, and ask her name—she cannot construe it idle impertinence. (*aside*) My fair unfortunate, may I be permitted, without offence, to, to ask your name? What the devil—why this fear and trembling? (*aside*.)

NANCY. To conceal my name from my deliverer, wou'd be ungrateful, (*unloosing his picture from her bosom*) But as my spirits are exhausted by misfortune and despair; I must beg to present you with this most valuable resemblance, which has been the companion of my heart, since the long absence of the original. (*giving him the picture*) That little gem will speak for me!

CAPT. FIRMLY. (*starts*) My own picture! (*looking on her, trembling*) Heaven and earth!—Who is this? Nancy! is it you?—my love!—my life!—my soul!

NANCY. It is indeed. O Firmly!—

CAPT. FIRMLY. (*embraces her*) Have I delivered thee! then Heaven has been kind indeed.

NANCY. O Firmly! Firmly! I am weak.

CAPT. FIRMLY. Ah! my blind eyes—But, but why conceal from me—Suffer me to convey thee, the dear object of my soul, to a more calm situation:—There, my love, I'll speak my love; and prove to you, I have been true.

## S C E N E IV.

LORD MODEL Y *in his study, walking about disordered.*

LORD MODEL Y. Curse this election, and that pedantic Nabob that opposed me. I wish those rascals were gone—I must flatter, and act politically—Oh, here they come.

*Enter GILL, NOGAN, BUMPER, and PUNCHEON, introduced by Careful.*

LORD MODEL Y. What! my old friends! (*shakes hands*) where have you all been? I have expected you this month. How do all friends at Bribery? Upon my honour, I am glad to see you.

ALL. Thank your honour, thank your honour. We have all a got our bills wee us.

LORD MODEL Y. The devil you have. (*aside*) Well, let me see them. (*they give the bills—he reads*) 900l. 500l. 800l. 600l. hum, hum.

PUNCHEON. 'Tis a spanking sum, Sir, and please

please you, my Lord, to people in our small way, but nothing to your honour.

LORD MODELY. You are very right, at any other time; but my good friends, upon my honour, (*all look disappointed*) I can't pay you just now: the late purchase I made has quite drained me.

PUNCHEON. I am ruined then, my Lord, and please you.

THE OTHERS *peak*. So am I, so am I.

LORD MODELY. Come, come, my worthies, don't be cast down, I'll make it up to you in an ample manner: I'll give each of you a bond better than land security, full five per cent.

PUNCHEON. But your Lordship, and please you, Sir, (I may speak too for my townsmen) we can make more than five per cent. of our money. Your honour will consider, that Mr. Pagoda the Nabob, made swinging offers in the town.

LORD MODELY. I understand you perfectly—I am sensible of your great services during the poll—I shall act honourably. To make you amends, I shall add fifty pounds to every hundred; and give you my bond for the whole sum, at five per cent. interest: and shall order

Dd 3

Double-

Double-fee, my Attorney, to execute the business immediately.

ALL. Thank your honour, thank your honour

PUNCHEON. But your worship, your worship promised my daughter Fan a place at court, when she warmed the bed for your honour, the night before the election.

ALL. Bribery ! bribery ! to promise favours before the election.

LORD MODELY. Tell Fan to make herself happy, she's provided for.—As for bribery, pooh, pooh, there is no getting into parliament without it : and tho' we condemn the measure in public, we never shut our mouths against it in private. However, rest yourself assured, when opportunity offers, I shall not forget your interest.

ALL. Bless your honour. *(going.)*

PUNCHEON. An't you Lordship a-kin to the Prime-Minister, and the great men of state, and the Archbishops ?

LORD MODELY. Right, you are right.—Pray, my compliments to my honest friends at Bribery.

ALL. Ay, ay, your honour.—Whorra !

*(Exeunt.)*

LORD MODELY. Ha ! ha ! ha ! most nobly transacted, upon my honour, ha ! ha ! ha !

*Enter*

*Enter CAREFUL.*

CAREF. I am glad your Lordship paid them, no more dunned by them—they were well pleased, they sung merrily. The little French smuggler is very uneasy, having waited so long.

LORD MODELY. Zounds, Careful, I forgot him—tell him to call in the morning, and bring his bill, with some of the newest patterns from Paris. Send me Twist. (*Exit Careful*) I must not forget Monsieur Marechal, or I shall have nothing proper for the birth-day suit.

*Enter TWIST.*

TWIST. Your Lordship's most obedient, devoted, and very humble servant. Here is my bill, most right honourable.

LORD MODELY. Well, my little Twist, how do'st do, my worthy; I shan't run over your bill, Twist, I'm convinced 'tis right. Thou art an honest fellow. (*puts it in his pocket.*)

TWIST. Your Lordship's opinion creeps into my blood, and toxicates my attic-story. I swear and wow to your noble Lordship, nay more, (*takes out a bodkin*) may this instrument, already fatal to animals lower than your Lord-

D d 4 ship's

ship's humble servant—may this weapon, I say, prick my very phials into a honey-comb, if ever I cabbaged an inch—alone—hem—of your materials: no, nor suffered the draper's bribe to enter my fob. No, no, my Lord, I han't a been what I am, if I had taken short measure by the wholesale, and retailed it out as full and per advance.

LORD MODELY. You are an extraordinary character.—There's nothing like a clear conscience, friend Twist.

TWIST. Your Honour's—Lordship's words are a cordial to my narves; and when conscience comes under my sheers, there's not a master in the branch—hem—tho' I say it myself, that can cut closer, or that understands an ell English from an ell Flemish better—hem—hem—than, Twist.

LORD MODELY. I'll let him run on; the more he says, the better. (*aside*) You certainly deserve to be encouraged.

TWIST. Why, your Lordship must know, I'm no Papist—no, I am a Whitfilite—a lamb after his own varfion, peace to his deadly soul. And further, as I may say—my shopboard can witness my testations; and if any of my journey-fellows, even by accident, should bounce out an oath, I knock him down with my goose, a full  
pot



pot of amber. (*struts about*) Ay, ay, your Lordship, if my religion, trade, and conscience did not jog finger and thimble together, Mr. Twist, Taylor and Habit-maker, had not a been in brass-plate on my scarlet door; and, not that I found my own independance, my summer villa—tea, and cold collections, had not flourished in Marybone in the Fields. (*takes snuff majestically.*)

LORD MODELY. I think I have the dapper now in his own thimble. (*aside*) I am really glad, Mr. Twist, that you have made such good use of your time. Indeed, merit and honest industry, sooner or later, will meet with their reward. I presume the business of a Taylor is very profitable—ey, friend Twist.

TWIST. Formerly, my Lord; but the times have much engenderated now. The French runagates run us Britons down to a thread. I hope your Honour, now you are in parliament, will make a law to transport them back to their own country.

LORD MODELY. Now's my time. (*aside*) I never employ any of them, nor ever shall, in preference to my own countrymen, I give you my honour. But, friend Twist, just now, I am rather short of money, I can't discharge your bill, upon my honour.

TWIST.

TWIST. Not a few hundreds, my Lord?  
(*looks dejected.*)

LORD MODELY. Upon my honour.

TWIST. Why then, my credit shakes like the *magnum chartum*; it may all be whipped in my thimble.

LORD MODELY. Come, come, not so—your independance, Mr. Twist, your independance—your summer villa—your cold collations—your——

TWIST. Ay, but my Lord, 'tis not all gold that glisters upon my honour.

LORD MODELY. Well, Twist, as you are a man of honour too, and an enemy to cabbage, I'll make you an honourable proposal.—Your bill is twelve hundred pounds. Now, friend Twist, suppose I procure you a place under government of two hundred pounds a year, will you give me a receipt in full?

TWIST. Two hundred pounds per annum. Yes, upon my conscience, in full of all demands.—May my sheers never enter the bowels of another bale of superfine——But ah! my Lord, an't you what they call a minority Lord? If so, may my notch-board be burned to a cinder, if ever your Lordship will have it in your power to fit me.

LORD MODELY. You are quite a politician,  
4 my

my little worthy; I admire exceedingly the justness of your remark. It is true, I have voted in the minority; but it was merely out of measure of opposition. But my error is but too visible—public affairs, as well as my domestic, oblige me to be ministerial. When you hear of a vacancy, come and tell me.

*Enter CAREFUL.*

CAREF. My Lord, a messenger is just come from the minister, intreating your immediate attendance at the House. *(Exit.)*

LORD MODELY. Egad a lucky come off. *(aside)* You see, Mr. Twist, they cannot do without me—I must attend—my country calls—and depend, Mr. Twist, your interest shall not be forgot.

*Enter CAREFUL.*

CAREF. My Lord, Mr. Angel the Butcher is all impatience below.

LORD MODELY. The hard featured villain! tell him to be gone—I'll ruin him for his impertinence—not a customer that I can hinder him of, shall buy of him. You see, Twist, how  
I serve

I serve people when they grow insolent. (*Twist looks frighted*) That fellow is a molestation to me.

TWIST. Well, my Lord, I on't attain you any longer—your servant, my good Lord—200—200—200 a year. (*Exit.*)

LORD MODELY. I hope you told the messenger I was not at home, Careful.

CAREF. Your Lordship knows that to be the standing order.—I told him, you was gone to the House.

LORD MODELY. That was bravely done, Careful—go and shew Angel the door—well wrought upon my honour—nothing like a (*Exit Careful*) consequential air, and an honest face. Next to my Trueman.

End of the SECOND Act.

ACT

## A C T III.

## S C E N E I.

TRUSTY *solus.*

**T**HIS key leads me to the drawer, in which is a bank receipt for fifty thousand pounds and upwards, bank stock : I placed it there myself—carefully locked it up—’tis for myself—’tis my own—I’ll be independant—I’ll be what I never was before, gay, regardless of care, void of principle. Oh ! my conscience ! conscience ! it wrings my heart, it stings me ! O thou rewarder of the innocent !—I will die as I have lived, unconscious of ever doing a dishonest action. But these fifty thousands tease me—modern honesty says they are my own.—In the agonies of death, my old master charged me never to part with them till he demanded them :—He never demanded them—they are my own—modern practice keeps them.—I’ll remain

remain old fashioned, and deliver them to the right owner, tho' he distresses me.—Thou shalt not in thy old age, Trusty, be branded with the epithets of knave and rogue; thy old bosom shall not feel the bitter stings of a guilty conscience. Welcome poverty—exercise thy unrelenting authority—prey upon the old carcase of a forsaken servant—do all thou can'st; thou may'st make me suffer—but thou canst never make me unjust. (*looks dejected.*)

*Enter* JACK ENGLISH.

JACK ENG. What, my father! my friend! my good counsellor! I rejoice to see you, (*embraces*) tho' it grieves me to the soul, to find you thus abandoned. Come, my much injured friend, throw off the melancholy that overwhelms you.

TRUSTY. Mr. English, I'm happy to see you; tho' I dread the consequence that brought you hither.

JACK ENG. A just cause brought me hither, but dishonour forced me to that necessity. Mr. Trusty, Sir Softpate is turned a perfect coxcomb, a Frenchman in every sense of the word.

TRUSTY. I feel for him, I am really concerned.

JACK ENG. Feel for him! why, Mr. Trusty,  
he

he does not feel for himself, nor his friends; he is lost to humanity—has taken his leave of the common dictates, not only of reason, but of conscience.

TRUSTY. Why, Jack, I can't contradict thee; thou wast always shrewd, sensible, and full of observation, but rather wild.

JACK ENG. I have veered a little sometimes from the straight path. I loved pleasure, 'tis true; but never did harm to any body but myself. I never, during my service with Sir Softpate, neglected his person or interest; or ever preferred pleasure to the duty of a servant.

*Enter BEN.*

BEN. Mr. M<sup>c</sup> Shuffle begs to speak with you about business of great consequence.

JACK ENG. I'll withdraw, and return when you are more at leisure; your servant. (*Exit.*)

TRUSTY. So must I, till I recover spirits enough to face this sycophant. (*going*) On business of consequence—What can this mean? Perhaps my former favours to him begin to work him up to a compliance; he may mean to make a tender of his services:—Poor and friendless as I am, I would sooner starve than accept them.

(*Exit.*

*Enter*

*Enter MAC SHUFFLE.*

MAC SHUFFLE. Weel, weel, it has aw been a mauxim of long standing in mee faimily, neever to loase any thing for the want of courage to ask for it; nor neever to graunt feavors, unlafs there ware advantageous object in view, or some onteresting connactions, for the gude of me faimily. I have a wiese and twa bairns, that maun be taicken caire an, and ther is noa freend auqual to one's fell, and your acquaintaince will ay respaet you.—Aw Scotland kens vary weel, that the faimily of the M<sup>c</sup> Shuffles were ay notted for theere œconimee and forecost. I thot Mr. Trusty a vera substontial mon, and a mon of great onfluence; and being Stuard to Sir Softpeate, was weel worthee the nottice of me faimilie; for Stuards in general are a vera threeving occupation—like the bony onterprizing Scots laud fra the north, as he advances toa the sooth, he gāthers strength, power, and swalls as does the snaw-baw, when it raws down the hill, baith graw big in seize awn confaquence.

*Re-enter*



*Re-enter TRUSTY. M'Sbuffle all obedience.*

TRUSTY. I should not have detained you, but business pleads an excuse.

MAC SHUFFLE. Nae apologizees, freend Trusty; I houp your affairs are like to turn out better than ye expacted. Aw, master Trusty, it grieves me to the fol, to see marit fae bawdly rewarded—but providance is aw sufficient an mindful of the delegant.

TRUSTY. Pray, Sir, what may be your commands?—If you have any, proceed.

MAC SHUFFLE. I have aw favor to ask o'ye—please to recollect, freend Trusty, yeer promise to me; and I do auxpect, and—and I don't dout, but yeer a mon o'yeer word.—The axecution of the leefe before yer'e awa.

TRUSTY. No Sir, 'tis out of my power; I don't now look upon myself as Sir Softpate's Steward.—I cannot.—

MAC SHUFFLE. Weel, weel, gude maister Trusty, here's ten pawnd for ye,—The date o'the leese maw gaung before the letter o'your desmission.—Come, come, me gude freend Trusty, I'll be more leeberal, and double the sum.

TRUSTY. Away you sycophant; such mer-  
E c cenary

cenary tricks shall never enter this bosom ; poor and friendless as it may be, no bribe shall e'er corrupt it to do what's dishonourable. If the lease is worth twenty pounds more than the bargain to you, 'tis worth as much to the lessee. —Zounds ! away, e'er you be led to the horsepond. (*Exit M'Shuffle in a hurry*) I shan't be an enemy, however, to the wretch, if I should chance to be questioned about his promised lease.—But stop—perhaps he'll meet a different reception from the French Steward. I understand he is by trade a barber : ay, ay, he carries a keen razor, that will shave his master close and easy ; and if he does not altogether blind him with marshall powder—scent it more strongly, and lull him to a lethargy. Thirty leases will soon expire—at their renewal, he perhaps may take a bribe, and no small one—with provisos and certain conditions too peculiar, I fear, to the profession. (*Exit.*)

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S C E N E II.

*TOM at his Lodgings, with a pot of Porter before him—just returned from France.*

*Enter PHEASANT and CHASE.*

PHEASANT. What ! what, Tommy, my hearty

heartly one, I'm (*shakes bands*) glad to see thee.

TOM. This is friendly of you, to come and see a poor devil out of place.

PHEASANT. Out, Tom! then we are come to bear thee company.—I thought we were all settled for life.

TOM. So did I; but service, you see, is no inheritance.

PHEASANT. I always thought so, but I know it now. But how cam'st before Sir Softpate?—what, left him in France?

TOM. Damn the country! I hate it, and all those who prefer French runagates to the boys of Old England.

PHEASANT. Well said.—But pray, how cam'st discharged?

TOM. I'm not properly discharged neither; I took flight ere my wings were clipped, or my body harnessed, as they do house-breakers, when they get them to Newgate.

PHEASANT. The devil! not robb'd him, I hope.

TOM. Rob him! he is not worth robbing. Harkee—Sir Softpate is eat up alive with Monsieurs—a parcel of barbers, bernatiers, and unqualified traders, who flatter him to his ruin.

E c 2

PHEASANT,

PHEASANT. The devil scrape all the locusts, I say. But how discharged, Tom?

TOM. You must know, that Sir Softpate and my lady went post one day about forty miles. Over night, Sir Softpate charged me to take care of those French travellers, when we arrived at the hotel; to get the poor fellows some sack-whey, and to see their beds were well aired, as they were unacquainted with the etiquette of travelling (I think he called it). O how my teeth chattered with passion, and my arms trembled for revenge!

PHEASANT. And did not thy blood boil?

TOM. Boil!—hear me on. I looked devilish cross—not a word came from poor English Pilgarlick.—Sir Softpate perceived something on my brows—his dear lady saw still more, and in unison struck up a litany of all the English fox-hunters, badger-routers, bull-baiters, bog-trotters they could think on. However, I did as I was bid, and took the sack-whey to one of my brother footmen's bedside, who was then undressing:—As soon as he saw it, he screamed out, allons, allons, donnez moi cela, donnez moi cela—he tasted it; and, just as if he spoke to another Frenchman, said, ce bougre d' Anglois n'a point mis de sucre!—Down went the bafon; and with this fist, here it is  
my

my boys, I soon convinced him, that he was a Frenchman, and I a rude Briton: with one or two of Johnny Broughton's knocks, I left him sprawling. Damn him, if it was not for his pitiful cries, I could have lathered him to an Ægyptian mummy.

PHEASANT. Bravo! bravo! honest fellow. I wish our Generals and Admirals had half thy honesty and courage, we should do yet, and convince our enemies, that Englishmen are still themselves; and talk without a blush of Agincourt and Cressy. But how the devil did'st come off so easy?

TOM. The Frenchman soon gave the alarm; he was found an innocent sufferer, and I a brutal guilty cannibal, doomed to the Bastile. So, by G—d! I made a moonlight flitting of it, came to Calais, and now am here, leaving all my duds behind me.

PHEASANT. I adore thee, I'll lay down my life for thee, and all such hearty fellows.

CHASE. So will I, ram me fifty miles into a bog then.

PHEASANT. Command me, Tom.—My purse is at thy service; (*takes it out*) here's twenty guineas in it—help thyself—pay me when thou can'st.

TOM. Thank thee, my generous friend, I

E c 3

have

have at present no need of any; you shall know more another time. But now let's be hearty, and sing a carrol to the glory of Old England.

BOTH. So we ought.

S O N G.

ALL. Now Britons be united.

TOM. Strike the blow,

PHEASANT. Lay them low,

CHASE. Let them know,

ALL. That we are Britons still.

That we are Britons still.

ALL. Now Britons be united.

TOM. Thunders throw,

PHEASANT. Crush the foe,

CHASE. Strike the blow,

TOM. Lay them low,

PHEASANT. Let them know,

CHASE. That we are Britons still.

ALL. That we are Britons still.

ALL. Now Britons be united.

TOM. Our spirits flow,

PHEASANT. Be not slow,

CHASE. Thunders throw,

TOM.

TOM. Crush the foe,

PHEASANT. Strike the blow,

CHASE. Lay them low,

TOM. Let them know,

PHEASANT. That we are Britons still.

ALL. That we are Britons still.

*(Exeunt.)*

End of the THIRD ACT.

E c 4

A C T

## A C T IV.

## S C E N E I.

STERLING *solus.*

**S**URE this nephew of mine is mad.—  
What! to put every thing in his house  
in confusion! Poor old Trusty! the most dili-  
gent servant, and the most conversant in his  
business; and really a good man, just between  
master and tenant. I am sorry from my heart  
for his distressed circumstances; but he shall  
not want a friend—here he comes. Mr. Trusty,  
I am glad to see you:—Come my old friend,  
be not dispirited; I give you my word that you  
are not friendless.

*Enter* TRUSTY.

TRUSTY. Your words, Sir, relieve this for-  
faken bosom—I am an injured man.

STERLING. I am sensible of what you must  
suffer;



suffer; but do not recapitulate—shake off melancholy, rouse up recollection, and be again yourself.—You have nothing, I believe, to fear, unless honesty be a crime :—Speak your mind freely to your master.

TRUSTY. Words cannot express the gratitude I feel, for the warmth of your affection. I shall not be intimidated; I'll speak my mind freely to Sir Softpate.

*Enter JACK ENGLISH, in joy.*

JACK ENG. Gentlemen, your servant.

STERLING. How dost do, Jack? I am glad to see thee. What brought you to England? How came you to leave Sir Softpate?

JACK ENG. Why, faith, Mr. Sterling, my patriotism brought me hither—my English blood obliged me to quit France. You must know, I was in company with my predecessor, Sir Softpate's head Valet de Chambre, for he now keeps two: this rascal had the impudence, in his master's house, in a bumper of Champagne to drink destruction to the English nation. Instantly my blood was in a ferment—my heart struggled within me—faith, I soon gave it ease, and sterlinged him to a bouillon.

STERLING.

STERLING. Impertinent puppy—thrashed him, I suppose.

JACK ENG. I but did to an individual, what Briton should have done to the whole.

STERLING. You did not kill him?

JACK ENG. Why, faith, I did not stay long enough at Paris to find that out :—But I know 'tis a custom in England with our gambling quality, after a run of bad luck, for the convenience of a little ready rino, in the spring, when the sap is up, to strip the oak trees standing, that they may die without ax or saw :—Upon my soul, I don't know how stands my little French shaver ; for damme, if I did not bark him from head to foot.

STERLING. Jack, thou art an Englishman.

JACK ENG. So I ought, Sir, when British arms are victorious. Besides, Sir, I have intelligence that my brother is dead, as great a coxcomb as ever went ; by which, I inherit an estate of five hundred pounds a year. Mr. Trusty, give me your hand. (*shake hands*). Perdition seize me, if you shan't live with me—In the mean time, I beg your assistance to examine my papers.

TRUSTY. Mr. English, Heaven has blest you with a good heart—your kind intentions endear you to me. “ A friend in need, is a  
“ a friend

"friend indeed." I follow you, Mr. English—  
Mr. Sterling, pardon me for the present, your  
servant. *(Exeunt.)*

STERLING. Your servant. I am not easy—  
I must know more of my nephew. What a  
character is this Jack English! generous fellow!  
'Tis not in the stately mansion now-a-days,  
that we find heroism. The russet cottage and  
low thatched roof, conceal the real patriot over  
his mess of pottage! the strong stone that sup-  
ports the whole building, is always the lowest.  
*(Exit.)*

*Re-enter TRUSTY and JACK ENGLISH.*

TRUSTY. Every thing appears perfectly  
clear, and no incumbrance; take care that you  
never decrease it by any misconduct.

JACK ENG. I thank you, I shall make it  
my study. It is now in my power to take care  
of Sophia, and release her from the frowns of  
servitude. She's a worthy girl—I love her from  
my soul—I'll convince her of it—Mr. Trusty,  
I'll marry her.

TRUSTY. I hope you will, Mr. English;  
she deserves every thing you can do for her.  
A virtuous, good-tempered woman, is a trea-  
sure to a reasonable man, that can never be  
diminished;

diminished; and what is still more valuable to you, she really has placed all her affections on you—take care you cherish them—be constant——

*Re-enter* STERLING.

STERLING. I ask your pardon, I apprehend you have not finished your business; my entrance is unseasonable.

TRUSTY. Dear Sir, you do us great honour; we have just finished.

STERLING. I hope, to Jack's satisfaction.

JACK ENG. Entirely so, Sir; a fortune and the girl I love. I am the happiest dog in Christendom—'tis now in my power to fulfil my promise to the best of women.

STERLING. I have not a doubt of your honest intentions.—But pray, Jack, how did Sir Softpate go on while you remained with him?

JACK ENG. Go on, Sir—why, as most of our English gentry, who reside at Paris—swear fealty to the French King and his allies—protest against their own—allowing their credulity to be duped by every pettyfogger, little abbé, starving letter-makers, marchandes de mode, pretended gentlemen, who all, under the appearance of displaying French politeness to the  
English,

English, squeeze them to the rind, or flee them to a skeleton.

STERLING. Why, Jack, I see you have made good use of your time—you know Paris.

JACK ENG. Sir, that's a knowledge I should never wish any Englishman to know, further than to keep him on his guard against a people who are artful enough, first, to emasculate our minds by their luxury, that they might afterwards, more easily, conquer our bodies by their arms.

STERLING. O Mr. English, that observation is divine—their art has indeed imposed upon the noble frankness of the British character.

TRUSTY. Ay, and now we feel the sad effects,

STERLING. But pray, what are the most ridiculous schemes my nephew has fallen into? be explicit and tell me.

JACK ENG. Why, Sir, with what you have already heard, I must tell you he has procured an immense quantity of Italian capons, and French geese, ha! ha!

STERLING. What, foreign poultry too! his palate is very much refined indeed—degenerate man!

JACK ENG. Not so much, Sir, in palate neither—no, no, give the devil his due.—Sir, he has only assembled a pretty band of *scrapenos*,

*peenos, squalinos, and gigeenos*, that's all, ha!  
ha! ha!

STERLING. For Heaven's sake, what does all this mean?

JACK ENG. Sir, he has engaged a prodigious quantity, a whole troop of Italian singers, French comedians, fiddlers, and domestics of every denomination, players, dancers, merry Andrews, and the devil knows what. At his arrival, he intends having the dog kennel immediately made into a *falmagundi*, ha! ha! ha! a play-house and opera, occasionally; for he says, the English drama is a stupid piece of vulgarity.—Oh! how I bit my English lips.

STERLING. Why, Jack, if this be the way he goes on, he's past reclaiming—he will soon be ruined, I'm afraid.—What a head!

JACK ENG. Head, Sir! Why formerly, Englishmen distinguished themselves by their plodding heads and thundering arms; but now, Sir, the French heel attracts the English head—binds the arms—and bewitches into the low applause, both the male and female world. (*stands upon one leg*) May I be capon'd from counter to treble, if it is not an exact truth—but this is not all:—The groom's stable, that beautiful building; is to be converted into apartments, and the brewhouse into a chapel for these

these *scrapeenos*, *squalinos*, *gigeeenos*, &c. &c., &c. *tragidors* and *comidors*, Spanish, Italian, French, every thing but old English.

TRUSTY. My own plans thus debased !  
this goes hard indeed.

STERLING. O ! Mr. Trusty, he's inevitably ruined ; and the Borough of Hospitality, his father had represented for so many parliaments, uninfluenced by bribes, the bane of English Liberty—that noble independance of the Trueman family is now on the eve of expiring, 'Tis of no use to continue the canvass : his unpatriotic conduct merits not a choice.

*Enter Bob.*

BOB. Sir, Mrs Sophia is just arrived from Dover ; and sent word the family will be home this evening.

JACK ENG. Glorious news, by Heavens !  
Pardon me, pardon me—away from this house.  
(*Exit in haste.*)

STERLING. You have several things to attend too—you know where to find an asylum, Mr. Trusty, your servant. (Exit.)

TRUSTY. O, Sir, you are too good. How I long to see my old master's son ! perhaps all will be right again, (Exit.)

## S C E N E . II.

JACK ENGLISH *and* SOPHIA *flying to one another from each side of the stage, embrace.*

JACK ENG. O! Sophia, let me clasp thee within those grateful arms—my joy's too great—thou art mine, for ever mine—O, Sophia!

SOPHIA. O, English! I thought thee dead. *(weeps)* These are tears of joy indeed! I have not passed one comfortable moment since you left me. They told me, you had escaped to England: others said you were sent to the Bastile for premeditated murder; you were to be tortured—but thank Heaven!—

JACK ENG. Thou grateful, thou generous woman! let me kiss those tears of love, and not keep you one moment in an unkind suspense.

SOPHIA. Of what, English?

JACK ENG. Of our good fortune, my love; I am now independent, and so are you. My brother's dead, by which I inherit an estate of five hundred pounds a year:—Thus, my Sophia, Heaven will some time or other look down on virtue and real love.

SOPHIA,



SOPHIA. I give you joy.—O ! English, you are too good—I'm not worthy of you.

JACK ENG. Why will you distress me, my love ? By Heavens ! of all thy sex, thou art the only one I wish to live and die with.

SOPHIA. Generous man ! Noble indeed is that mind that can love in the midst of adversity, and still be attached in spite of prosperity.

JACK ENG. A lover in prosperity only, is no more a lover, than our captains and warriors, when they speak of great battles which they dread to enter. You have settled all business, I hope, with Lady Trueman.

SOPHIA. All but my wages.

JACK ENG. O ! damn the wages ; she may have need on't—thou shalt not leave me.

SOPHIA. English, sure you would not detain me from flying to the arms of my poor old mother, and paying my devoirs.

JACK ENG. Every word thou speakest endears thee still more to me—virtuous beauty, fly, and be always obsequious to the sweet voice of love and virtue—myself will attend thee.

(*Exeunt.*)

F f

SCENE

## S C E N E III.

*Sir Softpate's House—The Entrance Hall—the  
Servants all placed round to receive them.*

*Enter SIR SOFTPATE and his Lady.*

SIR SOFTP. Ta ti dil—ti dil—te dil dee—  
ty tee—ty tee—ta dal, la dal. Allons. Diable!  
not gone yet, you vulgar herd—Depechons  
nous, sortez vite—Mons'r Traffy, Mons'r—ici-  
vous etes une bête, mon ami.

TRUSTY. Your servant, Sir ; welcome both  
to England.

SIR SOFTP. Well, Sir, I see you have not  
discharged mes domestiques.—What are these  
English lourdeaus staring at ? Out, out—font  
vous a comptes preto pour l'inspection of my  
French Steward ? (*Exeunt Servants dejected.*)

LADY TRUEM. Well, to be sure, Sir Soft-  
pate, these English *things* are the most stupid,  
undutiful, unpolished drones that ever existed.  
You see, Sir Softpate, this old Trusty pays no  
manner of regard or respect to what you have  
said.

TRUSTY. I am prepared to answer Sir Soft-  
pate ;

pate; but really, madam, I don't understand what he has said—if he will condescend to speak to me in my mother-tongue, my duty shall not lose sight of his commands.

LADY TRUEM. Insufferable insolence! I'll take care it shall be worse for you, Sir.—Sir Softpate, parlez Anglois a cette bête.

SIR SOFTP. Oui, oui, mon petit cœur. (*singing and taking snuff*) Trosty, ici, ici, are your accounts ready, that you may go?—I do insist my commands be obeyed.

TRUSTY. Yes, Sir, I'm ready prepared; and I believe I have as much reason to long for their being inspected as yourself. But, Sir, I must beg leave to tell you, that your behaviour to me is cruel and ungenerous.

SIR SOFTP. Le vieux radoteur! impertinent! I'll have you sent to prison, you old nigaut. (*calls Lavande.*)

*Enter LAVANDE.*

SIR SOFTP. Here, send up tous mes domestiques this instant; seize dat old prig, and drag him out of my presence—you shall have an example of English stubbornness and French alertness.

F f 2

LAVANDE.

LAVANDE. Toute fuite, mi Lord Anglois,  
toute fuite, mi Lord. (*Exit Lavande.*)

LADY TRUEM. Charming creatures ! how  
submissive !—well-bred nation.

*Enter SERVANTS.*

SIR SOFTP. A moi ; take away dat old  
quiproquo to prison.

ALL. Oui, milor Anglois. (*seize him.*)

TRUSTY. Away, ye slavish tools, ye servile  
flatterers, away ; touch me if you dare, on your  
peril touch me.—You forget where you are—  
you offer an insult to a man who has done no  
wrong. Sir Softpate, I stand upon English  
ground, on the ground of *Liberty*, where justice is  
indiscriminately exercised to the peasant as well  
as the prince. I desire my accounts may be settled  
immediately—but Sir, take care—beware  
of those idols.—Your estate, Sir—the renewal  
of your leases—I have hinted this for your good  
—take the advice of a vulgar Englishman—I  
have done my duty—you remember, Sir, the  
last words of your virtuous father—“Take care  
“ of Trusty, be kind to them all.”

(*Exit Trusty.*)

LADY TRUEM. My dear Softpate, I never  
saw such a bear ! Don't rest till the wretch is  
discharged.

discharged. I shall have the vapours I'm sure, as long as he's in my maison. O dear! I shall faint. (*smells to a bottle.*)

SIR SOFTP. Ah, ma chere! impudence to perfection; but what are we to expect from the rusticity of this hum-drum nation? Hola, Lavande, allez and settle the accounts.

LAVANDE. Sur le champ, milor Anglois.

(*Exeunt Servants.*)

SIR SOFTP. My dear lady, ma chere amie, vous coucherez—vous un petit moment?—I'm quite fatigued——Je m'en dore.

LADY TRUEM. With all my heart, Sir Softpate; but won't manger some petit quelque chose.

SIR SOFTP. No, no, ma mie venez; come my love. Allons, de la lumiere candles. (*Parade—two women and three men before.—Exeunt.*)

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S C E N E IV.

*Steward's-Room—Supper on the Table, the chairs set at some little distance from it. CHASE and PHEASANT enter, with Bottles of Wine and Jugs of Beer.*

PHEASANT. I would sooner fifty to one, be

F f 3

this

this moment up to my fork in a bog fighting, than be reduced to the cruel necessity of 'tending them—a parcel of shavers and the devil knows what besides—Monfieurs, Mademoiselles, Madams, Playtils and Playtays.

CHASE. Well, Pheasant, let's hold ourselves in readiness—we must bend to them; they are in favour, and we are out.

PHEASANT. With all the ill-will of my heart. However, master Trusty advised us to it—aye, poor man, he means for the best; but spike my touch-hole if I think so.—What, we Britons suffer to knock under to the French; we were born to subjection, 'tis true, but not to slavery.

CHASE. It must be so, Pheasant; besides, the quality won't hire us married servants now.—But how shall we learn their names?

PHEASANT. Call them Roast-beef, and I'll be shot if they won't answer to that—Scotspills are devilish hard to swallow, but these *dybolican* names I doubt will not digest so well. But first for a glass, or we see no more on't—*(pouring out wine)* Come, Chase, here's reformation to Sir Softpate.

CHASE. With all my heart; and a straight jacket to all such Englishmen, ha! ha! ha!  
*(drinks.)*

*Enter French Domestics, fly to the table, lay their hands upon it, extending their rumps expelling to have chairs put under them—PHEASANT and CHASE in a corner all amazement.*

CHASE. I suppose they say grace now.

PHEASANT. Why, you fool, they say nothing.

LAVANDE. Allons, allons, polissons ici ; de chaises, vite.

PHEASANT. What do you say? Tip us a little English ; we don't understand your lingo.

LAVANDE. Ces bougres d'Anglois ! put de chairs here. (*pointing to his posteriors.*)

PHEASANT. Put it yourself and be damn'd to you, and begin to fill your paunches, for they are consumed hollow by their growling.

LAVANDE. Sacré foutre ! quel orgueil !—Allons, allons, manges ; never mind, we shall eat de English roast beef, and dose English beef-eaters shall have none.

PHEASANT. Confound you, it is the only thing you care a pin for. Hush, hush, they are already beginning to drink ; we shall hear fine things by and by.

MARMITON. Messieurs, succès to de grand monarque, and all his alliance.

ALL. Vit all my heart—Vit all my heart.

F f 4

LAVANDE.

LAVANDE. Here's dat England may soon be de footstool to Louis, Ireland his spitting-box, and Scotland his commodité!

ALL. C'est bien dit—C'est bien dit! dat be ver good, ha! ha! ha!

CHASE *and* PHEASANT. Treason! treason! Egad, we'll cool your courage. (*In a rage, thrash them out.*)

PHEASANT. By Heavens! if Great Britain suffers such villains in her own bosom, she deserves the sting.

*Enter TOM, with a newspaper.*

TOM. What, friend Pheasant and Chase! why in this heat, my lads?

PHEASANT. Why faith we have been drubbing our new comers.

TOM. Ha! ha! ha! if you are fond of drubbing, here's work enough cut out for you, ha! ha! ha! excellent news—The French have landed thirty thousand men off Dover, and are now in full march to London; here it is, chapter and verse. (*Pointing to the paper.*)

PHEASANT. Pooh, pooh, 'tis a joke; they know better than that—they love their kidneys, small as they are. But if they did, my hearts  
of



of oak, how the devil should they get back again?

**TOM.** Here it is—see, see. (*Examine the Gazetteer.*)

**PHEASANT.** So it is—glorious news! I'll return this instant, and get all my fowlers ready—you must come and bear a peg—there's lead moulds and powder—We'll have the treacherous dogs to the ground by dozens.—Altho' our masters are prejudiced against us, let us not be prejudiced against our country. Now, my boys, for a song of war—then off and join the camp without delay.

# S O N G.

AWAY to the camp, boys, altho' we are few;  
Our hearts are of oak, our example is new:  
Tho' our coats are not red, we can redden them  
o'er

With the blood of those dastards who threaten  
our shore.

Like the white cliffs that dash foreign waves  
from our isle,  
We're expos'd to contempt and expos'd to the  
toil;  
Yet if our rough bodies were took from the shore,  
Our ladies wou'd shrink, and their lordlings still  
more.

Like

Like the well-rooted oak, the pride of our  
field,

We face ev'ry tempest, but never will yield ;  
Beneath the wide branches of our spreading arms  
Our oppressors we save from invaders' alarms.

When our country invites, we soon rush on the  
foe,

Tho' our wives are in tears, and our children in  
woe ;

An object then nobler arises in fight,  
With pleasure we die when for Britain we fight.

The End of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T

## A C T V.

## S C E N E I.

SIR SOFTPATE *and* LADY TRUEMAN *in a Drawing-Room—Sir Softpate walking about with a Looking-glass in his Hand—Lady Trueman before a Glass, admiring herself.*

LADY TRUEMAN.

**M**Y dear Trueman, you had better go and take a jumble in the coach; consider, child, you have been in the house all this day—you'll injure your health.

SIR SOFTP. I was just considering of it, ma chere amie—I am adjusting my stock and bosom—I shall take my dish of tea at the coffee-house—adieu, ma chere, adieu.

LADY TRUEM. Adieu, mon petit love, adieu.  
(*Exit Sir Softpate*) Now for my signal, and my hero's ready obedience. (*Exit.*)

SCENE

## S C E N E II.

*The Street—LADY TRUEMAN at the window, waving her handkerchief.*

LADY TRUEM. No obedience! no return!  
I shall doubt his courage—What, here he comes on the wings of love.

*(Retires from the window.)*

*Enter LORD MODELY—As he advances towards the house, meets SIR SOFTPATE.*

SIR SOFTP. What, my Lord Modely! alone! Where are you going this way?

LORD MODELY. I'm going, Sir Softpate, to breathe a little fresh air—to the Park.

SIR SOFTP. To the Park, my Lord, ha! ha! ha!—Why, my Lord, you are wrong, you are out of your road, ha! ha! ha!

LORD MODELY. Egad, Sir, you are right, so I am, ha! ha! ha! I was just then in a brown study—parliamentary business—There's an important question to be debated at the house to-morrow, of great national concern, which I mean to take an active part in—Some errors  
in

in the peace, I apprehend, if not amended, may prove fatal to our country.

SIR SOFTP. Well, my Lord, I shall not disturb your very laudable pursuit; I wish you success—your servant.

LORD MODEL Y. Your most obedient. (*Exit Sir Softpate*)—Poor devil! Well I shall go on a little further and return. (*Walks from the house, returns immediately, finding the door open as he approaches.*) (*Exit.*)

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S C E N E III.

LADY TRUEMAN *seated on a sofa*—Enter LORD MODEL Y.

LORD MODEL Y. My dear Lady Trueman, how came you to forget the hour? Upon my honour, I'm really froze up. I have pass'd your windows fifty times expecting—I thought you told me Sir Softpate was to dine out.

LADY TRUEMAN. Ha! ha! ha! my dear Lord, don't think yourself disappointed, now you

you are here—give me your hand; upon my honour it was not my fault.—Sir Softpate was to dine out, ha! ha! ha! he fancied himself ill, and sent an excuse; so I had the pleasure, ha! ha! ha! of his sweet company at home. But just before I gave you the signal, he found himself, with my advice, well enough, so walked out—I apprehend he will soon return.

LADY MODELÝ. Egad, if so, my dear True-man, expedition just now sounds harmonious—let me feast on those ruby lips, the prelude of future joys. (*kissing.*)

LADY TRUEM. Lord, you are as violent as you are flattering; but you—

*Enter MADEMOISELLE frightened.*

MADEM. O me Ladee! me Ladee! me did see Sir Softpate in de street vid moi Ladee Modelý.

LORD MODELÝ. (*uneasy*) The devil!—with Lady Modelý.

LADY TRUEM. O Heavens! did, did you say with Lady Modelý? (*symptoms of jealousy.*)

MADEM. Oui, me Ladee—O me Ladee, he for come dis way, me Ladee. (*Exit Madem.*)

LADY TRUEM. (*a mixture of fear and jealousy*) For, for Heaven's sake, my, my Lord—

LORD MODELÝ. For, for Heaven's sake, ma—

ma—ma—my dear Lady Trueman, grant me  
an asylum—hide me.

LADY TRUEM. Not for the universe—Pray  
my Lord withdraw— (*he runs about*) for Hea-  
ven's sake, my Lord—

LORD MODELY. How unfortunate!—adieu  
—adieu. (*Exeunt separation.*)

*Re-enter MADEMOISELLE following her Lady.*

MADEM. A me Ladee, me Ladee, Sir  
Softpate no come—he gone some tother ways.  
(*Exit.*)

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## S C E N E IV.

CAPTAIN FIRMLY *and* NANCY.

CAPT. FIRMLY. Storms and tempests, rug-  
ged seas and a leaky ship, are dreadful during  
the conflict—but trifling are they, my Nancy,  
when I bring your distress home to myself, and  
make the sad comparison.

NANCY.

NANCY. O Firmly ! I forget all now—Heaven is ever mindful of the innocent. It has amply paid for all, by sending you. (*smiling.*)

CAPT. FIRMLY. Generous girl ! the fun shall not twice pass the meridian, before thou art for ever mine—be prepared, my love, for the happy noose.

NANCY. If your happiness depends upon me, mine totally depends on you, Firmly—I shall not be ungrateful.

CAPT. FIRMLY. Thank you, for that sweet promise; be ready when I call—I now go to my brother Modely's, to settle some little business, and take my farewell: but not to speak a word of my love; for those lordly cuckolds and cuckold-makers never knew, nor ever felt it—adieu, my love. (*kisses.*)

NANCY. But, Firmly, what news is this, of the French landing?—You'll not leave me any more?—There's enough in the camp, without you.

CAPT. FIRMLY. O, my life ! let not that disturb you—'tis not my line to join camps—yet, was my country invaded, I certainly should serve it in any line. Make yourself easy on this head; I suppose 'tis some false alarm. (*takes her*



*her hand*) Be assured, I should sooner die, than  
see you distressed. (*Exeunt separatim.*)

S C E N E V.

*The Camp—First Centinel asleep—Second drunk,  
reeling without his firelock.*

*Enter PHEASANT, CHASE, and TOM.*

PHEASANT. They keep a good look out here.  
—An enemy!—the French army!—to arms!  
(*speaks aloud.*)

2nd. CENTINEL. (*gives the watch word*)  
British! British!

PHEASANT. Yes, to a man.

2nd CENTINEL. (*runs from his post, and cries  
out*) The enemy! the enemy!

*Enter COLONEL FLASHINPAN; walks up to  
them.*

COL. FLASH. What's all this for?—From  
whence came you?

G g

PHEASANT.

PHEASANT. From home, and wish to join the forces encamped—the enemy is at hand.

COL. FLASH. Brave fellows—Well, my lads, what intelligence is this you bring?—you mean to enter as gentlemen foldiers?

TOM. Not as gentlemen, but as men to fight. The French are landed; and we are come to bear a hand, till the dogs are either killed or trundled back again.

COL. FLASH. Well done, my lads—your example is as brave as it is new: but we apprehend no danger—your intelligence has been false.

PHEASANT. False, Sir—'tis in print, here is the Gazetteer. (*shows the Gazetteer*) Why, Sir, we had intelligence on the road, that they were within a mile of the camp.

COL. FLASH. The devil! is it so? we must look to ourselves, and order out a force immediately. To arms!—follow me, my lads. (*drums beat to arms behind the scenes.*)

(*Exeunt in a hurry.*)

SCENE

## SCENE VI.

LORD MODELY *and* CAREFUL.

LORD MODELY. Are you sure you were not out of the way? 'tis five minutes past the time.

CAREF. Perfectly sure, my Lord; I have not quitted the door these two hours.

LORD MODELY. I broil with impatience— Did you leave word at the stables that the carriage was for Hounslow?

CAREF. I did, my Lord, as you desired me.  
(*Exit Careful.*)

*Enter TWIST in a great hurry, with a bundle of clothes under his arm, which he lays down.*

TWIST. Most Right Honourable, an't please you, my Lord, rare news—blessed tidings.

LORD MODELY. What's all this? What tidings have you brought, Mr. Twist? I am exceedingly hurried, and can't just now attend you.

TWIST. I am so overjoyed, that every thread cracks, and every button about me jumps for  
G g 2 joy—

joy—a righteous place, 2000l. a year, your Lordship!

LORD MODELY. You impertinent scoundrel! don't I tell you, I have no time to lose with you?

TWIST. As I was coming along, in the way of my branch, a full ell at a stride; I heard two gentlemen in bush perriwigs say, that one of the Bishops was taken ill of a perplexity fit, in transplanting *luke-creffes* for the further transportation of the Protestant religion in this country. Now, my Lord, name me to the place, and pay me 200l. a year; and please you, my Lord, you may retail the remnant as the materials suit.

LADY MODELY. I see he'll force me to kick him out. (*aside*) It can never happen, Mr. Twist; you are very ill qualified for such a station.

TWIST. Get me the place, my Lord:—I, as well as other great men, can keep a journeyman.

LORD MODELY. Well, well, Twist, I shall see to it. (*hurries him out by the shoulders*) Just now, honour binds me to other engagements. Your servant, your servant.

TWIST. Most devoted—(*withdraws and returns for his bundle*) My trade, my Lord. (*Exit.*)

LORD

LORD MODELY. O damn your trade! enough.  
(*shuts the door*) The unseasonable fool, with his  
bishopricks!

*Enter CAREFUL.*

CAREF. My Lord! my Lord! I believe her  
Ladyship is coming.

LORD MODELY. Where, where, (*looking off*)  
where?—'Tis she, by Heavens! Make up with  
all speed, Careful, and conduct her to Westmin-  
ster-bridge—fly——

CAREF. Yes, my Lord. (*going*) What  
a disgrace have I brought myself to! (*aside*)  
(*Exit.*)

LORD MODELY. On the wings of love  
she's gone, and her two thousand jointure for  
a pass-port. Soon with her, wafted by the  
breath of fortune and of honour, I shall hail  
thee, Paris—the inviting nursery of amorous  
delights. (*Exit.*)

G g 3

SCENE

## S C E N E VII.

*The Camp as before—Enter CAPTAIN SCARECROW, leading a Clown.*

CAPT. SCAREC. Come along, come along—Well, friend, don't be frightened—tell us your name.

CLOWN. My neame—Oh, you know my neame well enough—my neame, why Roger is my neame.

CAPT. SCAREC. Where are you going? where did you come from?

ROGER. From the teaun yeaunder,

CAPT. SCAREC. What did you see in the teaun yeaunder?—What a damn'd booby! but “children and fools speak truth.”

ROGER. Why, I seen Frenchmen cuffed about by some of yeer men of war,

CAPT. SCAREC. Come, you are a clever fellow—don't be afraid.

ROGER. Odfzookers, I'm not afraid, not I: only a little frightened at your bagnuts.

CAPT. SCAREC. Was the battle over when you came away?

ROGER. What battle?

CAPT.

CAPT. SCAREC. Why, did you not say the French were beat by our soldiers ?

ROGER. O! is that the battle ?—Eefse, your honour, that battle was over.

CAPT. SCAREC. Did our English men of war win the battle ?

ROGER. Aye,

CAPT. SCAREC. Were there many of the French killed ?

ROGER. Eefse, a tedious number.

CAPT. SCAREC. Were there any taken ?

ROGER. Aye, aye, they're all there.

CAPT. SCAREC. Just what I wanted ; I need not leave the camp—noble intelligence, upon my honour. But how are you sure they are all Frenchmen ?

ROGER. They had rousing tails, and looked mortal hungry surely.

CAPT. SCAREC. Good—Did you see any of our men killed or wounded ?

ROGER. Noa, noa, your honour.

CAPT. SCAREC. Well, my lad, here's something for your intelligence ; (*gives him money*) take refuge in the camp.

ROGER. But, your honour, this don't lift I ?

CAPT. SCAREC. No, no, my lad—we have no need of you now.

G g 4

ROGER.

ROGER. Thank ye—faith, if ye an't a brave Captain then.

CAPT. SCAREC. This is bravely done—a complete victory without the loss of a man.—Now for a feu de joie: But first to Colonel Flashinpan, and let him know we are as great as our ancestors. *(Exeunt.)*

*Enter COLONEL FLASHINPAN solus—as he enters a feu de joie.*

COL. FLASH. A most happy event! If this does not entitle me to further promotion, resignation shall next follow; then my country may weep. I conceive the baggage must be considerable, as the greatest stand was made there.

*Re-enter CAPTAIN SCARECROW.*

CAPT. SCAREC. Sir, please to sign your name to the dispatch.

COL. FLASH. Let me hear the contents, Scarecrow.

CAPT. SCAREC. *(reads.)*

“ My Lord,

“ I have the honour to acquaint your  
“ Lordship of the operations under my com-  
“ mand



" mand since the last dispatch. The agreeable  
 " intelligence was this day brought me, that the  
 " enemy surrendered at discretion, after a smart  
 " action of thirty-five minutes.—They suffered  
 " considerably in killed and wounded; but to do  
 " them that justice they deserve, they sustained  
 " the combat with great spirit and firmness. I  
 " cannot yet learn that we have any killed or  
 " wounded on our side :—But I must acquaint  
 " your Lordship, that the officers and men under  
 " my command underwent their fatigues with  
 " good cheer; and rushed on the foe with that im-  
 " petuosity peculiar alone to victorious English-  
 " men—your Lordship may be in hourly expec-  
 " tation of the returns. For particulars, I beg  
 " you refer to Captain Scarecrow, who will have  
 " the honour to deliver this my second dispatch;  
 " whom I recommend to your Lordship's favour  
 " as a gallant officer.

" I have the honour to be,

" My Lord, yours, &c.

### MUSKET FLASHINPAN.

COL. FLASH. Judiciously penn'd—(*signs*)  
 follow me. (*Exeunt.*)

*Enter*

*Enter COMMANDER IN CHIEF in a hurry.*

GENERAL. What, not an officer to be seen !  
This their victory has lulled them to sleep—  
Oh ! what are we now come to ?—here they are  
—those—

*Enter COLONEL FLASHINPAN—flies to him over-joyed.*

COL. FLASH. Great, great intelligence !—  
The British arms are crowned with victory—my  
General, I give you joy—joy to my country.—  
The whole of the French army is taken, and  
taken under my command. You see, Sir, the  
camp was not left without generalship in the  
absence.—

GENERAL. Dare you reproach my absence,  
Sir ? You and your brother officers, as you term  
them, are a set of coxcombs—mere shadows of  
men, of old British heroes.—Your victory, Sir,  
has branded yourselves and the nation with  
disgrace.

COL. FLASH. (*smells to his bottle*) What does  
all this mean ?—Is it a crime to conquer,  
General ?

GENERAL. Sir, this is a crime, to be as ig-  
norant

norant of the duties of a soldier, as you are of your infamous blunders.

COL. FLASH. Egad, now I begin to fear some mistake (*aside*). Sir, I don't understand such behaviour, Sir, to men, Sir, who have adorned the service.

GENERAL. Adorned the service!—adorned!—our blades of steel are become trinkets indeed.—Then here's your victory—(*takes a paper and gives it*) read there—(*pointing to a passage in the letter*) “There were in all fifty French and “Italian comedians, seventy dancers, fidlers, and “as many more domestics.” (*amazed*) There's your French army!—there's your great victory! your great intelligence; all founded upon a paragraph in the Gazetteer, and confirmed by an affrighted booby.—'Tis well I came time enough to prevent your dispatches.

COL. FLASH. Indeed—upon my honour, Sir—'twas indeed, Sir—too much caution, an error of judgment. But you, you arrived too late—the dispatches were gone off with the returns.

GENERAL. Damn your returns!—Say you gone? did you say gone?—Confusion! shame! eternal shame!—O! that I were this instant placed before the muzzle of the foes cannon—that I were hidden from the eyes of men.—Well may revellings, assemblies, absentee commanders,

manders, and drowfy Governors be passed into a law, and deemed high treason!—But off to justify my conduct. (Exeunt.)

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## S C E N E VIII.

*The Tower.*—SIR SOFTPATE in a melancholy walk.

SIR SOFTP. My wife eloped!—myself thrown into prison!—I know not for what—I am innocent of the crime of high treason—this goes hard indeed. How do all my follies start up to my view!—ruined in my estate!—ruined in my friends!—but neither friends nor flatterers now visit my misfortunes. My wife forsaken me, whom I loved so well!—yes, and love her still, to my torture. Had she been faithful, her jointure might have prolonged our cares in some degree of comfort.

*Enter KEEPER.*

KEEPER. Sir, two gentlemen of the name of Sterling and Firmly beg to see you.

SIR SOFTP.

SIR SOFTP. By all means, please to shew them up. (*Exit Keeper*) This is kind—but what excuse for my misconduct? Ah! my heart, my heart.

*Enter* STERLING *and* CAPTAIN FIRMLY.

SIR SOFTP. Dare I approach my friend? may I now use that name?—let not my folly forfeit the claim.

STERLING. It grieves me, Sir, to see you in this awful dwelling. It is neither manly nor generous to reproach a man in sufferings—your imprisonment—the very name of treason—  
(*Sir Softpate startles.*)

SIR SOFTP. O! Mr. Sterling, inform me, inform me, what is it I have done?—Keep me not in suspense—this will be kind—Oh! Captain Firmly.

CAPT. FIRMLY. Come, come, Sir, though the tempest threaten shipwreck, we may soon have a calm.

SIR SOFTP. Indeed, Sir, I am innocent.—Heaven knows.

STERLING. He is quite changed: if extricated from this, he may yet be saved (*aside*). My dear nephew, from an infant have I known you; and that you naturally had a good heart,  
till

till you gave loose to pleasure, and preference to exotics. But plotting against the state, is what I think you incapable of—yet, I fear, we have living instances of men, if worthy of the name, who are thus abandoned.

SIR SOFTP. My uncle, friend, father, you judge right. (*seeing Trusty*) Ah! what do I see? My conscience stings me!—Trusty, an injured, forsaken——

*Enter TRUSTY.*

TRUSTY. I am grieved to see my old master's son within these gloomy walls. Be of comfort, Sir; all may yet be well.

SIR SOFTP. Ah, Trusty! Trusty! this is no place of comfort; nor have I reason to——

TRUSTY. Not a pang shall you feel, if liberty will remove it—you are innocent of this charge—you are at liberty to command those massy gates to be flung open. Sir Softpate, you are neither traitor nor prisoner. (*all amazed.*)

STERLING. Good Old man, to have been all this while working for his persecutor.

CAPT. FIRMLY. Now be of good cheer, you have escaped a lee-shore, Sir Softpate; you are come to anchor in smooth water—the enemy has sheered off.

SIR

SIR SOFTP. My sense of shame prevents utterance.

STERLING. Mr. Trusty, may I entreat you, in the name of my nephew, to unfold this mystery.

TRUSTY. You know, Sir, how much the kingdom has been alarmed concerning the landing of the French troops. Sir Softpate was taken up on suspicion of being in league with the enemy; as some papers were found upon them, by the officers under the command of Colonel Flashinpan, directing those troops to the protection of Sir Softpate. Colonel Flashinpan, being unaccustomed to conquest, and overjoyed with so great a victory, sent instant dispatches to town of the captured army, before he had received proper intelligence from the officers who commanded the expedition.—But it has since appeared, that those taken were not soldiers—but a troop of French comedians, fiddlers, Italian singers, dancers, and domestics, to the use of Sir Softpate, to the amount of two hundred and upwards, men and women.

STERLING *and* CAPT. FIRMLY. (*laugh*) This is truly ridiculous.

SIR SOFTP. Ah! what am I come to? what will the nation come to? O! that I was this instant reduced——shameful absurdity!

My liberty however, in consequence of what you have told me, would at any other time be very agreeable—but my conduct and my debts, Trusty, take off the relish, and point out some other prison. I know of forty thousand pounds that must be paid immediately.—Not an acre under my name shall remain unfold—not a shilling shall remain unpaid; if that won't do, this body shall be shut up in prison, from the sight of men and the light of Heaven.

TRUSTY. The blood of Trueman still runs in his veins—I feel young again—my heart is all joy (*aside*). Sir Softpate, I can no longer withhold from you your lawful right. A favour is never so valuable, as when 'tis really wanted. Here, Sir Softpate, I deliver you this key, as it was given me by your virtuous father.—Take care of it—it will convey you to fifty thousand pounds, which remain undiminished since under my care; you ought to have enjoyed it before—but, pardon me, Sir, I thought of the two, that Trusty was the better steward.

SIR SOFTP. My friend! (*embraces*) I deserved all your hatred, and you give me a proof of such friendship.—Oh! Trusty.

CAPT. FIRMLY. I give you joy, Sir: I told you we should soon make the land, and arrive safe at our moorings. Egad, I wish a Trusty  
were



were found in every officer in the British service, poor old England would yet weather the storm, and bring to life the withered laurel.

STERLING. My dear nephew, from my soul I rejoice with you at this extraordinary deliverance. (*pointing to Trusty*) Generous old man!—Real honour seems to have made it's appearance on earth. Trusty, with such a soul, you need not envy the pomp of grandeur, or the pride of kings.

TRUSTY. Gentlemen, this condescension to praise, is a kindness I never aspired to; but it now calls for my warmest thanks. I hope, I have done what is right; I think, I ought thus to have listened to both conscience and reason. Sir Softpate, I mean to ask one favour of you.

SIR SOFTP. Trusty, I am all your's—command me.

TRUSTY. Well, Sir, dare I mention the name of Lady Trueman without offence? (*Sir Softpate starts*) permit an old servant to be a mediator.

SIR SOFTP. Ah! Trusty, I fear it is too late—she has left me.

TRUSTY. No, Sir, she is this moment at your house.

SIR SOFTP. Heavenly hearing! (*aside*) Say you at my house? (*much agitated.*)

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TRUSTY.

TRUSTY. Yes, Sir—her distress, her anguish, her repentance, call for instant reconciliation.

SIR SOFTP. Oh! were I not to find a cold spouse, this instant would I fly.

TRUSTY. I can't entertain so mean an opinion of Lady Trueman. But youth, beauty, and deluding art—she, Sir, like you, has been at Paris, the favourite magnet that attracts the sterling ore, but debases it by the unnatural alloy.

SIR SOFTP. Tell me, Trusty, how she returned?—Oh! (*greatly agitated.*)

TRUSTY. As Lord Modely was using his art to convey her off, he imprudently made her acquainted with your imprisonment—instantly her former tenderness re-kindled in her bosom—she called on your name with tears; and assured Lord Modely that she would sooner die, than abandon you in your distress. As he was going to use violence, providentially Mr. English passing by the carriage, hearing the cries, flew to the coach—found Lady Trueman fainting—threatened Lord Modely with instant death if he did not desist; and immediately reconveyed her Ladyship to her own house.

SIR SOFTP. (*to Sterling*) The hardened villain!—how I detest my own conduct!—how new, how strange does all this appear! But let me  
bid

bid adieu to this mansion, and prepare for  
that happiness, which I never yet knew

Honour's great, when once we know it ;

But, O ! how few are those that shew it.

(*Exeunt.*)

## S C E N E X.

SIR SOFTPATE *and* LADY TRUEMAN.

SIR SOFTP. I give you my word, my dear Lady Trueman, that I shall never recapitulate, or give you one moment's uneasiness ; I have been inattentive.—We have been both to blame ; and of the two, I confess myself the most guilty—I had neither philosophy nor experience equal to my fortune.

LADY TRUEM. Your generous and ready forgiveness shall for ever live in my memory, and I give you my honour, I shall never reproach you with the sums you have engaged in for Lady Modely—Art will ever

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get the better of inexperience. (*on her knees*) O! Trueman, add to my happiness, by being persuaded that all is well.—That artful, mean villain, Lord Modely was frustrated in his desires; Heaven has defeated his foul designs.

SIR SOFTP. Rise—let me clasp thee in my arms, and let this for ever seal our happiness. (*kisses*) Now let our hearts be reunited; and experience teach us, that the love for tinsel and flattery begets misery and ruin.—Ha! Sterling, Firmly and——

*Enter STERLING, FIRMLY and NANCY.*

STERLING. I am overjoyed to find your Ladyship so well recovered; and you, Sir, happy.

CAPT. FIRMLY. So am I, upon my soul; a foe is never so terrible as when he invades the realms of matrimony.—My brother Modely has acted a part that makes me disclaim him.

NANCY. O! Firmly, his disappointments and shame are punishments enough for him; be at least reconciled.

CAPT. FIRMLY. I would sooner suffer the disgrace to be taken by a Frenchman of equal force, than be reconciled with him and his  
Frenchified

Frenchified Lady; who are both, as much lost to honour, as the copying of French manners has been prejudicial to my brother officers. Pardon me, my Nancy, they had nearly deprived me of you; which, by Heavens I hold more valuable than all the captures I have made.

NANCY. I have done; your conduct towards me—Expressions here fail me!

LADY TRUDEM. Nancy, I give you joy; I see Captain Firmly's intentions. Mr. Firmly, I hope you'll be happy in your choice:—Her little fortune added to yours, will be a just reward to your constancy and her virtue.

STERLING. Now all past troubles and difficulties are likely to end fortunately: but here comes THE MAN OF HONOUR.

*Enter TRUSTY—gives Bank Notes to Sir Softpat.*

TRUSTY. Here is the half-year's dividend on the fifty thousand pounds I had deposited in the bank:—And may the principal be the means of healing the wounds in your estate; and prevent Jews and such unlawful traders from dissecting those fertile pastures, and robbing nature of her luxuriant branches. Madam, Mr. English and Sophia came hither with me,  
and

and would fain give you joy on your present happiness.

SIR SOFT. O! Trusty, your words penetrate my soul.

LADY TRUEM. Mr. Trusty, your conduct charms me; I hope to be instrumental in their felicity. Who waits there? (*enter Servant*) Shew in Mr. English and Sophia.

STERLING. Mr. English deserves all his good fortune.

LADY TRUEM. Sir, I am happy, and assure you, would wish to shew all my gratitude at the sight of my deliverer.

*Enter JACK ENGLISH and SOPHIA.*

SIR SOFT. I am glad to see you, Jack, and happy to find you and your fair friend so easy in your circumstances.

JACK ENG. Thank you, Sir, for your kind wishes—I should have taken the liberty of paying my respects before; but I apprehended my conduct at your house in Paris was of a nature so offensive, that——

SIR SOFT. On the contrary, English, you acted in character—Your resentment was not the effect of hoarded malice; 'twas manly—and your goodness to Lady Trueman, and generosity to  
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my friend Trusty, shall never be erased from this bosom.

LADY TRUEM. Well, Sophia, this agreeable change in your affairs, makes me exceedingly happy: I hope soon to address you under the name of English; and be persuaded, that I shall look upon Mr. English's wife as my best companion.

SOPHIA. Madam, you do me the greatest honour: I hope my conduct will be such as not to merit displeasure.

SIR SOFTP. Allow me to be instrumental to your felicity. (*joining the hands of Nancy and Firmly, then Sophia and English.*) This almost compleats our general happiness.

CAPT. FIRMLY. Now my sheets swell high, never, never did a more auspicious gale fill them. I long have wished to be yard-arm, and yard-arm, and well moored in the port of wedlock.

SIR SOFTP. I hope each of you has a treasure.

LADY TRUEM. And bids fair for happiness.

SIR SOFTP. My friends, you have assisted to extricate me from those past troubles: Every countenance that surrounds me, seems to partake of my felicity. May my imprudent conduct prove exemplary to my country—I prefer'd foes to friends, and folly to friendship—there's  
then

the rock, I split upon. O! Trusty, may my life be an imitation of the pattern you have set me: for in you, I have really found that uncommon character, A MAN OF HONOUR. As a small compensation for what you have done, I beg you will accept of three hundred pounds a year, for life: and let me intreat you to be re-instated, not only as the guardian of my fortune, but as my companion. Let all my old servants be restored to their respective occupations; and dismiss, instantly dismiss those French, with the payment of one year's wages.

TRUSTY. Now I see, I hear my old master—Oh! Sir—gratitude—the tide of joy swells—it hinders utterance.

SIR SOFTP. My friend Trusty, without you what had become of me? Hence, let unexperienced youth learn to know, what is valuable, what is honourable, before they enter the giddy maze of life: and that British patriotism is as necessary to a British constitution, as sterling customs alone are congenial with sterling liberty, for the solid happiness of life below.

Springs not from gaudy pomp or tinsel shew;  
 act The vain parade that glosses o'er our pride,  
 effect Conceals the void where honour can't reside;  
 go Honour, that *mushroom-virtue* of our stage,  
 Tho' scarce one TRUSTY starts up in an age.

THE END.













